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755

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AND THE TURKS**

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TURKEY AND THE TURKS

BY
Z. DUCKETT FERRIMAN

AUTHOR OF
"HOME LIFE IN HELLAS: GREECE AND THE GREEKS"

ILLUSTRATED

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PREFACE

IT is not pretended that this volume justifies its title in the sense that it is a full and comprehensive account of "Turkey and the Turks." For example, the subject of folklore and popular superstitions is untouched. Indeed, it would be an impertinence to intrude upon that field after the exhaustive studies in works like those of Miss Lucy Garnett. Only so much history is introduced as the author has judged necessary to the understanding of the growth of the nation. Contemporary politics are eschewed. Political speculations may be found in abundance elsewhere, for the majority of writers on Turkey have a political axe to grind, with the necessary consequence that few judgments are unbiased.

All that is claimed for what is here set down is that it tries to be true. If it conveys to those who have patience to read it a clearer notion of what is implied by the terms

vi **TURKEY AND THE TURKS**

“Turkey” and “Turk,” the book will not have failed in its aim.

The author feels bound to express his gratitude to Sir Edwin Pears for access to his library at Constantinople, and for the valued privilege of advice and help, at all times generously afforded.

The illustrations of scenes out of the track of ordinary travel are from photographs by Mr. F. W. Hasluck, of King's College, Cambridge, Assistant Director of the British School at Athens, to whose courtesy and to that of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies for permission to reproduce them, he is deeply indebted.

To Miss Morton, of Constantinople, his sincere thanks are due for much information on contemporary domestic life, which would otherwise have been inaccessible to him.

To Turks of all classes he is beholden for assistance rendered on all occasions with un-failing good-nature and the charm of manner which is native to them. For the most part they are nameless to him, and very few of them will see this acknowledgment of their many little acts of kindness. Z. D. F.

MINERV, *July*, 1911.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. TURKEY	I
II. THE TURKS	35
III. THE HAREM	79
IV. DOMESTIC SLAVERY	107
V. THE TURK AND HIS FAITH	133
VI. MOSQUES AND TEKKEHS	174
VII. FAMILY EVENTS	208
VIII. THE SERAI	238
IX. DRESS	261
X. TURKISH HOMES	285

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
A LEAF FROM AN INDICATOR . . .	4
ENTERING NICÆA (ISNIK) . . .	60
TURKISH LADIES IN WALKING DRESS . .	100
INTERIOR OF A TURBEH . . .	183
PORTAL OF MEDRESSEH AT KARA HISSAR . .	188
HARAM OF BAYAZIDICH MOSQUE, STAMBOUL . .	193
MOSQUE OF RUSTEM PASHA, SHOWING MIMBAR AND MIHRAB	205
GOING FOR A WALK, CONSTANTINOPLE . .	230
YENI VALIDEH MOSQUE, BUILT 1665 . . .	253
LADIES WEARING YASHMAK . . .	272
THE WAYSIDE, ANATOLIA . . .	281
IN THE HEART OF STAMBOUL . . .	285
A STREET IN MAGNESIA . . .	291
TYPICAL HOUSES . . .	300
A QUIET CORNER, BROUSSA . . .	303
PUBLIC LETTER WRITERS, CONSTANTINOPLE . .	329

TURKEY AND THE TURKS

CHAPTER I

TURKEY

THE word that heads this chapter is a geographical expression used outside the land it denotes, but unknown to those who dwell in it. The Turks talk of Rûmeli or Anadol. The foreign residents may speak of Anatolia, Albania, or the Lebanon. They will tell you that they live at Smyrna or Salonica or Beyrout or elsewhere, but the word Turkey never crosses their lips. In the realm itself there is no collective name for the territory of the Sultan. The conception of a common country does not enter into the mind of the native, and it is soon obliterated from that of the foreigner. This may seem strange, but it is a logical consequence of the conditions which obtain. We think of Sweden rightly as the land of

2 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

the Swedes, but if we think of Turkey as the land of the Turks we are wrong. It is a region inhabited by divers peoples, speaking divers tongues, professing divers creeds. This becomes apparent to the traveller, so far as speech is concerned, the moment he sets foot on the quay at Galata. In London, Paris, and Rome there are plenty of foreigners, but the tramway tickets are printed in one language. Neither do the inhabitants of those cities make use of three or four idioms habitually. In Constantinople this is almost a necessity for any one engaged in business. Even for everyday domestic concerns two, at least, are needful. The servant who waits upon you is a Greek, probably from the islands, who speaks only his own tongue. The *kapoojee*, who combines the functions of doorkeeper, watchman, and messenger, is a Turk, who neither knows nor cares to know aught but Turkish. French is generally recognized as a common speech in great commercial centres like Smyrna and Constantinople. But native Christians and Jews are generally bilingual, and, among the higher classes, often polyglot. In the towns of European Turkey it is an

ordinary thing for Turkish, Greek, Vlach, Armenian, Bulgarian or Serb, Albanian and Judæo-Spanish to be current languages, and in the larger centres must be added French and sometimes Italian, though the former has replaced the latter as the *lingua franca*. In Constantinople, with its great Persian colony, Persian must be reckoned among the current languages of the capital. In the Arabic-speaking portions of the Sultan's dominions Turkish gives place to Arabic, nor is the number of tongues in Asia so great as in Europe. The babel reaches its climax, perhaps, in Constantinople and Salonica. Greek preponderates in Smyrna and Turkish in the interior of Asia Minor, until at its eastern extremity it cedes to Armenian and Kurdish. There are also tracts in which one language is spoken, and villages which are monoglot—Slav or Greek or Turkish or Armenian, as the case may be. The commercial centres alone are really polyglot, and a striking example is furnished by the newspapers of Constantinople. The largest number of these appear in Turkish, but there are several in Greek, three or four in French; two are bilingual, French-English

4 **TURKEY AND THE TURKS**

and German-French. There are newspapers in Armenian and others Turkish in Armenian characters. For the Jews there is one in Spanish in Hebrew characters, and for Greek communities in certain parts of Anatolia a journal in Turkish printed in Greek characters. I know of at least one in Persian, and there are probably others.

This diversity of tongues is only one aspect of the phenomenon. Here is a leaf from an ordinary office indicator in daily use. A glance shows that it is not the simple affair to which we are accustomed at home. The section printed in French on the right tells us that it is Thursday, the 20th April, and gives us the date of the last quarter of the moon. This is plain sailing so far, but it is rather puzzling to be told that noon is 11 minutes past 5. This is, however, a necessary piece of information for those who have to catch a steamer or keep appointments with Turks. The adjoining section in Greek tells us also that it is Πemptè, or Thursday, also that it is not the 21st but the 7th April, for the Orthodox Calendar keeps to the Old Style. It is of the utmost importance to remember

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 نيسانت
 ۱۳۲۹
 ربيع الآخر


۷
 ۲۱
 ۱

کون روز قام پنجمینہ وقت ظہر کون
 ۲۰ ۰ ۲۰ ۱۶۴ ۲۹

30 Априлий 1911 Четвъртък 30

ΑΠΡΙΛΙΟΣ

Μεσ. Τουριστ 5.11

7

ΕΤΑ. Τέτ. 8

Ἡ Ἀγία καὶ Μεγάλη

Πέμπτη

Καλλιόπλου Μάρτυρος

ԱՊՐԻԼ - ՀԻՆԳՇԱԲԻ
 † Աւար եւ. Պհհ. Յիշ. Ռեւա-
 շուայիմ: Աւ եւ. Ս. Ածծնի.

AVRIL

20

Midi à la Turq. 5.11

Jeudi

Sainte Agnès

Lever du Soleil: 5.17
 Coucher „ 6.42
 12 h. à la Turquie: 6.49

5671 ניסן 22 תרצ"ב

110

DÉPOSÉ

A. ZEILICH FILS - CONSTANTINOPLE

DÉPOSÉ

155

A LEAF FROM AN INDICATOR.

this in business transactions. The narrow strip running across the middle of the page informs the Bulgarian that it is Chetvertook (Thursday) and Aprilii (April), and his date is the seventh, like that of the Greek. It is also that of the Armenian, who is told in the small compartment below the Greek that it is *bahk*, a fast-day, being *Avak Hinkshapti*, Great Thursday, and also a double *Heeshadak* or festival commemorating the *Avedis Soorp Asvadzazin*, Annunciation of the Holy Mother of Jesus, and the *Vodnaluvaeen*, washing of the disciples' feet. With the Greek also it is *Hagia Kai Megalè Pemptè*. But he does not keep the Armenian feasts. With him the day is sacred to the martyr Kalliopiou, whilst with the Catholic it is that of St. Agnes. Beneath this we are given the hour of sunrise and sunset, and the novice is again disconcerted to find that 49 minutes past 6 is 12 o'clock to the Turks. This arises from the fact that the Turkish day begins at sunset, which is 12 o'clock, and runs on to the next sunset, the twenty-four hours being divided into two, like our day. This accounts for the previous statement that noon is 11 minutes past 5. But as the

6 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

hour of sunset varies throughout the year, it is not always so. On the 30th June at Constantinople the sun sets at 7.36 p.m. Therefore midnight is 4.24 Turkish time, and noon the next day also 4.24; whilst on the 10th December the sun sets at 4.31, and consequently midnight and noon are 7.29. This necessitates the constant alteration of clocks and watches. The changing of the time-tables of the local steamers at Constantinople from Turkish to European time under the new regime has been a great boon to those who use them daily. One had to remember that if a steamer left, say, at 4.30 p.m., the time-table called it 8.54 in June and 12 in December. As the railway kept European time, the complication was increased when the journey included both train and steamer, so that many people carried two watches, and some watches were specially constructed with two dials—one indicating Turkish time and the other Frank time. But to return to our indicator. We are startled to find on glancing at the Turkish section above that it is 1327. Hitherto, with the Greeks, Bulgarians, Armenians, and Franks, we have been living in 1911;

but the Turk, if he reckons by the Moham-
medan Calendar, lives at present in the year
1329, and if he goes by what is called the
financial year, in 1327. The dates are
respectively in the right and left hand
corners at the top of the indicator. To the
left of the crescent is printed the word Nisan,
the name of the month, and the large figure
below tells us it is the 7th. But on the
other side of the crescent we find that the
name of the month is Rebi-ul-Akhir and
that it is the 21st. We also learn that the
former month contains 30 days and the
latter 29. The only point of agreement
is in the name of the day Pershembeh
(Thursday), which we read in the centre of
the page below the figures. The Financial
Calendar is of recent introduction. Any one
who has business with the Government will
have his correspondence and documents
dated by it. The Mohammedan Calendar
dates from the Hijrah—the flight of the
Prophet from Mecca in 622 A.D. Thus the
present year ought to be 1289, but we have
it here 1329. The reason for this is that the
Mohammedan year is shorter than ours. It
consists of 12 lunar months containing

8 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

alternately 29 and 30 days. The beginning, the 1st of the month Moharrem, is 11 days earlier each year than the preceding, so that the months make the round of the seasons every 33 years and do not mark them like ours. The Mohammedan year was formerly alone used, and is still the most ordinary method of reckoning time. But we have not quite done with the Turkish Calendar. The small characters under the figures 21 tell us that it is the 164th day of Kassim. That is the reckoning of the Turkish peasant. He knows nothing of months. The year for him has two seasons—Kassim, which begins on the 8th November, and Hidrelis on the 6th May. In dealing, with him the 20th April is 164th Kassim whether he sells you wool or cotton, whilst to the Government official it is the 8th Nisan, 1327, and to the ordinary townsman the 21st of Rebi-ul-Akhir, 1329. If we are living in that year at the top of the page, and in 1911 at the middle, we find ourselves at the bottom in 5671, the Jewish date, and the Hebrew characters tell us that it is Shukevès Pessakh (Thursday), the 22nd Nisan. Thus our indicator has four dates for the year, four

names for the month, and five numberings of the day for this particular Thursday, as well as two modes of counting the hour.

The population is a mosaic of nationalities, each using its own tongue, each preserving its own idiosyncrasy in temperament and ideals. Continuity tends to efface national characteristics within certain limits, but it has not produced a common type. People of various races meet and transact business with each other, but the internationalism of the mart does not penetrate to the home. When he crosses its threshold, the cosmopolitan of the office or the warehouse resumes his nationality. Each section of the complex community differs from the other, and all differ from the Turk. The various elements have not coalesced, neither have they been assimilated by the ruling race. It is no part of the purpose of this work to inquire into the causes of this, but it is necessary to call attention to the fact, as it is the salient feature of the peculiar environment of life in the Turkish Empire. And before dealing with the Turks themselves, it will lead to a better understanding of the subject if we pass in brief review the

10 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

peoples other than Turks who live under the Ottoman sway. Of these, the nationality with which the Western visitor is most likely to come into contact is that of the Greeks, who remain in the regions they once ruled. They are most prominent in Thrace and Macedonia, on the coastline of the Ægean, the Propontis, and the Euxine, and in certain parts of the interior of Asia Minor, notably in the provinces of Aidin, the ancient Tralles, of Trebizonde, of Karamania, and far east in Cappadocia, with Cæsarea for their centre.

But the stranger in Constantinople cannot fail to notice another element in the population, important on account of its wealth, industry, and culture. The Armenians are an Asiatic people. They call themselves Haik and their country Haiasdan. Their traditions go back to Noah. They claim descent from Japhet through their eponymous ancestor Haik. Their tongue is Aryan, and their physical type resembles that of the Georgians of the Caucasus, though it partakes somewhat of the Persian and the Afghan. Purely Asian, this gifted race is in some respects more strongly impregnated with the Western spirit than any

other Eastern people. It has produced accomplished artists, pictorial and dramatic, brilliant musicians, and clever engineers. It will be remembered that Byron studied Armenian in Venice "as something craggy to break upon." The thirty-eight characters of its alphabet are certainly appalling, and the redundancy of consonants—many words begin with three—is not melodious to our ears. But it has been made the medium of a copious literature imbued with modern ideas. The Armenian translation of *Paradise Lost* testifies to courageous enterprise and also to real interest in European classics. This literary achievement savours of the stubborn character of a nation which, through ages of martyrdom, has preserved its religion, its traditions, and its strong individuality. Owing to the geographical position of their native land, wedged among hostile powers, the Armenians have always been between the hammer and the anvil. With Tigranes and Mithridates they fought against the Roman Empire, as in a later age they fought shoulder to shoulder with the Crusaders against the Saracens. As an independent nation they ceased to exist about

12 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

the time that their last king, Leon, visited our Richard II, who was keeping Christmas at Eltham, but they have never lost their nationality. They have been compared with the Jews. Like them, they are scattered, but they are unlike them in one important respect. The Jew assimilates himself to the nation in which his lot is cast. An English Jew is an Englishman first and a Jew afterwards. But the Armenian remains always an Armenian. Whether in Java, at Madras, or in the United States, he never forgets that he is a son of Haik and his lodestar is Ararat—Massis he calls it—the centre and in some sort the palladium of Haiasdan.

The Armenians are to be found in the centres of commerce, notably in Smyrna and Constantinople. They are an important section of the population of Trebizonde and other Turkish ports of the Euxine, but they are not a coast folk. The nucleus is inland in their ancient home by Lake Van, and in the high valleys, where they shelter from the long and dreary winters in underground villages. They spread westward to Broussa and across the Taurus to the Cilician plain at Tarsus and Adana. Erzeroum, Erzing-

hian, Sivas, and Tokat are centres of population, but perhaps the truest type is that of the sturdy mountaineers in eyries like Sassûn and Zeitûn.

The Kurds, neighbours and enemies of the Armenians, are an Aryan people speaking a dialect akin to Persian. Some are nomads and some settled. They are soldiers to a man, which in their case usually means robbers. They are lawless, except with regard to their tribal customs. The Turkish Government has sought to organize them into an irregular cavalry, but they are not easily amenable to discipline. Physically they are a fine race, and of quick intelligence. Their virtues and vices are those of barbarians. They are chivalrous and hospitable towards their friends, but ruthless to their foes. Kurds have proved capable commanders in the Ottoman army, and those who have been educated among the Turks have shown administrative abilities above the average. They are lax Moslems, but they have produced the greatest of Moslem champions. Saladin was a Kurd, a fact which says much for the possibilities of the race.

14 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

The Laz inhabit the coastal strip and the mountains behind it, east of Trebizonde onwards to the frontier of Transcaucasia. Rizeh, the little port at the south-east corner of the Black Sea, is their centre, and they are always to be met with at Trebizonde and its vicinity. They probably deserved their reputation for piracy in times past. At any rate, they are bold and skilful seamen, and the Ottoman navy would be badly off without them. They are indeed its backbone. Some are to be found at Constantinople as *caïqjis* or boatmen, and in that capacity they are trustworthy and civil, so far as the author's experience goes. These men, however, have all served in the Turkish navy. The Laz whose foot is on his native heath is another sort of being. His views as to other people's property are said to be unorthodox, and certainly he looks as though they were. The young Laz is lithe and often handsome, and he has a fine air of recklessness. This and his picturesque garb make him attractive from the spectacular point of view. It is the attractiveness of the panther. One cannot help admiring both. The Laz language is said to contain traces

of Greek, not modern Romaic but the Pontic dialect, which still retains classical forms. Hence the Laz are supposed by some to be a vestige of the empire of Trebizonde, and to have Greek blood in them. This would partly explain their aptitude for sea-faring. But it is not certain. The complex ethnography of the region is full of problems. The Laz are all Mohammedans.

Some of the minor communities of Asiatic Turkey hardly deserve the title of nationalities. Sect would perhaps be a more accurate term. But though Turkish subjects, they are not Turks in race. In that respect some of them have affinities with Persia. This is certainly the case with the Metawileh, who are simply Shiah (Persian) Mohammedans. The traveller soon finds out the difference between this and the ordinary Sunni Mohammedanism of the Turks. The Metawileh are shy and fanatical and recoil from contact with the stranger. They are found in Sidon and in the mountains that tower above it, and also in Cœle-Syria, the great hollow between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, especially in and about Baalbec. The Kizil-Bash (red-heads) dwell in the vicinity of Angora

16 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

and Sivas, and in the ganglion of lofty mountains called Dersim. They have a religion of their own which is said to be a mixture of Shiah Islamism and paganism with traces of Manichæan Christianity. They appear to be a harmless folk. This cannot be said of the Avshars who inhabit the Anti-Taurus. They are altogether predatory. Their dress is distinctive, and that of the women is remarkable for gaiety of colour. Like the Yezidis of the Taurus, they speak a dialect of Persian. The Yezidis are popularly called devil-worshippers. This is a libel. The term is not infrequently applied by Moslems to those whose faith is uncertain. The Yezidis adore the rising sun. Beyond this little seems to be known of their religion. The Ansariyeh who dwell on the mountains overlooking the Gulf of Alexandretta, and also on the Cilician plain at its south-eastern extremity, are divided into sun-worshippers (Shemsiyeh) and moon-worshippers (Kamariyeh). This does not comprise the whole of their cult, which is obscure. The author has only come in contact with those of the plain, who are a peaceable laborious folk. Those of the mountains south of the Gulf, which is

their true home, have an evil reputation. The other inhabitants of the country have not a close knowledge of them, for they resent intrusion into their haunts, and the attitude of both the Ansariyeh and the Ismailiyeh towards strangers is hostile. From the latter were recruited the emissaries of the Old Man of the Mountain, the *hashasheen* whose murderous exploits caused their name to be generalized into the term assassin. The reputation clings to them to this day and their neighbourhood is avoided. They are not perhaps so black as they are painted. The English missionary Lyde lived and worked among them in the early part of last century. But they are certainly cruel and ferocious in disposition, and their social condition is very low, especially as regards the position of women.

On a far higher moral and intellectual level, and of greater importance numerically than these petty tribes, are the Druses. They are a martial race, and the Turks have felt the effects of their prowess on more than one occasion. They are distributed in a scattered fashion. Some dwell on the top of Carmel, others on the heights of upper

18 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

Galilee, but the nucleus of the Druse population is found on and around Mount Hermon, and also to the south-east of Damascus on the range of extinct volcanoes known as the Jebel Derûz, the Druse Mountains, and in the recesses of the Lejah—the Trachonitis of the ancients. Looking eastward across the red plain of the Hauran, it presents the appearance of a long low black wall. It is one of those “harrars,” excrescences of lava and basalt, which extend in an irregular chain from the Hauran into the Arabian peninsula. Intersected by a labyrinth of fissure-like paths, it is an impregnable fortress for those who know its secret ways. It proved a death-trap to 15,000 tried soldiers of Ibrahim Pasha and has been the scene of other severe defeats inflicted by the Druses. So long as they are allowed to live in quasi-independence they do not seem to have any desire for national freedom. Yet when occasion demands it they have a power of rapid organization which, considering their dispersed condition, is phenomenal. What strikes the Eastern traveller most, perhaps, on first arriving in a Druse village, is the absence of church or mosque. He may look

in vain for either. No outward sign indicates the "lodge" of the initiates of that mysterious religion of which the Druse jealously guards the secret. It has been the subject of inquiry on the part of the learned, but their accounts of it are conflicting. The belief in reincarnation seems to point to an Indian source. Prayer does not enter into it, which leads to the opinion of some natives, both Moslem and Christian, that the Druse has no religion at all. What appears to be certain is that it is divided into the exoteric and esoteric. The latter is that of the initiates, who may be men or women. This brings us to a characteristic which distinguishes the Druses from all other Easterns, the position assigned to their women. There is no seclusion. They are on a footing with the men. Towards the stranger both sexes maintain the same courteous reserve. There comes to the writer's memory a time of hospitality in a Druse village high up on Carmel, and with it a vision of women, unveiled and stately, with the dignity of a Roman matron. The Druse knows no other tongue than Arabic, yet he does not resemble the Arab. Physically he is the finest type of the region he

20 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

inhabits, even in the Lebanon, where the standard is so high.

The Arab forms the most considerable non-Turkish section of the population of the Turkish Empire. But of him we shall say very little for several reasons. In the first place he has been made the subject of a voluminous literature, most of which is easily accessible. Secondly, he is so completely cut off from the Turk, geographically as well as racially, that though he lives under Turkish rule, the lands he occupies can only be regarded politically as a part of Turkey. The Turkish official is as much a foreigner in them as the English official in India. Unlike the Greek, or the Armenian, the Arab does not dwell side by side with the Turks, nor form part of a mixed population of which they are an element. Yet under the present regime he is of course classed as an Ottoman, and as a townsman he may be a good Ottoman. But not the Bedawy, the primitive type of Arab. That son of Ishmael, in his black tent, has but a dim idea of Turkey and scant respect for its rulers. For him the *Beled el Turak* is a vague region on the other side of no-

where. The tie of faith too is slender. He rarely sees a mosque, but he is punctilious in his reverence for the moon. He is content with his squalid liberty, which he enjoys because he dwells in arid tracts which no man covets, and he would not exchange it for "a garden of spice"—and taxes. The Palestine fellah pays taxes and goes through his military service, but his patriotism is centred in his village and clan, to which he always returns. He does see the inside of a mosque sometimes, but his fervent faith is reserved for his *mukam*, which may be only a tree or a heap of stones, but is invariably on a hill-top, one of those local shrines in which some of the learned discern a survival of those "high places" against which the Hebrew prophets launched their thunder, as they discern in the fellah a descendant of the Canaanites of old.

Among the population of Asiatic Turkey must be reckoned some elements not indigenous, but which have become permanent. Of these the Circassians are the most numerous and most widely distributed. Their immigration dates chiefly from the absorption by Russia of Transcaucasia.

22 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

They once enjoyed an unenviable reputation as raiders and horse-stealers, but they have settled down into the best agriculturists in the country. Their villages are the most prosperous, and they are at peace with their neighbours. Those Bosniaks who elected to leave their country when it ceased to be Turkish—a strong and energetic race of Slav descent—have founded some flourishing colonies, of which there is a notable example in Cæsarea, on the coast of Palestine. When the Dobruja was called to Roumania, many of the Tartars of the Danube delta quitted it. They are now settled mainly in the district south of the Sea of Marmora, a patient, hard-working, kindly-disposed people. In the same region are the Cossacks, also Moslem, laborious and more enterprising, perhaps, than the Tartars. The Turkomans, who wandered from the Khanates beyond the Caspian, as these were absorbed by Russia, form separate communities, settled in various localities, amongst others in the Bekaa, the great valley of Cœle-Syria. These should hardly be classed as non-Turks. They are of the same original stock, and speak a Turkish

dialect, but they are not Ottoman Turks. Their pursuits are pastoral, and their honesty and kindly nature have won the high opinion of their neighbours, both Christian and Moslem.

The nomad Yuruks are a picturesque element in the population of Asia Minor, but though they differ widely in some respects from the modern Ottomans, they are of the same stock, and speak the same tongue, so they will be classed as Turks.

To return to Turkey in Europe. There are one or two important peoples to be dealt with, although as province after province has been lopped off, the number of races under Turkish rule has diminished. The Hungarians have long since ceased to be subject to the Turks, and after a wide interval the Roumanians and Servians, like the Hellenes, passed from under their dominion. The turn of the Bulgarians came in times more recent. Last of all, the Serbs of Bosnia and Herzegovina have been finally severed from the Ottoman Empire. But in the debatable region called Macedonia there are still Serbs and Bulgarians, and on its eastern highlands dwell the Pomaks, a Moslem people of Bulgarian origin, or perhaps

24 . TURKEY AND THE TURKS

descendants of the Kumans, the last of the hordes who came from the north-east. They speak a Slav tongue, but they are not Slavs ; they are Mohammedans, but are not Turks, though probably, like the Bulgarians, they are racially akin to them.

In the westernmost portion of the Turkish dominions dwell the Albanians. They are called Arnoots by the Turks, but they call themselves Shkipetar. The rugged tract falling steep to the Adriatic has been their home since the beginning of history. The Romans called them Illyrians. There is no record of their origin. Their language is older than Greek,¹ and they date from a period beyond the infancy of Hellenic civilization. Wave after wave of Asiatic immigration flooded the Balkan peninsula, but the Albanians remained immovable. Nearest to Europe geographically, they present a greater contrast to Western nations than perhaps any other of the races inhabiting Turkey. Yet they are not Asiatics, but distinctly Europeans living under social conditions which have disappeared else-

¹ It would be more accurate to say that it is a collateral branch of the same stock.

where.¹ They are in part Christians and in part Moslems, but their religion sits lightly upon them. The Moslems drink wine, and the Christians will turn Moslems on no more serious pretext than dissatisfaction with the hour at which Mass is celebrated in their locality. They hold their ancient tribal customs, including that of blood feud, more sacred than their religious faith. They are Albanians first and foremost. The northern Albanian Christians belong nominally to the Roman obedience, though an Italian cleric would be astonished at the long moustachios and fierce aspect of their priests. The Moslems have naturally greater sympathy with the Turks, but the subjection of Albanians generally to their rule has always been hypothetical rather than real. Finally, Albanians of all categories, Christian or Moslem, delight in war. They are always spoiling for a fight, and when not engaged in that

¹ Although at our door, Albania was less known than equatorial Africa until quite recently. Byron, Hobhouse, and Leake were almost our only sources of information, and they only traversed the southern and more or less hellenized region. It was reserved for Miss Durham to penetrate the heart of the land and lift the veil. Her *High Albania*, one of the most fascinating narratives that genius and indomitable courage have produced, passes the limits of mere travel and enters the domain of exploration and discovery.

26 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

congenial occupation with others, they fight amongst themselves. They may be said to be in a perpetual state of latent tribal warfare.

The Vlachs are not so conspicuous a people as the Albanians, but if, as some scholars contend, they are a survival of the Thracians, they rival the former in antiquity of descent. Their language, however, is not so archaic. It is a dialect of Latin, and in some respects is nearer to the mother tongue than the romance languages of Europe. This shows that they were in existence at least as early as the fifth century, when Latin was the idiom of the Balkan peninsula, save for the Greek fringe on the coast. This was before the Slav invasions, and probably accounts for their inhabiting the mountains, to which they retreated when the Slavs occupied the plains. They dwell on the chain of Pindus and its lateral ranges, from the heart of Greece to Western Macedonia and the confines of Servia. But they are found far away from their homes, with their strings of pack-horses, pursuing their occupation of carriers. The rudest portion of the population are shepherds, and they have so identified themselves with this calling that in

Greece the word Vlach has become synonymous with shepherd. But though given to wandering, unlike most wanderers, they are not content with a fragile makeshift for a home. With the exception of the shielings of the shepherds, who are a class apart, their houses are solid structures, and in them, as well as in the ornaments of their women, there is a Roman massiveness which may have been derived from the same source as their Roman tongue. Their centre, so far as they can be said to have a centre, is the mountain town of Metzovo, and their villages are always on heights, if possible concealed in a cleft or hollow. This unobtrusiveness is a characteristic of the race. In religion they are Orthodox, yielding obedience to the Œcumenical Patriarch at Constantinople. They pretend to no separate ecclesiastical jurisdiction of their own, neither have they any political aims, nor any national axe to grind. In this respect they stand alone among the inhabitants of the Balkan peninsula. In the jangle of conflicting interests the voice of the Vlach is never heard. Perhaps it is for this reason that this sympathetic people is almost unknown to Western Europe. Every

28 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

other race has its champions and political knights-errant. The Vlach has none. Certainly he does not ask for any. He follows his own path, which is one of peace, and in what we call the arts of civilization he is inferior to none of his neighbours and superior to most.

The Sephardim Jews, who in the sixteenth century fled or were driven from Spain and found a haven under the Sultan, have so identified themselves with the country that they must be classed with the native population. They have, however, retained the Spanish language, so that in the extreme east of Europe they speak the tongue of the extreme west, and that the tongue of their ancient persecutors. This is one of the paradoxical phenomena of the land. They display the characteristics of their race as elsewhere. Energetic and intelligent, they have conquered for themselves a great position in the world of commerce and finance. Their political influence is considerable and had no small share in recent events. It is significant that the birthplace of the revolution which culminated in the new regime was Salonica, a place where the Jews are so

numerous and powerful that it may almost be called a Jewish city. Though Spanish is the medium of intercourse among themselves, they are the most proficient linguists in a country of linguists. The Ashkenazim Jews from Russia and Central Europe, who have of late years flocked in such large numbers into Palestine, must be classed as foreigners. Their speech and manners are European. It is worth noting that Lord Kitchener, when a young man engaged in the Palestine Survey, discovered in an obscure village among the hills north of the plain of Acre a community of Jews who had been there from time immemorial. They were not the Sephardim, who are usually termed Oriental Jews. They spoke only Arabic, and there was no trace or tradition of their coming. This, so far as the author is aware, is the only instance of a Jewish population which might claim to be indigenous.

The Gipsies are more numerous than in Western Europe. The conditions are more favourable to their mode of life and to the preservation of their individuality. Their peculiar characteristics are the same. The men are tinkers, the women tell fortunes,

80 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

the children beg, and the settled folk in the villages are concerned for their poultry and portable objects when *Tchingani* are in the neighbourhood.

This brings to an end the long catalogue of the contents of a vast ethnographical museum—for so Turkey may well be termed. It does not pretend to be exhaustive. But though some minute fragments of the mosaic may have been overlooked, its essential portions are there. The author set out with the intention of writing about “Home Life in Turkey,” the proposed title of this book, but soon realized the appalling nature of the task. It would have included the Bedawy in his “house of hair,” as he calls his goat-hair tent, and the Vlach in his solid stone dwelling on a hill-top, with an account of the domestic concerns and social ideals of each. It would have had to do with the Circassian who is anxious to part with his daughter at the earliest opportunity, and the Bulgarian who jealously guards his daughter as a valuable asset on account of her labour, so that she marries late, and often has recourse to elopement. It would have had to deal with conditions so diverse as that of the

Albanian who always buys his wife and that of the Greek who invariably requires a dowry with his ; with contrasts such as that of the Ansari who deals his bride a blow as she enters the dwelling in token of his supremacy, and the Druse whose wife is honoured and, if she be an initiate, revered for her superior knowledge.

Taking at random a few social laws and customs, we find that the Armenian wife must not speak to her husband's parents until some time after marriage, and until she bears a son she is subject to them. The Kurd woman goes unveiled, whilst the Persian can only peer through two little square holes in her thick veil. They are covered with lace net and resemble grated windows. There is as wide a variety in the domestic arrangements—the Bedawy crouching in his low tent, the Turkoman in his carefully built hut of reeds and mud or stones, the Armenian burrowing underground. The houses of a Greek or Turkish village are isolated like ours, but the *mehala* of the Albanians is a cluster of dwellings in close contact, for the family community is the unit as among the Serbs, whose communal village may consist

32 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

of one vast shapeless house to which a room is added for each newly married couple, like the cell of a honeycomb. A few Albanian customs will serve to show how varied a field is covered by this subject. A man and woman descended from a common ancestor cannot marry. Third cousins on the father's side are reckoned as brothers, whilst relationship on the mother's side counts for next to nothing. Blood brotherhood is as binding as real ties of blood. It is entered upon with great ceremony, a part of the ritual being the drinking of a glass of *raki* containing three drops of the blood of each party. A girl is betrothed at birth, when the prospective bridegroom, or his father, pays part of the sum agreed upon for her, and the rest on marriage. At due age she is sent to him. She may refuse him if she likes, but if she does so she must swear perpetual virginity, when she wears masculine attire and carries arms. These sworn virgins are one of the peculiar features of the social system of the Albanians. But if he refuses her, he falls into blood with the family. This brings before us a prominent and ever-present feature of Albanian family life, the blood feud. It may arise from many

causes, a blow or an insult, for instance. The aggrieved party is bound to have blood or lose his honour. It need not necessarily be that of the offending party. That of a male member of his family or clan suffices. The family which has lost a member in this way then seeks blood from the other. This would, of course, end in a war of extermination, but under certain circumstances *bessa* or truce may be made. The *bessa* may be only temporary, but it is strictly observed. The blood feud is governed by a code of laws, in order that the Albanian may know precisely when he may or may not kill or be killed. He may not kill any one who is accompanied by a woman or a guest, for example, nor any one with whom he has eaten salt. For this reason, when Albanians entertain, the repast always begins with salt, a necessary precaution, to hinder any guests who might happen to be at feud, which extends to the whole family, from killing each other. It need not be said that this revered custom is the cause of a good many Albanians not dying in their beds.

Some knowledge of the intricate web of races, creeds, and nationalities spread over

34 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

the territory ruled by the Turks will lead to a better understanding of the Turks themselves. That is the excuse for this necessarily brief and imperfect account of the complex population of the land we call Turkey. The reader who has had the patience to go through it, if he has gleaned nothing else, will have learned that it would be impossible to deal adequately with the domestic life of the country as a whole in the compass of this volume. In any case, the author confesses that such a task is far beyond his powers. Therefore the pages which follow will be devoted to the Turks alone.

CHAPTER II

THE TURKS

THE vast interior of Asia, north of the Hindoo Koosh, Thibet, and China, is variously named Mongolia, Siberia, Turk-estan. But the territories bearing these names are vague and ill-defined, and vague too are the terms used to denote the peoples who dwell in them—Mongol, Turk, Tartar. There is, however, a link between them in the tongues they speak. These, if not exactly identical, possess, in common, certain features which mark them off sharply from Chinese on the one hand and the Aryan languages of India, Persia, and Europe on the other. They belong to the class which philologists call agglutinative, which means that words are formed by adding to the root and stem one or more syllables. This may occur in Aryan inflectional languages, but, unlike them the agglutinative tongues never admit the intercalation of a syllable like

36 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

Greek, nor do they make use of prefixes. Another broad distinction is their uniformity in contrast to the irregularity of Aryan forms. The latter constantly modify the root of a word by vowel changes, whilst in the agglutinative class the root remains invariable or nearly so. It has been divided into four families, viz. Manchu, Mongol, Turki-Tartar, and Magyar-Finnish—Manchu and Mongol have remained Asiatic ; the others have been carried into Europe. Manchu and Finnish represent the extreme geographical limits of the class East and West ; and they represent also its extreme forms. In Manchu the added syllables are written separately so that the language approaches, structurally, the monosyllabic or, to use the philological term, isolating Chinese. Finnish, at the other end of the scale, in the variety of its formations and the blending of root and affix, approaches the neighbouring Aryan tongues. But in both cases the appearance is specious. Manchu and Finnish are distinctly agglutinative, though varying from the normal type which is found in the Turki-Tartar dialects. These have a common vocabulary and system of phonetics, and

are spoken from the banks of the Lena in Eastern Siberia to the shores of the Adriatic. There are of course many points of divergence between the speech of a Turk at Durazzo or Valona and that of a Yakut on the Lena, but the language is essentially the same, and words expressing simple ideas should be understood along the whole route between the two. The line runs south-west of the Lena through Kashgar, Yarkand and Khotan, Bokhara and Khiva ; and from the Pamirs to the Sea of Aral and Orenburg. Throughout this region the speech is Jagatai, which may be conveniently termed Eastern Turkish. South of it and north of Persia, from Bokhara to the Caspian, is the Turkoman country, where the language approaches nearer to Western Turkish. Going westward, we come to Azerbaijan, the north-western division of Persia, and to a tongue which differs in a very small degree from that of Turkey proper. This continues through the southern portion of Transcaucasia, across the frontier into the Ottoman territory. Thus we have come through Turkish-speaking peoples without a break from the far end of Asia. At the risk of being tedious,

38 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

it has been necessary to say thus much about the language in order to understand what the word Turk really implies.¹

The people whom we call Turks call themselves Osmanli. The word Turk is unknown to them as a designation of nationality. But if one were to ask us if we knew Turkish, he would say, *Türkja bileermiseniz?* And he is right. The language extends far beyond the nation both in time and space. His nation was founded by Osman about A.D. 1300, but his tongue is that of his forbears, framed in a remote past in a far-off region, and spoken still by his kin in distant lands.

Language is a social product, and affords no indication as to race. This is manifestly the case with regard to the group of tongues we have been considering. What racial types can be more divergent than the Kalmuck and the Finn, or the Magyar of Hungary and the Manchu? If they spring from a common stock it must have been

¹ A fuller account of the Turkish language than any I know of outside books purely philological will be found in Sir Charles Eliot's *Turkey in Europe*. Those who desire to learn more about the genesis of the Ottoman Turks than can be gleaned from these pages will do well to consult that work, together with *The Destruction of the Greek Empire* of Sir Edwin Pears. I am greatly indebted to both.

profoundly modified. Of the Osmanli, as diverse in type as he is mixed in blood, something will be said later. But the terms Mongol, Turk, and Tartar are loosely applied. Timour has been called a Mongol, yet he spoke Turkish, and was indeed an Eastern Turk. Tartars are, generally speaking, Mohammedans like the Turks, and they speak a similar tongue. That of the Mongols differs from both, and the Mongol is a Buddhist. Yet certain characteristics common to all these races seem to point to affinity, however remote. Their instincts are nomadic, and they have displayed throughout their history a propensity for raiding. Although their conquests have sometimes been ephemeral, as in the case of Jenghis and Timour, we cannot forget that a descendant of the latter founded the Mogul Empire of India, that a Manchu wields the Jade Sceptre on the Dragon Throne of China, that the Turkish Khajars still rule Persia, and that an Osmanli Turk occupies the seat of the Cæsars at Constantinople. It will be noticed that out of these four instances of enduring success three are due to Turks. To them pre-

40 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

eminently always belonged the military qualities of endurance, courage, and sense of discipline. Chinese annals bear witness to this, for it is to China we must turn for the earliest notice of them, as also for the origin of the word Turk.

The nomads, known as Huing-nu, had harassed the Chinese border for centuries. It was as a barrier against them that the Great Wall had been built. In A.D. 433 a tribe detached itself from them and settled in the province of Kan-su, within the north-western frontier of China. A hill near their camp, from a fancied likeness to a helmet, was called Tü-Chüeh. The name seems to have been transferred to the strangers, for a century later, when they had spread westward to the northern frontier of Persia, the Chinese always referred to them as Tu-Kiue. That is the first we hear of the Turks in history—a small tribe in a corner of China. There was a division in A.D. 582, one section settling to the north of Lake Baikal, the other in Transoxiana and Kashgar. The former flourished for about two centuries, and were then subdued by other tribes, and disappeared as a nation. The latter endeav-

oured to establish a silk trade with Byzantium, which their relations with China enabled them to embark on with advantage. Their proposals were, however, rejected by the Emperor Justin, though later they seem to have succeeded, for they aided Heraclius in his war against Persia in A.D. 620. Then at the beginning of the eighth century came the avalanche of the new Arab religion. Its votaries swept through Persia and Transoxiana. The Turks lost their independence, but turned Islam into a stepping-stone to increased power. The Persians had usurped the temporal authority of the Bagdad Khalifs. The Turks came to the aid of the latter, and ended by seizing it themselves.

The rise of Islam accentuated the divergence between the Turks and other races of Central and Eastern Asia. It was the tendency of Manchu and Mongol to turn eastward. Kublai Khan, the heir of Jenghis, founded the Yuan dynasty of China. Even those Turks who had accepted Islam and had remained stationary like the Uighurs of Kashgar were permeated by Chinese influences, whilst those of Lake Baikal appear to have remained entirely outside the sphere

42 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

of Mohammedanism, and whatever arts or ideas they derived from outside were Chinese, with one notable exception, a Syrian alphabet derived through Persia.

The western Turks, however, who hitherto had been instrumental through their wandering habits in diffusing notions of Christianity and Buddhism indifferently through Asia, became the zealous instruments of a religious propaganda. Most powerful of these were the Seljuks, who wrested Syria from the Schismatic Fatemite Khalifs of Egypt, made themselves masters of Irak and Khorassan, Khiva and part of Transcaucasia, and practically overthrew the rule of Constantinople in Asia Minor by the defeat of the Emperor Romanus at the battle of Manzikert in 1071.

The Seljuks called their empire Rourm (Rome). Its capital was Konia, the ancient Iconium, and the court of its Sultans became a centre of learning and refinement, borrowed from Persia. The few architectural vestiges that tell of the former splendour of Konia bear witness to the dominant Persian influence. But the empire of Rourm was short-lived. With refinement

came luxury, which sapped the vigour of rulers and people, and the Seljuks were ill-fitted to resist the attacks of the Mongol hordes which continued to pour from the Central Asian plateaus. Houlagou, the grandson of Jenghis Khan, ravaged Mesopotamia and Syria, and inflicted severe losses upon the Sultan of Roum, who was shorn of much territory and environed by foes, when there came upon the scene a people who were destined to rear an empire far vaster and more enduring than his own.

The last and greatest of the Turkish states had humble beginnings. Its founders did not burst into the arena of events as invaders, making lurid pages of history, as Jenghis Khan had done before, and as Timour Leng did afterwards. They were a part of that gradual infiltration of Turki tribes which came in the wake of the Seljuks. They appear to have been nameless, though some writers assert that they belonged to the Oghuz, whose home was in Khorassan. They had a leader, Suleiman, who was drowned in crossing the Euphrates. But for this accident the Ottoman nation might never have existed. What would

44 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

have been the history of Western Asia and Eastern Europe in that event it would be idle to conjecture. But it is not rash to assume that had the tribe persisted in its intention of moving southward, the world would never have heard of it. The Memlook Sultans of Egypt were still powerful, and when this handful of nomads came into contact with them, it would have been destroyed or absorbed. Even had they been spared by man, the warm and enervating climate, to which these children of the north were unused, would have done its work. As a matter of fact, on the death of the leader, that portion of the tribe which held on its way was obliterated. All traces of it are lost.

A far different fate awaited the remnant, some four hundred tents in all, which under Ertoghrul, the dead leader's son, turned north-westward.

It is a pretty story, though it may be apocryphal, which tells how the wanderers encountered on the plateau of Anatolia two forces engaged in battle. Ertoghrul, the right-hearted, chivalrously aided the weaker side and turned the scale in its favour. It

happened to be a Seljuk army at bay against its harassing Tartar foes. Some accounts say that the Sultan Alaeddin was himself present. However this may be, Alaeddin took the strangers under his protection, and was no doubt glad to avail himself of their services. He granted Ertoghrul a fief, a strip of land on the north-western boundary of his territory, where it marched with the Greek Empire, against which the new settlers formed a miniature buffer state. The fief included Eski-Shehir, the ancient Dorylæum on the road followed by Godfrey and his crusaders in their long march to Jerusalem. Ertoghrul settled at Soghut on the old road between Nicæa and Dorylæum. It is easily reached from Levkeh station on the Anatolian railway, only a few miles distant. Nicæa is about twenty-five miles away in the opposite direction.

Earth has no fairer region than that between Eski-Shehir and Ismidt, the ancient Nicomedia. It is an epitome of all sylvan beauty. Even from the very unsatisfactory outlook afforded by a railway carriage window the traveller gazes on a succession of scenes of such surpassing loveliness that the journey

46 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

must dwell long in the memory. It is here that the high tableland of Asia Minor falls rapidly towards the sea. To one who approaches it from the interior, the contrast is sharp between the monotonous plateau and this land of hill and dale, of stream and forest. It has the sublimity of the Alps, but there is a variety to which the Alps are strangers — valleys, green and smiling, shadowy glades, park-like slopes feathered with bracken, dotted with sturdy oaks, tracts of meadow-land with sleepy lilled pools, and gorges echoing to the roar of torrents that feed the Sakaria—the classic Sangarius. The road takes us through great forests of walnut, skirts the base of precipitous tors, with glimpses of lateral ravines choked with trees, twinkling with a million lights, as the wind stirs the leaves. More than once it winds through a narrow cañon whose stupendous walls are splashed and streaked with vivid orange and vermilion, for there is a riot of all phases of vegetation, from lichen to forest tree. Every crag is tufted with verdure, and aloft, where the dim mountain flanks reach into the clouds, there is the blackness of pines. We run through a wild tangle of

ivy, clematis, woodbine, and creamy discs of elder. These and the dog-rose and rampant bramble are always with us. They breathe of home, but the flaming sheets of wild azalea, stretching up the slope and reaching into the forest, remind us that we are not in England. Not so the boys who come to the stations to sell us the biggest and juiciest cherries in the world. They are the sort of boys one would expect to come out of the tangle of dog-roses. They have clear grey eyes and chestnut hair; their noses are minutely freckled like a linnet's egg. They are the very counterpart of the birds'-nesting boy of the English countryside.

Not only throughout the Near East, but in all Southern Europe, and much of Central Europe as well, no people are so near to us in physical type as these youngsters in Asia. There is an air of the snugness of an English homestead too—at least, as viewed from outside—in their dwellings, with mellow red tile roofs and broad eaves, overshadowed often by a stately chestnut, tapestried with creepers. The gardens are roofed with hop-bine and screened by walls of clipped acacia. The passing traveller may see some

good examples of these outside the station at Bilejik. On the treeless steppe of the interior the huts are of stone and the villages far apart. Here we are hardly ever out of sight of a house. The hillsides are emerald with vines, the hollows are rich with the fuller green of the mulberry, and the land that is not tilled, or forest, is pasture and copse. A feature that astonishes the stranger is the enormous size of the old cherry trees. The walnut trees are gigantic too, but they attain considerable dimensions with us. A cherry tree with a mossy bole equal in girth to that of a well-grown ash, and of a corresponding height, would be a phenomenon in England. Quince and medlar, apple and pear, peach and apricot are cultivated. Walnuts, chestnuts, and hazel-nuts grow wild everywhere, and have no commercial value except as exports.

In the heart of this region, midway between the point where the plateau breaks up into hills, dark with scrub, bright with broom, and that where the road goes through miles of peach orchards and melon grounds until a dome, minarets, masts, and a strip of blue sea announce Ismidt, lies Sughut on a mountain

side, 3000 feet above the level of the sea. Here died Ertoghrul, and here was born his son Osman, founder of the nation which bears his name, Osmanli.¹ This teeming land, much of it lovely as a poet's dream of Paradise, is the cradle of the Ottoman Turks, though not of the race from which they sprung. I first came to it at the end of a long journey which began in parched Arabia, where the landscape has the uniform hue of brown paper. I had travelled through fine scenery and fertile lands, the Lebanon, the fat Cilician plain, the Taurus, and I was fresh from the keen pure air of the central Anatolian uplands. But there was a touch of home here which had been wanting in all the rest, and among the fair-haired children and the hazels and cherry orchards I found myself repeating the hackneyed phrase, "A white man's country."

That the temperate climate and invigorating mountain air of the region which destiny appointed as the home of Ertoghrul and his followers had a share in moulding

¹ The Arabic is Uthman, and some writers spell the name Othman. But it is, and always has been, Osman with the Turks, who have no *th* sound in their language. The word Ottoman, in the sense of Turkish, we have copied from the French.

50 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

the character of the nation does not admit of a doubt. The obscure fate of their brethren who wandered south into torrid Arab lands may be adduced as in some sort a negative proof of this. Geographical position also must be held in a measure to account for the national development. The Seljuks had named their empire Roum, since it was wrested from Roman rule. But, none the less, the Seljuk power was essentially Asiatic in its traditions, and Seljuk civilization was inspired by Asiatic Persia. The Osmanli, on the other hand, were cut off from Asia. The high valleys, in which the nation was nursed into being, looked westward across the narrow seas to Europe. And westward too were set the faces of the people. The Roum of the Seljuks became the Anadol¹ of the Osmanli. Their Roum lay beyond the Propontis and the Ægean, the Roumeli which we call the Balkan Peninsula. They established their capital in the new Rome of Constantine. But that was not the goal of their ambitions. They coveted possession of the mother city

¹ From the Greek 'Ανατολή rising=the Latin *Oriens*—the land of the sunrise, the eastern land.

on the Tiber. Long ere Constantinople fell to their arms, Sultan Bayazid, the Thunderbolt, boasted that he would yet feed his horse on the altar of St. Peter's. Mohammed II, the conqueror of Constantinople, always dreamed of the subjugation of Italy, and he did indeed send an expedition which took Otranto on the 28th July, 1480. The same day another Turkish force made an unsuccessful assault on Rhodes. Sir Edwin Pears mentions a curious custom initiated by Suleiman the Magnificent (1520-86) of the Sultan's receiving a cup of sherbet from the Agha of the Janissaries, and returning it with the words, "We shall see each other at the Red Apple (Rome)." This shows that the idea continued to occupy the minds of the Ottoman sovereigns.

Whilst allowing for the accidents of place and physical environment as contributing to the rapid accession of the Osmanli to power, we cannot ignore that of time. They appeared in Western Asia at a moment when it was politically in a condition of solution. The nascent State might be compared to a young plant thriving on the decay of older ones. The temporal power of the Khalifs

52 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

had vanished. That of the Seljuks was fast breaking up. The Greek Empire was decrepit. Torn by internecine strife, it depended on alien mercenaries for its defence, whilst its trade was abandoned to foreigners. Western Europe had grown sick of crusading and turned a deaf ear to the appeals of Constantinople. In attacking the Empire, the Osmanli were following the line of least resistance. They were too wise to try conclusions with their own kin, the hordes of Asia. As it was, the nation narrowly escaped destruction in its childhood at the hands of Timour. Egypt was then the greatest Mohammedan power. Its Memlook Sultans, Bibars, Kalaoon, and El Ashraf, were among the ablest Moslem rulers the world had seen since Haroun al Rashid. It was not until after two centuries (1517) that Selim the Grim made Egypt a Turkish pashalik. In the meantime the Turks had established themselves firmly in Europe.

It is no part of our purpose to trace the progress of the Ottoman Empire, of which an eminent historian¹ has said it was "more rapid in its rise than Rome, more enduring

¹ Von Hammer.

than that of Alexander." But some knowledge of what a nation has achieved is pertinent to an inquiry into the character of its people. The birth of the Osmanli as a nation is variously dated. It has been placed in 1301, when Osman first defeated an imperial army, or even earlier, when he received the drum and horse-tails, the insignia of power, from his Seljuk suzerain. The author prefers to follow Sir Edwin Pears, who regards Osman as the founder of the Turkish dynasty and Orchan (1326-59) as the maker of the Turkish nation, since that sovereign instituted a national polity and gave his people a separate national existence. But however we reckon it, in less than two centuries after the death of Osman, the head of a petty principality dependent upon a shadowy Asiatic potentate, the Ottoman State had become the most formidable power in Central Europe. Suleiman the Magnificent ruled more than twenty races of men. His sway extended into three continents. One horn of the Crescent touched the Caucasus, the other rested on Atlas. The Dnieper and the Danube were Turkish rivers; so were the Nile and the

54 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

Euphrates. Turkish navies held the seas from the Atlantic to the western shores of India. Southern Russia and Hungary were a part of the Turkish dominions. The Mediterranean, the Euxine, and the Red Sea were Turkish lakes. Turkish admirals defeated the combined fleets of the Holy Roman Empire, the Pope, Genoa, Naples, Sicily, and Malta. They swept the Mediterranean, and fought the Portuguese in the Indian Ocean. Turkish power was at its zenith when the armies of Suleiman were repulsed before Vienna in 1521. Had he been victorious it is almost certain that Italy and Western Europe would have been overrun. Had Malta not withstood his might in 1565 after a furious siege, history might have had to record another sack of Rome. As it was, Turkish supremacy at sea was unchallenged until the battle of Lepanto in 1571, and it remained dominant in the eastern basin of the Mediterranean long after that event. Not until 1774 did Russia acquire the right to navigate the Black Sea.

The boast of Mohammed II, that he had conquered two empires, did not mean much from the point of view of military achieve-

ment. The Greek Empire had been reduced to "Constantinople and a garden," and the empire of Trebizonde, called by Freeman "the last fragment of Greek-speaking Roman power that the world saw," was never more than a littoral strip, though once extending along the greater portion of the southern coast of the Euxine. This had been curtailed by degrees, so that when it fell to the Turks in 1461, the empire of Trebizonde consisted of little more than the city itself.

Nevertheless the Osmanli were the heirs of the Cæsars. True, the heritage was *débris*, but *débris* of an unexampled kind.

We may well marvel at the astounding fate which made the Turk master of a portion of the globe far transcending every other in human interest. It is the tomb of vanished empires and dead cults. Babylon, Nineveh, Memphis, Thebes, Tyre and Sidon, Carthage, Greece and all that it means, are or have been under Ottoman rule. It is but eighty years since Turks sat cross-legged where Socrates and Plato had walked, when the Parthenon was half-mosque and half-powder-magazine, and the Erechtheion housed the

harem of the Agha. "Many folded" Olympus, where dwelt the gods behind the cloud barriers in serene ether, is still Turkish soil like Ida and the plain of Troy, and the shores of Propontis and the Bosphorus where creek and headland are fraught with legends of the Argonauts. Take names at random of mount or isle or stream: Parnassus, Helicon, Naxos, Delos, Ilissus are Turk no longer, but Latmus, Messogis, Tenedos, Lesbos, Samos, Chios, the Pactolus, the Meander, the Cydnus, on whose waters gleamed the silken sails of Cleopatra, the Meles on whose banks Homer sat, the Scamander which he sang, still belong to the Osmanli. He conquered territory on which was enacted most of what we include in the term ancient history, the shock of East and West, at Marathon, Platæa, Salamis, Arbela, Pharsalia and Actium.

He became lord of the soil, which had nourished those who gave us Westerns our first notions of arts and letters, philosophy and politics. His were Athens and Alexandria, Ephesus and Halicarnassus and Rhodes.

So comes it that the land of the Turk

must always be a second country to the historian and the scholar who seek knowledge, to the poet who feels the magic of the world's youth, and to the artist who contemplates the perfection attained in antiquity. But the country of the Osmanli appeals to a far wider class than these. It is not only the sepulchre of dead religions, but the cradle of three great living faiths. To the Jew, the Christian, and the Mohammedan it is alike sacred, for within its borders are Sinai, Jerusalem, and Mecca, centres of their traditions and hopes. Christian children are taught to lisp the names of Bethlehem and Nazareth, Turkish towns, as the Jordan is a Turkish river, and Gennesareth a Turkish lake. The Christian pilgrim who enters the grotto chapel of the Nativity finds there in the faint radiance of lamps that flicker in the gloom, a Turkish sentry wearing the same uniform and speaking the same tongue as his comrade on guard at the gate of the Sultan's palace in Constantinople. The Jewish pilgrim who at Hebron would approach the Cave of Machpelah, the place of burial of the Patriarchs, finds it enclosed in a fortress-like

58 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

mosque within whose gates he may not pass. The reputed tomb of the prophet Samuel is also a mosque on a hill-top, conspicuous from Jerusalem. That of David on Zion, outside the walls, is also a mosque where unbelievers are not welcome. On Mount Moriah rises the Dome of the Rock, which non-Moslems can enter only by special permission. It is held peculiarly sacred, and the Western soon learns that Jerusalem is a place of pilgrimage for Mohammedans, second only to Mecca and Medinah. The Holy Land is holy also to others. On the Mount of Olives is a small mosque built over the traditional place of the Ascension, in which the turbaned Mollah points out the footprint of the Ascended. The tomb of Hosea is venerated on the heights of Gilead, that of Job on the tableland of Jaulan. On the Syrian shore a mosque commemorates the miracle of Jonah, and on the Plain of Sharon an edifice, one half church and the other half mosque, marks the burial-place of St. George. Biblical geography in the popular conception has a tendency to be vague and extra-mundane, but to the Biblical archæ-

ologist, who in the course of his researches has to do with Valis, Mutessarifs, Kaimakams, and the whole official hierarchy, it is very palpably Turkish. The author, when he visited Petra and Mount Hor, was never lost sight of by the two Turkish cavalymen who were imposed upon him as an escort. Hermon and the Lebanon, Carmel and Tabor, Ebal and Gerizim, Nebo and Horeb, names inspiring awe and veneration to multitudes all over the world, are portions of sanjaks and cazas, divisions of Turkish provinces. Damascus is the headquarters of an army corps ; Shechem, now called Nablûs, is the centre of a military district ; Acre is a place of arms. Not only the sacred sites of Judaism and Christianity, but those associated with the history of the early Christian Church are in charge of the Osmanli. Antioch, Cæsarea, and Tarsus the birthplace of St. Paul, still preserve their names. That of Iconium is thinly disguised as Konia. All the towns to which the Apostle sent his Epistles are still existing, save one, Colosse, of which even the ruins are mere fragments sparsely scattered on the hill above the glen of the Lycus,

60 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

grateful in the writer's memory for its juicy blackberries one warm September day culled and proffered by a couple of semi-nude little goat-herds, the modern Colossians. The cities of the Seven Churches are all extant, some great and thriving like Smyrna, some miserable hamlets like Sart, the once great Sardis. How many English church-goers are aware that the place where the Nicene Creed was framed survives to-day under the name of Isnik? On the opposite page are two of the inhabitants—they know naught of Creed or Council—entering Nicæa by a still existing gate of the ancient city. Chalcedon flourishes as Kadikeny, a populous suburb of Constantinople, though divided from it by the Bosphorus. The list of venerable names might be extended—take only two, an island and a mountain—Patmos and Ararat.¹

Such is the heritage of the Osmanli, unparalleled and unique. Yet it is an instance of the irony of fate that these things are a dead letter to the inheritor. No man probably cares less for the vestiges of the past than the Turk. Who that has travelled in

¹ Only a third of Ararat is now Turkish, politically, but the whole area is Turkish in speech.



ENTERING NICÆA (ISNİK).

his dominions has not seen decapitated statues built into walls, delicately carved cornices utilized as door-steps, and graceful capitals hollowed into drinking-troughs? Who shall estimate the number of precious works of marble that have gone into the limekiln, or have been shattered on the supposition that they contained gold? That is the object imputed to the patient archæologist as he probes the dim uncertain past, so haply he may find a clue or establish a link that shall throw light on man and his unrecorded history.

Yet the Turk alone was seemingly fitted to govern. The Arab fought and conquered, but his conquests were evanescent. The Osmanli was not the first Turk to come to Europe. There are people now in Thessaly and Macedonia, called Koniarotes, Seljuks who settled there before the age of Osman. They were subjects of the Greek Emperors, as they are now subjects of the Ottoman Sultans. But they remained isolated patches, neither assimilating nor assimilated. Not so the Osmanli. He orientalized what had been a Roman province. The people he found there flocked to his standard, both Seljuk Moslems and Christians of the Empire; the

62 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

latter by degrees apostatized. Undoubtedly one reason for this rapid absorption was that they found security and justice under the Osmanli which had been denied under the successors of Justinian. But whatever were the causes, the Turk succeeded in transforming a Christian land into a Mohammedan one, a fact all the more singular inasmuch as he lacked the fierce missionary zeal of the Arab, who had failed to do so. Sir Edwin Pears has unearthed a very curious circumstance, which proves his contention that the early Turks took their religion very easily. In 1267 the Sultan's children were present at the celebration of the Holy Eucharist, and even communicated.¹ We know that the Turkish hordes of the central plateaus sometimes fought the Saracens, and that ere the Turks became a power they willingly took service as mercenaries under Christian emperors, both in

¹ The Emperor Michael VIII laid this to the charge of the Patriarch Arsenius, who admitted it, but declared that he had been certified that the children were duly baptized. He admitted that he had allowed the Sultan to be present during celebration, adding that he did not know whether he was a Christian or not. The Sultan in question was, according to the date, the Seljuk Kaikhosru III. Sir Edwin Pears remarks justly that whatever the facts were the incident shows that the fanaticism that animated the Moslems of an earlier period or the Turks of a century later was not present.

Asia and Europe. Andronicus employed them in his expedition against the Albanians in 1334. "As they became better acquainted with the tenets of the most awe-inspiring religion in the world, they held to them tenaciously, and developed the hostility towards Christians which the spiritual pride of believers who consider themselves the elect of heaven, and their religion outside the range of discussion, always engenders. But many years passed ere they isolated themselves and were isolated from the Christians on account of their religion."¹

The simplicity as well as the tolerance of the early Osmanli soon disappeared. Osman at his death bequeathed to his successor a spoon, a salt-cellar, a brodered caftan, a new linen turban, some pieces of red muslin, a few pairs of oxen, some excellent horses, and a fine flock of sheep. But he left neither silver nor gold. The unbridled luxury, the treasure, and the populous harems of his not distant descendants contrast sharply with this. Osman "the bone-breaker" was a warrior, and his genius transformed a horde of fighting men into a disciplined army. But his son

¹ *Destruction of Greek Empire*, p. 56.

64 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

Orchan was the real founder of the nation. He and his brother instituted what Freeman has called "that cruellest offshoot of the wisdom of the serpent," the Janissaries, or slave soldiers, composed of Christians taken from their parents at a tender age and trained to the service of the State. To quote Freeman again: "Never had the powers of evil yet devised such a weapon as this, the holding down of nations in bondage by the hands of the choicest of their own flesh and blood." The boys were severed from home, parents, faith, and nationality. They were drilled as carefully in the precepts of Islam as in the use of arms, forbidden to marry, or to engage in any trade or calling. Their regiment was all in all to them, and *esprit de corps* has never in the world's history assumed so extreme a form as in the case of the Janissaries. Formed to uphold the throne, they afterwards used their power against it, and dethroned and put to death more than one Sultan, until they were destroyed by Mahmud II in 1826. Nevertheless, by their creation, the Turks turned an element of opposition into a tower of strength.¹

¹ Sir Edwin Pears says: "The most formidable instrument employed by the Turks for the conquest of the Christians of

Apart from its diabolical aspect, this is the most remarkable achievement in the history of the Turks and the supreme instance of their polity, the keynote of which has always been to utilize the capacity of other races. In the art of war they were always in advance of the times. In 1453 they had the best artillery in the world. But the great piece which figured in the siege of Constantinople was cast by Orban, a Hungarian or Pole. Sir Adolphus Slade, who entered the Turkish navy early in the last century, notes that he saw on the slips in the Golden Horn the largest ship then in existence. They employed to advantage the political and administrative ability of the Greeks of the Phanar. The Keuprulis, that great dynasty of Grand Viziers, were Albanians. So was Mehemet Ali Pasha, the founder of the Egyptian dynasty. The military capacity of the Albanians has been turned to ac-

South-eastern Europe and for attacking the nations of the West was formed of boys born of Christian parents, enslaved, forcibly converted to a hostile religion, who yet became devotedly attached to the slavery to which they had been condemned." (*Destruction of Greek Empire*, p. 229.)

The tribute of children continued to be levied until 1676, but long ere this, in the reign of Suleiman, I, the character of the institution had been modified. Its members were allowed to marry, and the children of Mohammedans were admitted. Previously the corps had been rigidly reserved for the children of Christians.

count by the Turks throughout their history. Many of their most brilliant commanders have been renegade Europeans.¹ Some of their greatest admirals were Arabs of Northern Africa, among them Piri Reis and Sidi Ali, to whom we owe a treatise on the navigation of the Indian Ocean, written in the sixteenth century, and an account of an overland journey from India to Constantinople. Piri Reis at the same period wrote two works treating of the currents, soundings, and harbours of the Mediterranean and Ægean. The navy was manned by Laz and Greeks and Dalmatians, and is still largely recruited from Laz and Cretan "Turks," the latter Greek both in blood and language. When one comes to consider, it is not easy to find anything originally Turkish about the Turk. His religion he took from the Arabs, together with many customs. Something has been said about his tongue. The bed-rock of that is indeed Turkish, but its literature is modelled on that of Persia, and the polite language of Turkey is half Arabic and Persian, forming the most extraordinary linguistic

¹ Pialé Pasha, the great Admiral, was a Croat. Ulaj Ali was a Calabrian.

combination in the world. It is not an alliance of tongues of the same family as would be that of Russian and Spanish, though they are apparently far enough apart, but the tongue spoken by the educated Turk of Stamboul, which he calls Farasi or Persian, is taken from three distinct families of speech, his own Turanian, the Semitic-Arabic, and the Aryan-Persian. His architecture is Byzantine, but he has gone to the Persian and the Arab for its ornamental details. His clothes are in some cases European, in others Oriental, and frequently a hybrid of the two. The Arab and the Persian are of the East unmistakably. The Turk is the most Oriental of Europeans and the most Western of Orientals. Where, indeed, are we to look for the Osmanli? There is a unity composed of Turkish-speaking Mohammedans which calls itself Osmanli, and is called by us Turk. But its bond is one of religion, not race. How can it be otherwise when we recall the wholesale conversions in Asia Minor, the centuries of infiltration after the conquest of the European provinces, the stream of renegades, the age-long custom of taking Christian girls into the harems?

Look, again, at the varying types. The Turks of the towns differ from those of the villages, and those of one district from those of another. Even in Asia Minor, where the race is purest, Mr. D. G. Hogarth, in his *Wandering Scholar in the Levant*, estimates that seven-tenths of the "Turks" are not of Turkish blood. As for the Turks of Constantinople, it would defy an expert in quantitative analysis to determine the infinitesimal amount of pure Osmanli blood in their veins. They are a white race of the finest type, often extremely handsome; but Bertrand de la Brocquière, who saw Sultan Murad II in 1433, describes him "as a little short thick man, with the physiognomy of a Tartar, broad and brown face, high cheek-bones, a round beard, a great and crooked nose, with little eyes." Murad II was the fifth in descent from Osman, and this description tallies rather with the Turkomans from Bokhara and Kashgar, frequently to be seen in the streets of Stamboul, who differ so widely in appearance from its population. There is, nevertheless, a type which might plausibly be set down as that of the real Turk. At least,

it is distinct from any other met with in Turkish territory, and it is found only in Anatolia. It is not the Turkoman type of Central Asia, though it partakes of its character in some respects. There is the narrow almond-shaped eye which is often brown. The cheek-bones are high, but the face is oval and in the young has often a beauty of its own. The expression is frank and pleasing, with a touch of dreamy placidity which is quite Asiatic. It is never seen in Europe, except among the boys who have come to find work as porters since the Anatolian railway has been opened. It is most frequent throughout the province of Kastamboul, and on the Axylon, the central plateau, and is purest, perhaps, in and around Konia. It occurs also at Karaman, together with a broad-featured, narrow-eyed type approaching more nearly to the Mongolian. Which is the truer type of Turk? Is the handsome oval face Seljuk or Osmanli, or a strain of the old race of Phrygia, or none of these? Whatever it may be, the blood appears to be pure. The Turks of Eregli are of another stamp, darker, smaller, and of a more lively disposition.

70 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

The little girls of Eregli were curious to have a good look at a stranger, yet Turks enough to wish to hide. We passed along a lane bordered by willows. Every willow was tenanted, and the secret was not discovered for the first five minutes. When it was, there was a movement all along the line as the arboreal population scrambled down and scuttled into the orchards, where the children took up a new position in the big apricot trees, amid merry laughter. The Konia maidens would hardly have indulged in a similar prank. They are more demure.

In the Taurus there is a constantly recurring type which differs again from these. It is frequent among the camel-drivers. In summer one is hardly ever out of sight of a long string of camels or out of earshot of the tinkle of their head bells mingling with the mellow note of the large bells slung beneath the fetlock, and making music that has a strange charm amid the mountain silence. The Turks of Adana and the Cilician plain display such strong Kurdish characteristics that they can no more be classed as such than the Laz about Trebizonde. At Afioun Kara Hissar, amid wide

poppy fields—hence its name *afioun* (opium)—at the foot of a majestic crag topped by a ruined fortress—hence *Kara Hissar* (black castle)—the Turks differ entirely from the Konia population. They are much darker, with thin hooked noses, eyes set close together, and narrow foreheads. When their expression is not villainous, it displays the self-conceit born of bigotry and ignorance. I do not know whether I happened to be at Kara Hissar at an unfortunate moment, but the people appeared to object to the presence of a hat. Scowling looks and muttered observations accompanied me everywhere. Once I was greeted with a stone, a thing which had not happened since I left Nazareth, where the little Moslem boys display their zeal sometimes in that fashion. But they were not Turks. How the Kara Hissar people came to be “Turks” I know not. But if the inhabitants of Konia are to be taken as the truest type of Turk, the Kara Hissar folk are something else. Another type, again, is the dweller in the valleys of the Meander and Cayster, tall and lithe, of an osseous frame and features. He was here probably before the Osmanli came.

He is now a Turk, but preserves his individuality and his extraordinary dress, of which something is said in another chapter. The Zebek is of doubtful lineage. Texier, the French traveller and scholar, thought he had found in him a remnant of the ancient Lydians. He is the hero of many local stories, mostly of brigandage. The country is certainly a brigand region, though the vicinity of wealthy Smyrna probably accounts for that more than the innate character of the people, by whom I have always been treated with civility.

I cannot say if I have been entertained unwittingly by that modern Robin Hood Tcha-kerji, but I know an Englishman who has. He has agreeable memories of that redoubtable brigand, who is, from the accounts of all who have come into contact with him, "as mild a mannered man as ever cut a throat." He seems to bear a charmed life and defies all attempts at capture. This is, beyond doubt, chiefly owing to the good-will of the peasantry. The latter well repay observation. In manners as well as dress they are remote from our world. I never realized the antique pastoral life so well anywhere

else. Here I must say that the only instance in which I have encountered rudeness from Turks was that mentioned above. Whatever may be said of the Turk, nobody can deny him his good manners. They are not the monopoly of a class. They are a national heritage, and are common to the peasant and the Pasha. In this respect the Turk is distinct from the other nationalities among which he lives, and from the European as well. All who know him must feel that the Turk of humble station differs totally from the European of a similar class. Sir Edwin Pears, who cannot be accused of being a pronounced Turcophil, bears witness to this. He attributes it to his religion.¹ But the characteristic is not an attribute of all Mohammedans—those of Northern Africa, for instance. There is something in the Turk himself, apart from his creed, for which we must look in order to account for his manners. It is partly, perhaps, his sense of superiority. In as far as that attaches to religion—and his religion undoubtedly teaches it—it would only engender bigotry.

¹ “His religion inculcates cleanliness and sobriety ; it has helped to diffuse courtesy and self-respect among its adherents” (*Destruction of the Greek Empire*, p. 426).

If it is pride of race, or rather of nationality, it tends to arrogance. But though the Turk has national pride in abundance—and the poorest and most ignorant Turk doubtless considers himself the superior of the wealthiest and wisest among other races—pride in his social condition is unknown to him. There is no class distinction among the Turks, as there are no class privileges. The highest career is open to the lowest. Boatmen have become Grand Viziers. But their lustre does not descend to their children and the absence of primogeniture hinders the transmission of great wealth. In Turkish society one is often surprised at the comparatively humble condition of the sons of men of wealth and position. There is no hereditary aristocracy. Even imperial descent is ignored after the second generation. The result is that there is no sense of inferiority, and the lack of dignity which characterizes what are called the lower classes with us, does not exist among the Turkish poor. The dweller in the hovel does not dress or fare so well as the inhabitant of the mansion, but his bearing is as stately and his manners as courteous.

The only rank is military and official, and due deference is paid to it according to elaborate rules. Pasha is the only title carrying precedence with it. Bey is applied to colonels and high officials, but it is as loosely employed as the title of esquire in England. All sorts of people address each other as Bey in the towns. Effendi is applied to the *ulema*, that is, lawyers and clergy. It is supposed to be lower than Bey, yet the sons of Pashas have the courtesy title of Bey, whilst the sons of the Sultan are addressed as Effendi. Everybody is an Effendi, women as well as men. Old-fashioned Turks of respectable position are addressed as Agha, a title applied to petty officers also. Chelebi is the title given to people of the better ranks, Christians as well as Moslem, and the European traveller in the interior discovers that he is a Chelebi. The absence of surnames is a logical consequence of the system which tends to break up and obliterate the family. Surnames existed among the Deré-beys, who held their lands as fiefs on condition of military service, but they are extinct, except in Kurdistan and Albania, which are non-Turkish. There

is, however, a tendency to introduce surnames among wealthy Turkish families. The absence of surnames and the restricted range of proper names leads to the employ of epithets, like short, long, black, etc., to distinguish the numerous Hassans or Saids in a community.

But in spite of his democratic dislike to hereditary titles and class distinctions, every Osmanli is in his heart, by virtue of being an Osmanli, an aristocrat, and this makes for dignity, courtesy, and restraint. It may be only skin deep sometimes, but it is pleasant. The quiet manner of the Turk appeals specially, perhaps, to the Englishman, who is less demonstrative, as a rule, than other Europeans. Perhaps, this may account for the mutual sympathy between the two, which, apart from all political considerations, undoubtedly exists. They "get on together" better than most of the nationalities in Turkey. The modern young Turk has taken to clean-shaving like the modern young Englishman, and in appearance and manner he approaches the Englishman closely. The author was struck with this very recently on a steamer with passen-

gers of several nationalities, including three Turkish officers, going to Albania.

Nothing has been said about the Turkomans and the Yuruks, both of Turkish race, fair and blue-eyed, and both nomads. They are honest, and it is a traveller's axiom that one is always safe near their encampments. Of the two, the Turkomans appear to be nearer akin to the Turks. The latter, in spite of their mixed blood, have an idiosyncrasy difficult to define, that makes them a distinct nationality; which is, and seems likely to remain, the strongest in the Near East. Perhaps their strength is owing in a measure to the continued infusion of new blood. Had they remained pure Osmanli they would have been less vigorous. The cadets of the military college and the youngsters of the various preparatory military schools offer a fair criterion of the Turk who is to form the nation of the coming years. Quite half the sons of the middle classes appear to be officers. Quiet, well-mannered, physically well developed, these young fellows are pleasant to behold, extremely pleasant to talk to, and promise well for the future. For the Osmanli is a born

78 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

soldier. He follows other occupations, that of a farmer principally, for he does not take kindly to trade. But soldiering comes naturally to him, and he has a sense of discipline which nearly all other Orientals lack. But then, he is not wholly Oriental.

CHAPTER III

THE HAREM

FOR a certain distance around Mecca and Medinah things permitted elsewhere—the carrying of arms, for instance—are unlawful. When the pilgrim reaches the boundaries of this region, which is termed *haram*, he quits his ordinary dress and dons the *ihram*, the garb proper to those who would approach the Ka'aba. The *ihram* consists of two pieces of white woollen fabric, thin in texture, woven in one piece, without hem. One covers the shoulders, leaving the arms bare. The other is fastened round the waist, falling to the ankles. Thus simply clad, and shod with sandals, stout leather soles secured by a thong passing between the first and second and the fourth and fifth toes, the pilgrim must neither shave nor trim his beard. But he must pay scrupulous attention to the prescribed ablutions—if water is lacking he

80 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

may use sand—and he must supplement the five daily prayers with additional acts of devotion. He must practise abstinence, and he must give of his substance to the needy. He must utter nothing profane, neither listen to aught that is not pure and holy, nor may his eyes covet anything. For the soil he treads is sacred ; it is *haram*.

To the Moslem, one of the holiest spots on earth is the vast enclosure which contains the site of the Temple at Jerusalem. The Faithful believe that it is thronged by innumerable angels invisible to mortal eye. This revered place, for centuries the goal of pilgrims, is known throughout the world of Islam as the Haram-esh-Shereef—the noble sanctuary. For *haram* means sacred or forbidden. And that is precisely the signification of the word—the Arabic *haram* is softened into *harem* in Turkish—we see on the ladies' compartments of railway trains in Turkey, or the doors of ladies' waiting-rooms at the stations. The spaces reserved for them on steamers and in tram-cars have no other designation, and the portion of a dwelling occupied by the feminine members of a household is their *harem*, their sanc-

tuary. It may be the wing of a palace, or it may be the half of a Bedawin tent screened by a goat-hair curtain, but in both cases it is the harem. It is the domain of the wife, like the ladies' bower of the Middle Ages or the boudoir of later times. But there is this difference. The lady of mediæval Europe left her bower and repaired to the hall for her repasts, whereas the Turkish lady remains in her harem. And as it is the abode of herself, her children, and her servants, it is naturally the most commodious part of the house. The term in actual use in Turkey to denote it is *haremlik*. It is easily distinguished by the latticed windows which hinder those within from being seen, whilst allowing them to see all that passes outside. In ordinary houses it usually occupies the upper storey. In the *conaks* or mansions of the wealthy it is a wing, and in the *yalis* or marine villas on the Bosphorus it is often a separate building. These arrangements will be noticed in detail when we come to describe Turkish homes. It will suffice at present to know that every household consists of two separate domains. The *selamlık* is that of the

82 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

husband, the *haremlik* that of the wife. Within it her rule is absolute.

Western ideas concerning the Turkish harem contain some fantastic misconceptions. The most popular notion is that of a collection of wives, more or less numerous, penned up in a sort of gilded cage, and subject to the caprice of some imperious Bluebeard. This arises chiefly from the confusion in the Western mind of the harem with the seraglio of the Sultans, an institution fundamentally different in constitution, traditions, and manners. The serai—to give it its proper name—will be the subject of another chapter. But how widely it is separated from the ordinary domestic life of the nation may be gathered from the fact that out of the whole line of thirty-six Sultans only three have married Turkish women, and since 1647 no Sultan has married at all, but has merely cohabited with slaves, invariably of foreign origin. Hence the startling anomaly that the sovereigns of Turkey are the sons of alien slaves. It may be a fact new to many that the great-grandmother of the present Sultan and of his brother and predecessor was a

Creole of French descent born in the West Indies.

Another erroneous supposition is that polygamy is the rule in Turkey, whereas it is a very rare exception and is becoming rarer every day. The law, it is true, allows four wives, but one may frequent Turkish society a very long time without meeting with an establishment that has more than one. To all who are not wealthy, the expense would be a deterrent, for the law requires the husband to provide each wife with a separate suite of apartments, servants, and all the adjuncts of a household—with an establishment of her own, in short. Hence polygamy is an impossibility for the vast majority, whilst among the few who could afford the luxury of a dual establishment monogamy is a matter of preference. Domestic peace is as dear to the Turk as to any one else, and he is pre-eminently a lover of tranquillity. Again, albeit a Moham-medan, he is a child of the North, and not uxorious in temperament, like the Arab. The fellah of Egypt divorces and remarries with facility, a practice unknown to the Turkish peasants, among whom one meets

with Darby and Joan as frequently as in England. Public opinion in the circles of the educated and well-to-do has set its face against polygamy. It is stigmatized as barbarous and out of date, and, to put it on no higher grounds, it is unfashionable. It would be a hard matter nowadays to find parents willing to give their daughter as a second wife. If there were really a disposition towards polygamy an effectual barrier to it exists in the fact that, in spite of the introduction of slave women in past times, the female population is not greatly in excess of the male. This alone is sufficient to show that the vulgar notion of a Mormon indulgence in plurality of wives has no foundation in fact. The nation is practically monogamist.

The Turkish wife has been called a slave and a chattel. She is neither. Indeed, her legal status is preferable to that of the majority of wives in Europe, and until enactments of a comparatively recent date, the English was far more of a chattel than the Turkish wife, who has always had absolute control of her property. The law allows to her the free use and disposal of

anything she may possess at the time of her marriage, or that she may inherit afterwards. She may distribute it during her life or she may bequeath it to whom she chooses. In the eyes of the law she is a free agent. She may act independently of her husband, may sue in the courts or may be proceeded against, without regard to him. In these respects she enjoys greater freedom than her Christian sisters in Turkey. This is owing, perhaps, to the fact that with Mohammedans marriage is not a sacrament but a civil contract. This important distinction leads us to the question of divorce.

The Prophet Mohammed laid down a definite course of procedure for the divorce of man and wife. In practice that has become a dead letter, a lapse which, Mohammedan lawyers admit, is an abuse. As a matter of fact, a man may divorce his wife by uttering in her presence and in that of two witnesses a certain form of words three times. He may do this at any time and at his own caprice. And the wife has no remedy. It is not law, but it has become *adet*, that is, custom which has the force of law. This constitutes an iniquitous preroga-

tive, and is undoubtedly a great blot on the Turkish social system. It allows a man to rid himself of a wife merely because he is tired of her society or because she is growing old. It makes it possible for a man to marry a young wife, live with her for a time, divorce her, and marry another. Whilst the law safeguards the rights and privileges of the wife while she remains a wife, it allows her position as such to be at the mercy of her husband, however heartless and unscrupulous he may be—a monstrous anomaly. But the people are better than their custom, and divorce, though so facile, is by no means so frequent as one might suppose, far less frequent than in some of the United States of America, for example. And perhaps it would not be too much to say that a Turk who has divorced his wife has greater difficulty in obtaining another than an Englishman would have in a like position. Divorce is ill looked upon, and every means of reconciliation is tried by the families on both sides before it is resorted to. Then there is the restraint of religion. The Prophet has said that the curse of Allah is upon the man who wantonly

repudiates his wife. Coming down to lower motives, there is the *nekyah*. The *nekyah* is a sum, the amount of which is fixed at the betrothal, settled upon the wife by her husband, to be paid to her in the event of divorce. This the wife can claim, even when the marriage is dissolved by mutual consent. This, I am assured by a Turk, himself a devoted husband who has enjoyed a long and happy married life, is a frequent hindrance to divorce. The wife on her side can obtain divorce in case of her husband's desertion or cruelty, or if he fails to maintain her in the manner to which she is entitled. In addition to the *nekyah*, she takes with her everything she brought at her marriage, and all she may have acquired afterwards, even down to kitchen utensils. The custody of the children is fixed by the Koranic law. A son must remain with his mother until he no longer needs her care, and a daughter until she is marriageable. If a child is born after separation, the father must pay for its nursing and maintenance. If the mother dies, the custody of the children is transferred to her female relatives or, if there are none, to those of the father.

88 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

The wife forfeits the *nekyah* if, without sufficient reason and against his will, she leaves her husband and demands a divorce. Reconciliation after divorce may be followed by remarriage, and if the same thing occurs again by a second remarriage. But if a third divorce takes place there can be no remarriage unless the wife contract a marriage with another party who receives an accommodation fee, and the marriage is followed by an immediate divorce. The object of this bogus marriage is not clear.

There is no getting over the fact, however, that a man can repudiate his wife without adequate cause. And whilst this is allowed women are at a disadvantage, and whatever may be their actual position, this possibility is a degradation to them. Neither can a nation which suffers such a thing claim to be a progressive nation. It may have been wise in Arabia in the seventh century. Indeed, we know that Mohammed did much to ameliorate the condition of women. The fatal intermingling of the secular with the religious law of such a rigid institution as Islam has been responsible for the holding back of Turkey in many ways. But

in none is its effect more serious than in the laws, or rather lack of laws, relating to marriage.

The chief personage in the harem is the husband's mother, and owing to the patriarchal custom of married children living under the parental roof, she is more frequently a member of the household than are mothers-in-law with us. She takes precedence of the wife, and as long as she lives is the *buyuk hanum*, the great lady of the house. The utmost deference is paid to her. Her daughter-in-law would never dream of seating herself at table until the *kain valideh* has taken her place. Neither would she smoke in her presence unless the elder lady had invited her to do so. It is the hand of the mother-in-law the children kiss first, and afterwards those of their parents. On festivals, or at family events and anniversaries, her hand is kissed ceremonially as she sits in state, first by her son and daughter-in-law, and then by all the members of the family. "Paradise is beneath the ground on which mothers walk," said the Prophet; and the mother plays a great part in the domestic life of Turkey. Of course the

system leads to friction sometimes. The smoothness or otherwise of the relations depends naturally on the character of the individuals, and it may happen occasionally that the old lady takes advantage of her position to exercise petty tyranny. The sanctity of the mother-in-law does not render her immune from criticism, and the gibing song *Kainana*, quoted in another chapter, is doubtless sung with fervour in some households—in the absence of its subject. But whatever the inward feeling may be, outward etiquette is strictly observed. After all, the *Hanum Effendi* will herself be a *kainana* some day. On the other hand, many a *kainana*, like many a mother-in-law in other lands, is an influence for sweetness and peace, and a blessing to her children's children. Precedence by seniority runs through the whole family. If there are three children—the eldest a boy, the second a girl, and the third a boy—whilst boy No. 1 takes first rank, boy No. 2 gives way to his sister; and if he shows any disposition to “boss it” over her, he is quickly brought to heel by authority, which probably takes the form of his elder brother. This deference

of the young makes for pretty manners, and Turkish children have very pretty manners. They are "company" manners, of course ; and, no doubt, the children let themselves go when they are alone, but their attitude is always respectful before their elders and in the presence of guests, when they follow the old rule, now obsolete in the West, of speaking only when spoken to. This is dreadfully old-fashioned, and some would say it breeds hypocrisy. But one can hardly deplore it when we think of certain ways of the contemporary Western child with regard to its parents—ways which have come to us from across the Atlantic. In the light of these we are inclined to condone, nay, almost to prefer, the behaviour of the Turkish child, who takes the hand of its father's guest, kisses it, and raises it to its forehead. Hopelessly out-of-date manners compared with those of "Buster Brown," that pattern of enlightened American youth, yet not altogether without charm. This homage towards elders is not confined to the young. Children, who are themselves fathers and mothers, invariably rise when a parent enters or leaves the room. I know of one house-

92 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

hold where the family of two generations, including the Pasha, himself in years, stand round the dinner-table awaiting the sometimes slow advent not of the *kainana*, but an aged aunt, who is sheltered under their roof. This trait in the Turkish character goes deeper than mere manners. The aged are tended with pious care, and everything is done to make their declining years easy to them. Above all, they are never allowed to feel that they are encumbrances. It is the same with rich and poor. Among the working classes, to leave aged parents to depend upon public charity would be regarded as the blackest of crimes. The spectacle of such in a workhouse, with a family of wage-earning children, would be unthinkable. But there are no workhouses in Turkey. Perhaps they will come with "civilization," under whose benign influence the Turks may learn to consider aged parents as "in the way." At present, in this respect, they sit in darkness.

It has been said that the harem is the domain of the wife. It is also essentially the home, the "sanctuary" of the family. The wife and daughters have few outside

interests. The only men allowed in the harem besides the sons are the wife's father and her brothers. A man's female friends are restricted to his mother, his grandmother, his sisters, and his aunts. These limited relations between the sexes tend to make the family tie very close, and there is, normally, a strong affection between brother and sister and between mother and children. Other male visitors are received in the selamlık. If the master of the house entertains guests to lunch or dinner, it is, of course, in the selamlık. But otherwise he takes his meals in the harem with his wife and children. He never enters the harem whilst his wife has visitors, a circumstance usually intimated by the over-shoes at the door or by a message. Again, if visitors are announced when he is in the harem, he retreats to the selamlık. When ladies pay a visit, they unveil, and they cannot appear unveiled before any other man than their husband, father, or brothers. The wife, on her side, never enters the selamlık when her husband has callers. She may do so at other times. Every household has its custom in this matter. In some, the selamlık is

94 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

hardly ever used except to receive visitors who come on business or as friends. In others, the wife may often sit with her husband in the selamlık when nobody is there. It is a matter of individual taste. Perhaps the selamlık may have a pleasant outlook. In that case it is likely to be frequently used. The master of the house who is fond of billiards will probably be more often in the selamlık than one who is not, for the billiard-room is there. The children, boys and girls alike, are in the harem, but they range over the whole house. The girls, however, cease to come to the selamlık after the age of twelve or thirteen. When they do come, it is by special invitation, and they always don their head-scarf (*bash-oordoo*), which covers the ears but not the face. The occasion of the visit may be an entertainment, singing, or an exhibition of juggling, or they may come to see a new carpet or piece of furniture. But whatever the cause, it is strictly a family gathering. They are always invisible to visitors of the opposite sex if they do not come within the category of near relatives. The mistress of the house when she interviews the gardener

does not veil, but invariably wears the *bash-oordoo*, and if she has occasion to speak with any of the tradespeople it is the same, though mistresses who themselves give orders for the day's supply of provisions usually do so seated behind a door, or the revolving cupboard—a buttery hatch—through which purchases are sent into the harem. The butcher or greengrocer hears the voice of the *Hanum Effendi*, but he does not see her. Even in this case, however, she wears her *bash-oordoo*. Without it, she would consider herself undressed, for the covering of the hair and ears is more imperative than the veiling of the face.

The seclusion of women is not exclusively a Mohammedan institution. It is common to all Orientals irrespective of race and creed. Before they came into contact with Western Europe the Christian women of the East were less free in some respects than their Turkish sisters. They were veiled also, and were less independent in their movements. In Christian communities remote from European influence, the custom still obtains—nay, traces of it linger in regions where Western manners have long been

the rule. I have in my mind an establishment where I often talked with the husband but never caught a glimpse of his wife shrouded in mystery behind a curtain. In certain of the Greek islands the women still wear a face covering closely resembling the Turkish *yashmak*. In Maina, on the Greek mainland, the girls are jealously guarded behind the lattice, and are never suffered to go out unless guarded by members of the family. The practice is not derived from contact with the Turks, for neither the island nor Maina has at any time had a Turkish population. The Christians of Constantinople and Smyrna are altogether Western in the matter of dress. In their households and in many habits and customs they are, with very few exceptions, Oriental. Turkish ladies of the upper and middle classes have adopted European dress. The wealthy among them are as elegantly garbed as any *Parisienne*. Indeed, they are clad by Worth and Paquin. But they have not conquered the hat. It may be that it is because the hat leaves the ears uncovered, but whatever the reason, prejudice has, up to the present, placed an impregnable barrier in

the way of that portion of her personal adornment in which the Western woman, perhaps, takes most delight, in which certainly her taste and fancy has freest play. But if Turkish ladies do not, or cannot, wear hats themselves, they give them to their children. For long past, places of public resort—the Sweet Waters of Europe and Asia on Fridays, for example—have been brightened by the flowery head-gear of young girls whose mammas were discreetly swathed in *ferijee* and *yashmak*. Once—more years ago than I care to remember—I encountered one, crowned with the latest Parisian “creation” of the period, at morning service in the English church at Pera. Needless to say that she belonged to a very “advanced” family. But how deeply rooted in the dour minds of the people is the prejudice against Frankish head-covering will appear from the following incident which occurred only the other day (March, 1911), and was related to me by one of the participants. The little daughters of a Pasha were walking in a much-frequented resort in the neighbourhood of Constantinople when they met a soldier. Apostrophizing one of them, he

said, "What business have you to wear a hat? Take it off." His mandate was not obeyed, and he was sharply reprimanded for his rudeness by the little ladies' attendants. Their father is an ex-Cabinet Minister, by the way. The soldier did not know this, but he had sense enough to perceive that they belonged to people of rank and importance, yet he, a simple peasant from the provinces, unused to the ways of Stamboul, could not control his indignation at the sight of the infidel *borneta* on the head of a daughter of the Faithful. He acted from conscientious motives, and braved the consequences. He would have been severely punished if the affair had been reported to his commanding officer. Little Hafideh did not know whether to laugh or cry at the time, but she ended by laughing, and she still wears her hat. The soldier did not take exception to her short skirts. It is the head-gear which marks the last stage towards apostasy, and, the Constitution notwithstanding, it will be long ere the evil thing is regarded with tolerance. So the Turkish lady is likely to remain hatless for some time to come. That and her veil is the broad sign

of distinction between her and the rest of the feminine population of the capital, European and native Christian. Whilst in the house she differs from them in nothing as to her dress, abroad she is another being, to outward seeming. She loses her individuality. She is a unit belonging to a class, and little more, for the walking dress of a Turkish lady has little variety, and her countenance which would differentiate her from the rest is hidden more or less. This concealment of identity is not without its advantages. Like the latticed window of the harem, it confers the privilege of seeing without being seen. Its wearer is immune from the obsession of acquaintances who may be bores, or to whom, for any reason, she does not wish to talk. She cannot be button-holed. If she is in a hurry, she is spared the vexing delay of futile conversation with a too garrulous interlocutor met by chance. She has the sense of freedom attendant on the fact of being unrecognized. Like the Caliph of old, she can move among the crowd, disguised, safe from observation. And this secures to her a liberty of action which would be impossible were she exposed to the gaze of the world.

100 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

She walks within a citadel whose protection guarantees her independence. More than all this, the person of the veiled woman is sacred. She is safeguarded from rudeness, impertinence, and insult. This is an unwritten law which none may break, save at his peril. Some Turkish ladies may sigh for hats, but more Frankish ladies, I fancy, often covet the privileges attaching to the garb of their Mohammedan sisters. The latter have been represented as pining under restraint and envying the happier lot of women who are not as they are. As a matter of fact, their seclusion is not felt to be irksome. Indeed, from their point of view, the detached condition of European women and the more or less uncontrolled tenor of their lives is a sign of neglect and indifference on the part of their men-folk, whilst they regard the restrictions under which they themselves are placed as a mark of care and respect. This is, so far as I can ascertain, a fair statement of the opinions of the majority of Turkish women. There are exceptions, of course. I have not met, but I have been told of Turkish ladies who are quite Americanized in their views of these questions, but



TURKISH LADIES IN WALKING DRESS.

they are not representative. In any case, nobody who knows anything of Turkish women can honestly assert that they are pining for liberty. To describe the harem as "a detestable prison" is sheer nonsense. There are not a few European ladies who frequent Turkish society and have friends in harems to contradict it.

It has been asserted that Mohammedans deny to women the possession of a soul. This opinion was formerly pretty general in Europe. But Arabic scholars who knew the Koran could never have entertained it. A single passage will suffice to refute it. "For all resigned and believing women who remember Him, God has promised forgiveness and a mighty reward" (Koran xxxiii. 35). Strange to say, the error seems to persist still, in some quarters. An article entitled "Woman's Place in the World" by the Duchess of Marlborough, which appeared a few years ago in *The North-American Review*, states that the Mohammedan religion "consigns woman, as far as psychic qualities are concerned, to the level of beasts, forbidding her, for ever, the hope of salvation." Yet, in all the greater mosques,

102 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

every Friday, after the *khutbeh* or sermon, a prayer is recited, asking for "Divine mercy and grace on all resigned and believing women, living and dead." The subject is referred to later, at greater length, but enough has been said here to demonstrate the falsity of a belief which assumed the dimensions of a popular fallacy. A very slight acquaintance with the tenets and practice of Islam would have destroyed it.

It may be opportune to note that the Sheriah or Sacred Law assigns to woman important functions. It allows her, for instance, to act as *cadi*, or judge, in certain circumstances. Nor does it preclude her from becoming the head of a state. In fact, for several generations the rulers of Bhopal, a Mohammedan state in India, have been women.

Speaking at a Woman's Congress in 1900, Selma Hanum, the sister of Ahmet Riza Bey, the actual President of the Ottoman Chamber of Deputies (1911), said that "the liberty and security of Turkish women are sufficiently assured by the civil and religious laws of the country." Indeed, the seclusion of women and the restrictions of the harem system are,

as we have seen, common to Orientals other than Mohammedans. They are based on social custom, not on religious precepts. There are Turkish households in which the harem, as ordinarily understood, has ceased to exist. They will be considered when we come to speak of "Turkish Homes." The harem with which we have to do at present is one of the normal type, and its life may be described as that of the conventional old-fashioned Turks, who still form the majority of the nation.

In the conduct of a Turkish household more work is done at home than with us. The baking, for example, in most cases, and the washing always. A good housewife will superintend this personally, and if she is a follower of traditions, will rinse her husband's linen with her own hands. Though she may not do the cooking herself, she will have an eye to the kitchen, and will carefully inspect all the fresh provisions as they come in. Pickling and preserving, in which she is an adept, she will rarely entrust to other hands than her own. Tinned food products are far less prominent in Turkish kitchens than in Western ones. Indeed, they would

104 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

be regarded with suspicion in households of the old school, where there is a staunch adherence to the home-made article. So the mistress must see to the drying of apricots and plums, the preparation of *pekmez*, a kind of grape molasses which plays a great part in Turkish cookery, and of the fruit syrups which are offered to every visitor. The *kiler* or pantry must be looked to constantly, with its great pipkins of olive oil and honey, its bags of flour, and store of rice and walnuts and chestnuts. The linen too takes up a good deal of time. It is always abundant, and is more elaborately embroidered than ours. The embroidering usually falls to the lot of the daughters, if there are any. Again, there is the cutting-out and making-up of the servants' clothes. These are almost invariably made in the house, and it must be remembered that there are more servants in a Turkish household than in an English one proportionately to its size. A seamstress is permanently employed in large establishments. She is usually a Christian, sometimes a European. But the work always needs supervision, to some extent. Then in a country-house there

is the garden, and the Turks, like ourselves, are fond of gardening. With these varied occupations, the care of her children, visitors to receive and visits to pay, the *Hanum Effendi's* day is well filled up. She has not much time for lolling on couches and eating *rahat-loukoun*. That is the conventional Western notion of harem life. It may be so in palaces, but among the ordinary Turks of the well-to-do class it is not, so far as my own knowledge goes. Naturally, a man has to depend on second-hand information in all that appertains to the harem, but both from Turkish gentlemen and European ladies who have Turkish friends among the wives and daughters, whom, of course, they visit in their harems, I have heard nothing of the luxurious *dolce far niente* which exists in the pages of works of imagination but not in the East, at least in Turkey. The amount of liberty enjoyed by the *Hanum Effendi* depends, as elsewhere, much on the character of her husband. She would not, as a rule, leave the house without at least intimating her intention to him. In some cases she would ask his permission, though there are *hanums* who do not think this necessary.

Generally speaking, she is mistress of her own time and goes out when she pleases, which is often, for Turkish women are passionately fond of the open air. She is the sole arbiter of whom she shall receive in the harem and upon whom she shall call. On shopping expeditions she is often accompanied by one or more friends, for the sake of consulting their judgment as well as companionship. Short excursions and improvised picnics are of frequent occurrence, and these are always shared by some of the members of her household. In the case of a wealthy establishment these often form a large retinue. If the stranger meets a string of carriages filled with ladies veiled more or less diaphanously, he must not put them down as the Pasha's wives. As a matter of fact they are, for the most part, the slaves of his wife. It is somewhat singular that Western conceptions of the harem dwell upon a polygamy which is practically non-existent, whilst they ignore the domestic slavery which is an essential part of the system. But this is a question which needs a chapter to itself.

CHAPTER IV

DOMESTIC SLAVERY

THE religious law forbids a free Moslem woman to appear unveiled before a man, and as the domestics of the harem must do so before the master of the house, slavery became a necessity of the social system. Old books of travel include a description of the slave-market of Constantinople as one of their most striking features. The open slave-market has long ceased to exist. Private traffic in slaves has been carried on until comparatively recent years, and some ladies added considerably to their incomes by purchasing slave children, and after a few years of judicious training selling them at a price greatly in excess of that which they gave. But slavery as an institution has practically ceased to exist. It is no longer legally recognized, and slaves know that they may claim their liberty when they please. With that knowledge they are in reality no longer slaves,

108 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

and the system disappears automatically. Apart from this, economic reasons and a change in social ideals have contributed to its extinction. The modern Turkish lady prefers paid servants. The granddaughter of a famous Grand Vizier who was surrounded by slaves in her parents' household, but who has not a single one in her own establishment, has given me her own experience of the system, and her account justifies her assertion that the servant difficulty, bewailed by so many English matrons, is light when compared with the tribulations of the Turkish owner of slaves. In the first place, her responsibilities towards them are far heavier than those of a mistress to her servants. The law was not unmindful of the slave when slavery was legal, and the unwritten laws of custom are not less stringent. Slaves are members of the family and regarded in some sort as the children of their mistress. When slavery was a recognized institution, a slave could claim her liberty after seven years' service. In practice it was often granted earlier. The corollary of freedom was marriage, which meant the finding of a husband, the providing of the trousseau, and the furnishing

of the home. In a large establishment the marriage of a slave was a frequent event, and on each occasion there was the same tax on the mistress's time in discovering a suitable partner and the same inroads upon her purse, for it was a point of honour among Turkish ladies to marry their slaves well and to see that they had a good outfit. Needless to say, this is still the case where slaves form part of the household. Nor does it end with the marriage. If children come of it, they have a prescriptive right to the bounty of the old mistress. In cases of sickness she is looked to for doctor's fees, and in times of rejoicing she provides the feast. And when she dies, the tie is not broken. My informant told me that she had appeals for help from people whom she had never seen, on the score that they were children of former slaves of her parents. So that on the ground of economy alone, it is not surprising that the system should give way to that of paid service. True, the slave receives no wages, but her presents often amount to more than ordinary wages, and custom has endowed presents with the character of rights. Again, she must be clothed and provided for in every way, and

110 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

to this must be added her purchase money, which may range from £40 to £80 if she is bought as a child, and ten times as much when she is grown up. There was, of course, the opportunity of resale at a profit in the old days, though that was rarely resorted to by good mistresses. Nowadays, as all slaves are in reality free, and can walk away at will, it is out of the question. It happens, sometimes, that a slave does not wish for freedom and marriage, in which case she remains a pensioner with the family until she dies. Perhaps the majority of still existing slaves are of this class. Then, again, if she marries and her husband dies, she almost invariably returns and makes her home with her mistress. The method which is generally followed at present by those who do not altogether adopt the Western system of hired servants is to take a little girl, who is bound to them for a term of years, being provided for in every way by her mistress. She earns wages on a progressive scale, which are paid to her parents. These girls are Turks or Circassians, whilst the hired servants are almost invariably Christians. I know one Turkish household in which they are all, men

and women, Greeks. It is among the older generation of Turks that slaves, pure and simple, are found, and they are passing away with their masters and mistresses, so that the day is approaching when domestic slavery will be a thing of the past. An exception must be made with respect to the seraglio and the establishments of members of the imperial family, as well as the princely houses of the Egyptian dynasty, where slaves are maintained as a matter of state. But even in these the numbers have diminished.

The matter of expense is not the only thing which inclines the Turkish lady to regard slavery with disfavour. Slaves are often capricious, and apt to tyrannize over an indulgent mistress. They will sulk and sometimes refuse to work, or work badly, with intent. This is often done with the object of forcing their mistress to free them and find them a husband. They regard themselves as members of the family, and in households where hired servants are kept they assume airs of superiority towards these latter. Concerning this a story was told to me many years ago by an English lady, governess and companion in a great

112 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

house on the Bosphorus. There were English visitors. Miss M. entertained them pending the arrival of the hostess. "Who are those charmingly dressed girls?" asked Lady X. "Oh, servants," replied Miss M. Some of the "servants" understood English and overheard the remark. When the visitors had gone they rushed to poor Miss M. with flaming eyes and crimsoned cheeks and poured out the vials of their wrath upon her. "How dare you tell such a lie? What have we done to deserve it? Why did you say we were servants when you knew we were not? You are a servant. You are paid; we are not. We are slaves, not servants. Why did you tell a falsehood to shame us?" Miss M. was new to harem life. She had acted from kindly motives. Thinking to save their dignity, she had done the reverse, and the slaves were indignant at what they considered a malicious attempt to belittle their condition in the eyes of a stranger. Both sides were right. Miss M. looked at the matter from an English point of view, and these young Circassians from that of the harem. In their eyes it was derogatory to

be classed with hired servants. As a matter of fact, their position was superior. They were better educated, in the first place. Their knowledge of a foreign language, like English, proved that. The slave is, indeed, one of the family. She is treated paternally. She shares the food of her mistress and the education of her children. She shares their pleasures also, and in the picnics, of which Turkish ladies are so fond, the slaves are the merriest of the party. Her dress is indistinguishable from that of the daughters of her mistress. Ladies of rank take especial pride in the beauty and costly attire of their slaves. Above all, unlike a servant, she cannot be sent adrift into the world. Her owner is held responsible for her maintenance. Then, she has always the prospect of a rich marriage. This is not always her lot, but when her mistress frees her, she takes care that she shall be comfortably settled. Formerly many Turks preferred to marry slaves whilst still slaves. In such cases they were sold as *kitabetti*, that is, on condition of their being freed and married by the purchaser. There were several reasons for this preference. One of the chief was,

114 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

probably, that they were exempt from family interference. The slave had no family at her back. Another was the escape from the tedium and expense of the lengthy wedding festivities and endless entertainments incumbent on those who marry the daughter of a man of position. Again, the free Turkish woman is fully aware of her rights, and not slow to assert them. So it was that, until times quite recent, some of the greatest ladies of the land were of slave extraction. No stigma attached to them, for none attaches to slavery in Turkey. They were free Osmanlis, and their children after them.

According to the law of Islam, no Mussulman can be held as a slave, and formerly slaves were drawn from those of other faiths conquered in war—"captives of bow and spear." They were of various races, principally Greek, Georgian, and Slav. For a considerable period, however, the source of supply has been entirely Circassian. As the Circassians are Mohammedans, to make them slaves is a violation of the Sacred Law. The illegality was winked at by prudently refraining from inquiry as to the faith of the slave, and consciences were salved from

the sin of flat disobedience to the commands of the Koran by imputing the blame to the seller, who knew, whilst the purchaser conveniently did not. And the slave child was always carefully taught the precepts of Islam, of which it had almost certainly learnt little or nothing from its parents. Circassian parents appear always to have regarded their offspring as a source of revenue. Under the present system of contract service they are always the most ready to part with their children. Now they receive a stipend in the form of the child's wages, whereas formerly they took a lump sum and got rid of her for ever. The child herself was taught to look forward to slavery as an avenue to fortune, and the fact of remaining unsold was a disgrace. That her affection for such parents, if it ever existed, was rapidly effaced is not to be wondered at. Her young heart went out to her mistress, whose children were to her as sisters, to whom her devotion was entire and lifelong. And it was often mutual. There are many instances of pathetic attachment to these faithful retainers who still linger in the old families. It is considered a pious act to free slaves, and it used to be the

116 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

custom of dying persons to do so. Very often the boon was unwelcome, and its recipient implored with tears to be allowed to remain a slave. The only human relationship she knew was that of the family she served. To her it was all the world.

Another feature of Turkish domestic slavery was that of childless couples or widows buying a slave child, freeing her, bringing her up as their own, and eventually making her their heiress. This is still done, though the child is not considered a slave. The Greeks have a similar custom in their "soul-children." The "soul-child," generally an orphan, is taken young into a family, fed, clad, and schooled, remaining until twenty-five or thereabouts. Then a husband is found for her. She receives no wages, but frequent gifts.

Slavery under the conditions above described can scarcely be called a misfortune. The Circassian child exchanges the hardships of barbarism for comfort, often for luxury and refinement; her duties are light. Menial work in well-to-do houses—and only the well-to-do can afford slaves—is done by negresses. She is taught to sew and

embroider, and other domestic arts. She learns to read and write. Sometimes she learns foreign languages. Music, singing, and dancing are always among her accomplishments. In short, she steps from savagery into civilization.

Slavery has an ugly sound to English ears. We connect it with the black plantation slavery which formerly existed in the United States and in our own colonies. But, as I have attempted to show, the slavery of Turkey is quite another matter. As a principle, the thing is indefensible, but in fact, the domestic slave of a Turkish household would recoil in horror from the lot of the English drudge, dubbed in expressive slang "slavey." Not only has she far more leisure and far better food, but she is treated with more consideration. The Turkish slave has greater freedom of speech and action than the English servant. There is no gulf between her and her mistress like that which severs the English matron from her maid. With the changing times, the Turkish lady may come to regard those who serve her as automata. At present she looks upon them as human beings.

Hitherto we have spoken only of the

118 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

white slaves. Something must be said about the blacks. They are not so numerous as they were formerly, and they have always been more numerous in Egypt than in Turkey. Their life is quite other than that of the whites. They are not treated as members of the family, nor is any education bestowed upon them. The more menial and rougher work of the house is allotted to them. The highest office to which they can aspire is that of cook, and frequently they become expert in that important domestic function. It is seldom that they attach themselves to a family, though occasionally one may be found in the character of an old and faithful retainer. They are of uncertain temper and are subject to fits of ungovernable passion. In the old days they would suddenly demand to be re-sold or set free, and it was of no use to resist their will for they would not work, and if they were cooks the table would be bare. The kitchen was the key of their position. Under present conditions, now that they are no longer slaves, they simply leave their pots and pans, and their perplexed mistress in the midst of them. This may happen at

a very unfortunate moment, on the eve of an important dinner, for example. Or the mistress may have taken pains to form a cook whom she is beginning to find a treasure when without warning the treasure leaves her. This does not tend to make negress cooks popular, and many people hesitate to employ them. Now that the importation of slaves has ceased, negresses have dwindled in numbers, for the climate does not seem to favour the propagation of the race, although they marry negro husbands. There is hardly any intermarriage with whites, and the mulatto and "coloured people" of America are almost unknown in Turkey. There is a quarter of Stamboul inhabited solely by black people, and at harvest time I have seen hundreds of them gleaning in the fields near San Stefano. I remember on one of these occasions the owner of the land remarked to me, "We appear suddenly to have been transported to Africa." The colony has diminished now and will probably disappear. The negresses have a sort of guild which is divided into lodges. Each lodge has a chief. The house is hers for life, and she wears certain distinctive orna-

120 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

ments. Formerly she purchased the freedom of negresses who were slaves, if sufficient reason was given. Help is now given to the sick and needy. The funds come from subscriptions among the negresses. Men are excluded from the guild, although they receive aid at need. Connected with the guild is a religious cult, but I have never been able to ascertain its nature and origin. The black slaves never identified themselves with the Turks like the Circassians, but remained apart : hence this remarkable society. Another distinguishing feature is their willingness to serve Christians, a thing a Circassian would never do. If a Christian household wants a negress cook, the chief of one of the lodges acts as the intermediary and arrangements as to the conditions of service and wages are made through her. Not only is the black servant class a diminishing quantity, but the black population generally appears to be on the wane. Certainly, one saw more negroes in the ranks of the army twenty-five years ago than one sees now, and there were more blacks among the peasantry. I remember a considerable sprinkling of negroes in Asia Minor in the

seventies. Even among the Zebeks of the valley of the Meander there were Africans wearing the Zebek costume, but on a recent visit to that region I did not see one. Almost all these negroes were originally slaves or of slave extraction. On the contrary, in the towns, especially in the larger places, one meets with a fair number of negroes, who, if they have not been slaves themselves, are the sons of slaves. They are frequently, indeed nearly always, earning a good living, either as tramway men or as ticket-collectors at railway stations and steamboat piers.

Male slaves were always less numerous than women slaves. Negro boys were formerly widely distributed and are still to be found in the Arab portions of the empire. In Turkey proper, however, they and their descendants have become merged in the free population, though, as we have just seen, they are a diminishing quantity. White men slaves formed part of the retinue of princely households, a symbol of state and dignity, and naturally were at all times restricted in number. It is doubtful if any exist at the present time outside the seraglio.

122 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

In later times they were almost invariably Circassians, though I remember one a Georgian. The personalities of some of them loom up through the mist of years. Jaffer, the important and dignified ; Naib, the elegant dandy ; Fadl, good-natured, slow and ponderous, a Hercules who could smash a half-inch deal board with his bare fist without apparent effort. The memory of them is that of gentlemen in black frock-coats and fancy waistcoats who led easy lives, had good manners, and were, some of them, sportsmen, like the prince, their master.

Eunuchs constitute the most important class of men slaves. Indeed, it may be said, now, that they are the only class. They are restricted to establishments of the first rank, principally to those of members of the Imperial Family and the Viceregal family of Egypt, as well as to those of a few wealthy Pashas. The eunuchs one sees in the streets of Constantinople chiefly belong to the seraglio. They frequent the European quarters of the capital and are a not infrequent feature of the Grande Rue in Pera seated in satin-lined broughams drawn by

a pair of high-steppers. There is a café in Galata, not far from the bridge, which is seldom without a contingent of these sable personages, where their tall and reedy forms and squeaking, high-pitched voices make them conspicuous. Their garb is that of the Turk of the official class, the black frock-coat of a clerical cut and the fez. But they are differentiated by the hue of their nether garments—lilac, lavender, purple, sage-green—by the brilliancy of their neck-ties, and by their profuse jewellery. In this they betray the African love of splendour and far out-shine the soberly habited Beys and Effendis of the Porte. But there is no tinsel about them. The stones are real, the heavy gold watch-guard is solid, and attached to it is a chronometer of the best make. Their clothes are carefully cut and their patent-leathers immaculate. Altogether they are the most expensively dressed people one meets, and there is a general air of prosperity about them. They ride horses of pedigree. In Egypt, where racing is fashionable, some of them own race-horses, and when cock-fighting was a popular sport they owned the finest Indian birds.

124 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

It is hardly necessary to say that domestic slavery in Turkey is a luxury of the rich. In the simple households of the majority it is unknown. Thousands of Turks are born, live their lives, and die without ever having beheld a slave. There are millions to whom a eunuch would be as strange as to an Englishman.

Are slaves happy? As a rule, yes. There are cruel mistresses in Turkey, as there are in every country, but they are probably fewer than in the West. But where cruelty exists the remedy is harder to find, perhaps. For this reason, too, Turks tell me they are glad the system is going—for it is going rapidly. What is set down above is true to-day, but will not be true to-morrow. And the writer has had to use the past tense for much that he remembers clearly as the present.

The easy circumstances of the eunuchs are, of course, due to the fact that they are in the service of the wealthiest persons in the nation. The Kizlar Agha, the Chief Eunuch of the Imperial Seraglio, is one of the most important personages in the State. He bears the title of Highness and ranks

with the Grand Vizier. The Chief Eunuchs in past times played a great part in politics, and some of them exercised a paramount influence on the conduct of public affairs. In this they did but follow the examples of their predecessors, the eunuchs at the court of the Greek emperors.

It is a common fallacy to suppose that the Turks introduced eunuchs to Europe. This is the reverse of fact. They found them at Constantinople, an institution firmly rooted and centuries old, which they adopted, together with much else appertaining to the Byzantine Court. For instance, the Sultans sign their Irades in red, a practice derived from the vermilion signatures appended to the Imperial Chrysobulls.

The origin of eunuchs as a part of the social order is obscure, and this work does not pretend to throw any light upon it. Suffice it to say that it is very remote. Ammianus Marcellinus attributes it to Semiramis. The allusion to it in the Mosaic Law Books of the Old Testament and the reference to it in the New Testament as an accepted fact, without any comment, are familiar to every one. That it came to

Europe through contact with Asia and Egypt is certain, though whether it originated as early as the Persian conquests of Alexander the Great is open to doubt. That it was ill-received and slow in gaining a footing is shown by literary evidence. The attitude of Horace and Terence is unmistakable. But what was an object of abhorrence to the Romans in the time of Augustus had come to be regarded with tolerance in that of Claudius. *Spado*, a term of opprobrium, had given place to the Greek euphemism *eunouchos*, which may be taken to convey the sense of our word chamberlain. The eunuch Posides, who came in for a share of the invective of Juvenal, was the recipient of honours, and employed his great wealth in sumptuous building. The progress of the eunuchs was not unchecked. They were restrained by edicts of Domitian and Nerva, heavily taxed under Alexander Severus, expelled from the palace of Gordian. But their influence grew under Diocletian, and in the reign of Arcadius they became the power behind the throne. That emperor was a puppet in the hands of the eunuch Eutropius, who even dictated whom he

should marry. At his bidding Eudoxia became Empress instead of the daughter of Rufinus. Eutropius was invested with the sounding title of *præpositus sacri cubiculi*; he was raised to the rank of *illustris*, the equal of the prætorian prefects, and the direction of the affairs of the empire was virtually in his hands. He used his power as might be expected of a slave. Offices were sold, spies and informers were encouraged, flagrant injustice was rampant, and honest men went to the wall. This state of matters called forth the bitter poem of Claudian against the influence of eunuchs. It was in the Eastern empire that they rose to the zenith of their power. Constantine prudently set his face against them, but Constantius was completely under their control. The eunuch Eusebius was the means of the condemnation of Gallus. And they multiplied. The Emperor Julian found them in the palace "as thick as flies" and cleared them out. But they returned afterwards and meddled in all questions of State, even in those of theology. They were the chief instruments in the diffusion of Arianism. Athanasius remarks: "The eunuchs are the

natural enemies of the Son." Among them were men undoubtedly able as well as eminent. Justinian chose the eunuch Narses to conduct the campaign against the Goths, and he drove them out of Italy after defeating Totila in the summer of A.D. 552. The eunuch Rodophyles played a leading part in the taking of Thessalonica in 912. The eunuch Niketas wrested Cyprus from the Saracens in 965. But though some were great in arms, intrigue and the chicane of politics was the congenial pursuit of the vast majority. In this their genius found its natural outlet. And their idol was power and the wealth attending it. In its pursuit they knew no scruples, felt no remorse. They made and unmade emperors, empresses, rulers of the State and rulers of the Church. The eunuch Basilios placed Nicephorus Phocas on the throne. To eunuchs St. John Chrysostom owed the Patriarchal chair. We must not forget that they were Christians. Great ladies of Constantinople went to church in litters borne by slaves and guarded by eunuchs. And at Athens, at the great church of the Panaghia, once the Parthenon, they and their train of eunuchs

passed into the august fane, treading in the footsteps of the youths and maidens who of old had taken part in the Panathenaic procession. That which in the great days of the Roman Empire had been regarded as infamous had crept into the framework of society and so corroded and perverted it that it came at last to be accounted an honour. Eunuchs were in fashion. The monasteries were filled with them. Not a few were the scions of noble families. Had not death cut short the career of Nicephorus Phocas, he would have carried out his intention of adding to their numbers two of the Imperial princes, Basil and Constantine.

The warrior shepherds and herdsmen who wandered from the Asian steppes and formed themselves into the Ottoman nation at Broussa knew nothing of eunuchs. There is no mention of them in the will of Osman. These primitive Osmanli would have held them in abhorrence, for they were zealous disciples of Islam, and the prophet condemned the institution in unmistakable terms. I believe it cannot be certainly ascertained when they were first introduced. But it is mentioned in contemporary accounts

130 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

of the taking of Constantinople in 1453 that Mohammed II gave orders to one of his eunuchs, which proves that they were a part of the retinue of the Sultans before that event. When the Osmanli were a wandering tribe they may have seen eunuchs when traversing Persia or when they came into contact with the Seljuk monarchs, and subsequently with the Greek Empire. Were they first brought into the establishments of those early Sultans who married princesses of the Imperial House? In any case, when Constantinople became their heritage eunuchs had been a court institution and an appanage of the wealthy for hundreds of years. The Turks found them as they found the Roman bath, which we now call Turkish, and, like the bath, they have retained them to this day.

It is difficult to estimate the character of eunuchs from the accounts of those who have had to do with them. Some represent them to be inoffensive beings, others as callous and cruel. There is little difference of opinion, however, as to their inordinate vanity and love of display. Excessive adornment and profuse employment of perfumes

are among their minor characteristics. They are accused also of venality and a disposition for intrigue. The author can say little or nothing about them from personal knowledge. The slight acquaintance he has had with them has left an impression of civility and good-nature, and in the case of an ebon son of Africa named Yacoot, of a considerable sense of humour.

To what extent does domestic slavery exist to-day in Turkey? It is difficult to get any trustworthy information on the subject. The importation of slaves is forbidden, yet it is said, and apparently the assertion rests on a solid foundation, that they are still smuggled into the country. In the neighbourhood of Top-haneh at Constantinople, where the old slave-market used to be, there are whispers of secret transactions in human flesh and blood. The market has gone, but not all the dealers. Quite recently the writer heard, on good authority, of a Pera doctor who had been called to examine women who were for sale. Under the law, as it stands at present, none need be slaves except of their own free will. This, *ipso facto*, makes them cease to be slaves. If

132 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

they are aware of it, they can walk away when they choose, and their pseudo owner has no right to reclaim them or to exact compensation. Thus the purchase of a slave becomes a very risky business, since the purchaser's security lies only in the ignorance of the slave or his refusal to exercise his privilege through his own personal inclination, a most uncertain factor in the case, for, at any moment, circumstances may arise which will change acquiescence into revolt. This must deter people from embarking in an investment manifestly unsound.

But, apart from the effects of legislation, slavery as an institution is doomed. It is a part of the harem system, and as that system changes, it is bound to decay, for reasons previously stated. And it is indisputable that Turkish domestic life has been and still is undergoing a great transformation, chiefly among the wealthy, the only class which is able to possess slaves. One meets frequently with men who say, "Yes ; I remember my grandfather's eunuchs," or, "We had slaves at home when I was a boy," men whose households differ in little or nothing from those of Europeans.

CHAPTER V

THE TURK AND HIS FAITH

WE are in a village inhabited by Christians and Moslems—there are hundreds of them in Turkey. There is a church, with its belfry probably painted blue; and a mosque, with its minaret nearly always white. The author has sometimes wondered how it would strike an old-fashioned English nonconformist were he suddenly dropped into this environment. Supposing he wished to worship with his fellow-Christians, he would be bewildered by the ceremonial, to him incomprehensible, the wailing chant, the apparition and disappearance of priests in strange garb, the flittings of acolytes in and out of the doors of the iconostasis, the mysterious carrying to and fro of lighted tapers, the censings, and the aspersions with holy water. He would be puzzled at the devotions of the congregation making the rounds of the *icons*, the pictures of the

184 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

saints, blackened by the smoke of lamps and candles, worn by the lips of generations, kissing them reverentially and crossing themselves innumerable times with a rapidity born of long practice. If he bent his steps towards the mosque, he would find himself in a building, austere, with bare whitewashed walls, with no ornament save texts of Scripture, innocent of picture or image, both sternly banned as idolatrous. True, he would find no pews or seats of any kind, but there were none in the church either. But there would be a pulpit, a plain structure, from which to read to the people what Mohammed described as "a plain book." Save that he would have to take his shoes off and keep his hat on, he would find himself more at home than in the church. The surroundings would not be so incongruous, and they would be certainly more in keeping with his idea of a place of worship. He would probably see much to deplore in the Christian fane, but not, in outward aspect at least, in that of the faith which has been Christendom's sternest foe, the mosque of the Mohammedans, those Puritans of the East. Nor would the simple

form of worship so shock his sense of what was right. The priest would be replaced by a simple "leader of prayer." And the *fatihah*, the first chapter of the Koran, so often recited in Mohammedan public worship, contains nothing to which he could take exception. "Praise be to God, the Lord of the worlds, the Merciful, the Compassionate, the Ruler of the day of judgment. Thee do we serve and Thee do we ask for aid. Guide us in the right path, the path of those to whom Thou art gracious ; not of those with whom Thou art wroth ; nor of those who err." He would subscribe to the two first clauses of the call to prayer from the minaret, "God is great ! I bear witness that there is no god but God !" but not to the third, "I bear witness that Mohammed is the Apostle of God." That is, assuming that he understood the words, and of course our imaginary visitor from the English village Bethel could not. Neither can the Turk, for that matter. They are Arabic. Strictly speaking, he is taught the meaning of the call to prayer, of the *namaz*, the daily service, and of the *fatihah*. He knows them as the Irish peasant knows

136 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

the Latin of the Church. But the Koran is a sealed book to him, that is, to the average Turk. Of course there are Turks who know Arabic. It is obligatory for the *ulema*, for instance, but the nation, taken in the mass, do not.

And this brings us back to a previous assertion—the Turk has borrowed his religion. Islam belongs to the Arabs. It is a product of the Arab race and genius. Its place in the great world cults, its bearing on humanity, and its moral and philosophical aspects can be treated adequately only by Arabic scholars and students of religion. It is a great fact in the history of mankind. With that this book has nothing to do. It merely attempts to give an account, necessarily slight, of the faith and practice of Islam as understood by the Turks. It would be impossible to ignore it in any account of them. It has been the prime factor in moulding their character as a people and in shaping their destiny as a nation. And whilst its influence upon them has been enormous, they, on their side, have profoundly affected its history. Had it not been for them the Qiblah would never have

pointed to Mecca in Justinian's great church of the Holy Wisdom of the Incarnate Word. The Arabs attacked Constantinople again and again, but in vain. It is true they carried the Crescent into Western Europe, but their rule, save in Southern Spain, was ephemeral. The Turks were stopped at the gates of Vienna, but they, an Islamic nation, held their place as a Central European Power, and a redoubtable one, for fully three centuries after the last Moslem had been driven from Granada. And to-day their empire is—with the exception of Morocco—the only independent Mohammedan state. The territories of petty sultans and emirs in Africa or Arabia can hardly be dignified with the name of states, and, moreover, they are, for the most part, beyond the pale of civilization.

Islam is of the Arabs, yet not all Arabs are followers of Islam. Considerable numbers of them, in Syria especially, are Christians. But there are no Christian Turks. The religion and the race are conterminous. Thus, for them, Islam is a polity as well as a creed. It has a political as well as a religious significance. This is harmful in

some ways, especially in an empire with a population of divers faiths. But undoubtedly it is a cause of strength. As head of the leading State in Islam, the claims of the Sultan to the Khalifate are likely, in the opinion of the majority of Moslems, to outweigh the objection that he is not a member of the family of the Koreish, the Arab tribe to which Moham-med belonged.

Apart from its political aspect, Turkish influence on Islam has had a distinct moral value. The Turk is a child of the North. Islam came to him when he was still a denizen of the plateau, alternately parched and frozen, of Central Asia, and it found in him a nature responsive to its doctrine of the irresistible will of Allah. Stolid, tenacious, incurious, receptive rather than perceptive, he is the antithesis of the nimble-witted Arab. The latter has a better understanding of his creed. In the first place, he can read the Koran, which is written in his own tongue. But his faith has comparatively little influence on his life and conduct. It is to him a matter for dialectic. He will discuss its tenets with you, whereas the

Turk would shrink from doing so. Indeed, according to his notions, it does not admit of discussion. He believes it, and does not need to think about it. The Arab is fervent too, but in another way. He has all the points at his fingers' ends. He is argumentative and combative. The Turk leaves it to Allah. If it is His will, you will believe. The Arab has a Semitic love for the letter; he is a stickler for the minutiae of ordinances, but is apt to be neglectful of the spirit. Pride of race mingles with his love for his religion. The one belongs to the other, and he is convinced of the unassailable superiority of both. He is bound to admit the equality of all men who have accepted Islam, but at the back of his mind there is a conviction that no Moslem is like the Arab Moslem. He will not allow that any one but an Arab can understand the Koran aright. The Turk, on the other hand, is unlearned in points of doctrine, but he is careful in the observance of moral precepts. These have little hold on the Arab, and, perhaps, least of all in the Hedjaz, the birthland of the faith.

Turning to Persia, we find ourselves in

another atmosphere. The iron rigidity of Mohammed's creed could not be congenial to a people inheriting the speculative and philosophical temperament of a nation which had produced Zarathustra. The Persian character partook neither of the narrow self-sufficiency of the Arab nor the unquestioning acquiescence of the Turk, who sought to know no more than he was told. So the Persians clothed the dry bones which came to them from the scorched desert, and made an Islam of their own—a transcendental Islam, the Islam of poets and mystics. Thus the creed held in common by the three races, Semitic, Aryan, and Turanian, has been tinged by the idiosyncrasies of each. The Persian Moslem, broadly speaking, is either a philosopher or a fanatic. The ignorant peasant will refuse water to one of another faith, whereas it is freely given by both Turk and Arab. It would be unjust, perhaps, to put this down to bigotry. It may be an unconscious reminiscence of the caste law of ceremonial purity as it exists in India. The vessel touched by infidel lips could no more be used by its owner. On the other hand, the educated

Persian is a latitudinarian. A student of comparative religion would be met by him on equal terms. In a recent conversation with the author, a Persian remarked that Moslem theologians pretended that the Koran contained the sum of human knowledge, and proceeded to state the dimensions of the book, winding up by asking, "Can any one admit such a proposition?"

The metaphysical subtleties of the Sufi interpretation of Islam with its pantheistic tendencies cannot be discussed here. It is a Persian product and has a voluminous literature. Neither can the differences between Sunni and Shiyah, the two great divisions of Islam, be gone into. But it may be well to say that the rejection of the body of Sunni tradition by the Shiyah allows of greater elasticity in the interpretation of the Koran. And all Persia and a portion of Mohammedan India are Shiya.

It has been stated above that the Arab clings more especially to the outward forms and shibboleths of his creed. Whilst he is pre-occupied with the husk he loses sight of the kernel. Among the ranks of those who pretend to learning this leads to meti-

culous futility, barren disquisitions, and scholastic aridity. The ignorant, on the other hand, owing to a want of grasp on the spiritual side of their religion, have always been prone, like the Hebrews of old, to relapse into paganism. Even at the present day the Bedawy—an Arab of the Arabs—is a lax Mussulman, but a fervent moon-worshipper. And the Palestine peasant, though he may pray in his mosque and swear by Allah, has a more lively faith in the efficacy of his *mukam*, the local sanctuary on a hill-top.

The truth is that the Arab lacks the spirit of obedience to authority, whilst the Turk possesses it in an eminent degree. Thus an authoritative religion found in him a nature peculiarly responsive to its demands. But there is another side to his character, which he shares with most Northern peoples, and that is reverence for that mysterious something which is higher than himself. When that found expression for him in Allah, Lord of the Worlds, he was fain to obey His behests, and hence came that sense of responsibility, that personal religion, which is so marked a feature in the Protestants of

Northern Europe. He might in a sense be compared with them, in his relation to the rest of Islam, save that he protests against nothing. The traditions which the Persians reject he accepts. It would be idle to speculate on what Islam would have become if the Turk had not been brought within its pale, as it would be idle to conjecture what he would have been now if his destiny had made him a Buddhist or a Christian. But that his nature, ponderous and slow, but very steadfast, has stiffened the moral fibre of the faith that has been his since the eighth century does not admit of doubt.

That faith is so bound up in the manners and social usages of the Turks that it is necessary to have at least a general notion of its principles in order to understand them. This the author will attempt to convey in as few words as possible, and he craves the indulgence of those who know for the sake of those who do not.

Islam means "resignation" and *Muselim* means "resigned"—to the will of God. That will was revealed to Mohammed, who was born at Mecca in A.D. 571 and died at

144 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

Medinah in A.D. 632. It was revealed through the Archangel Gabriel, not all at once, but by degrees. The first revelation came with the command, "Read, in the name of thy Lord, who did create," and the archangel uttered the words which form the first five verses of the ninety-sixth chapter of the book we call the Koran. For Gabriel was but the mouthpiece. The book was literally the Word of God. It had existed eternally, until it was brought down from heaven to man. Thus Islam is essentially the religion of a book revealed through a man who could not read. At Mohammed's death it only existed in scattered fragments, written by various persons on divers materials, as he had dictated it. Some portions were not written, but only treasured in the memory. So Zaid, the Prophet's amanuensis, gathered it together "from palm-leaves, skins, blade-bones, and the hearts of men." Othman, the third Khalif, appointed a commission, of whom Zaid was one, to examine the text. This one and final recension took place in A.D. 660. The Koran—*Qur'ân* means "a reading," though some interpret it as "a collection," from

a verb of similar sound, "to join"—is a volume of far less bulk than the Bible. It is divided into 114 surahs or chapters, many of them consisting of only a few lines. Its central idea is the unity of God. Moham-med himself said that the Surah of Unity (CXII.) was equal in value to two-thirds of the whole book. The surah runs thus :—

In the name of God the merciful and compassionate—
Say, He is God alone !
God the Eternal !
He begets not and is not begotten !
Nor is there like unto Him any one !

The Koran is written in rhythmic clauses which usually rhyme. This is its only rhetorical ornament, and, indeed, it can scarcely in justice be called an ornament, for the Arabic tongue lends itself to this, and it comes natural to oratory among a people who have ever loved the jingle of rhyme. But it has no other embellishments. Its eloquence is rude and forcible, sometimes sublime. It is held by Moslems to be the most perfect form of Arabic, and inimitable. But the late Professor E. H. Palmer, regarding it from an unbiased standpoint, finds that "it expresses the

thoughts and ideas of a Bedawî Arab in Bedawî language and metaphor." It is, in fact, the every-day language of Mohammed's time, such as would most impress his hearers.

The Koran, in proclaiming the unity of God, denounces the polytheism of the Arabs, the dualism of Persia, and the tritheism of Christianity as it was understood by Mohammed. It teaches the resurrection of the dead and a final judgment, and lays stress on the nothingness of this life and the reality of the next. It enjoins prayer and alms-giving, and promises rewards to believers. We have dwelt upon it at some length, but considering the all-important place it holds in the religion of Islam, less could not have been said. For it is not regarded merely as the work of inspired writers, like our own Scriptures, but as the direct utterance of the Almighty, and as such it naturally admits of no criticism or revision, is open to no appeal. As Mohammed was the last of the prophets, the Koran is the ultimate word—that is the Moslem belief. One of the tasks of Islam was to abolish idolatry. The Prophet himself was apprehensive lest his

followers should come to pay him undue adoration, and with a view of guarding against it, repeatedly reminded his hearers that he was but a man as they were. But whilst pulling down the old idols, Islam set up the new one of bibliolatry. This is unquestionably a weak point. The Koran describes itself as "a guide to the pious," and "a perspicuous book." And so undoubtedly it was to the people of its time, and in some respects is so for all time. But it legislated for its age, and in the spirit of its age. It denounces infanticide, but it holds that polygamy and slavery are right. Beyond this, the author pretends to no criticism or comment. The sources of its inspiration and its relation to other scriptures have been voluminously discussed by the learned, and to their pages he begs to refer those who seek for knowledge. There is one point, however, upon which a word may be said, as there exists some misapprehension upon it, and that is the attitude of the Koran towards Christianity. It is not the attitude of the Jew. Whilst emphatically denying the Sonship, "God is one God. Far be it from Him to beget a son,"

the Koran, in the same chapter, says: "The Messiah, Jesus, son of Mary, is but the apostle of God and His Word, which He cast into Mary, and a spirit from Him." Other passages might be cited, but it is certain that the prophet venerated Jesus as an inspired Messenger. "Verily, we have inspired thee as we inspired . . . Jesus" (surah iv.). As Abraham is called "the friend of God," Jesus is called "the Spirit of God"—*Rû'ha 'llâh*. What form of Christianity Mohammed came into contact with in Arabia the author does not pretend to know, but it is certain that he did not understand the doctrine of the Trinity. He conceived it as a tritheism of the Father, Virgin-Mother, and the Son, and that was probably the belief of the Christians of the country. He did not believe that Jesus was crucified. "They did not really kill him, but God took him up to Himself." He believed, moreover, that Jesus was miraculously created by God, and had no human father. His polemic was directed against the deification. "God shall say, 'O Jesus, Son of Mary, is it thou who didst say to men, Take me and my mother for two gods,

besides God?' He said, 'I celebrate Thy praise! What ails me that I should say that which I have no right to? If I had said it, Thou wouldst have known it; Thou knowest what is in my soul, but I know not what is in Thy soul; verily Thou art one who knoweth the unseen. I never told them save what Thou didst bid me—Worship God, my Lord and your Lord.'” His general attitude towards the Christians appears in the passage, “Thou wilt surely find that the strongest in enmity against those who believe are the Jews and idolators; and thou wilt find the nearest in love to those who believe to be those who say, ‘We are Christians.’” It might have been thought that the Jews as monotheists would have come first in the Prophet’s esteem, but the Jews of Medinah, stubborn as of old, had rejected his advances. The monotheism of the Jews was for themselves alone. Only they could hold the faith and share its privileges. But the monotheism of Mohammed was for all men. The God of the Jews was “a jealous God,” the God of Mohammed was “merciful and compassionate.” Islam was a missionary religion—that of the Jews was not.

150 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

Much more might be said of Moslem relations to Christianity, and the tradition which speaks of the coming of Jesus to Jerusalem on the last day. Some who read this may have seen the footprint they preserve in the Mosque of El Aksa, and the other in the tiny mosque on the top of the Mount of Olives. But there is enough in the Koran itself to prove that the religion itself is not a foe to Christianity. What its followers have made of it is another matter. Respecting the doctrine that all who are not Mohammedans are doomed to eternal punishment, it is not easy to perceive how Moslems can hold it in the face of the following text: "Verily, those who believe, and those who are Jews and Sabæans, and the Christians, whosoever believes in God and the Last Day, and does what is right, there is no fear for them, nor shall they grieve" (Koran, chap. v.). In chapter II. 59 is a similar passage: "Those who are Jews or Christians or Sabæans, whosoever believe in God and the Last Day and act aright, they have their reward at their Lord's hand."

It cannot be denied that Mohammedans have strayed a long way from their Prophet

in their opinions on this point. They have at most treated those of another faith with contemptuous tolerance, and not seldom with brutal ferocity. The testimony of a Christian has never been considered of equal value with that of a Moslem. "Dog" has been a current term applied to them. Of course there is something to be said on the other side. The Christians have paid them back in their own coin when they have had the chance. The Crusaders were not tender with the "paynim." And Christians, like Moslems, have not always walked in the footsteps of their Master.

Reference has been made in a previous chapter to the assertion that Mohammedans deny a future existence to women. It may be well here to add further proofs of its falsity. The Koran is explicit on the subject. "God has promised to believers, men and women, gardens beneath which rivers flow, to dwell therein for ay ; goodly places in the Garden of Eden" (chap. ix. 70). "God has promised unto the hypocrites, men and women, and unto misbelievers, hell-fire, to dwell therein for ay" (chap. ix. 65). "These shall have the recompense of the abode, gardens of

152 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

Eden into which they shall enter with the righteous among their fathers and their wives and their seed" (chap. XIII. 20). "Verily, men resigned and women resigned, and believing men and believing women, and devout men and devout women, and truthful men and truthful women, and patient men and patient women, and humble men and humble women, and almsgiving men and almsgiving women . . . and men who remember God much, and women who remember Him—God has prepared for them forgiveness and a mighty hire" (chap. XXXIII. 35). "Enter ye into Paradise, ye and your wives, happy" (chap. XLIII. 70). "To make believers, men and women, enter into gardens beneath which rivers flow, to dwell therein for ay" (chap. XLVIII. 5). In the account of the expulsion from Eden: "They said: 'O our Lord! we have wronged ourselves, and if Thou dost not forgive us and have mercy on us, we shall surely be of those who are lost.' He said: 'Go ye down, one of you to the other a foe; but for you in the earth there is an abode and a provision for a season.' He said: 'Therein shall ye live and therein shall ye die, from it shall ye be brought forth'" (chap. VII. 20-4).

The address is in the plural, both to the man and the woman. Again, in the same chapter, v. 185-90: "He it is who created you from one soul and made therefrom its mate to dwell therewith." And in a previous passage, v. 15-20: "O Adam, dwell thou and thy wife in Paradise and eat from whence ye will, but draw not nigh unto this tree, or ye will be of the unjust." The injunction is laid on both, and both are equally responsible for their actions.

Over the *mihrab*, the niche in every mosque which marks the Qiblah, the direction of Mecca, towards which the Faithful must turn when they pray, there is, with very rare exceptions, an inscription—"Whenever Zacharias visited her in the Mihrab." It is from the Koran, chapter III. 30-4. The word *mihrab* in this case means chamber. The chapter contains an account of the birth and childhood of the Virgin Mary, whose mother said: "I have called her Mary, and I seek a refuge in Thee for her and for her seed from Satan the pelted." The passage continues: "And her Lord received her with a good reception, and made her grow up with a good growth, and Zacharias took care of her." And

154 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

in *vv.* 35, 39 the angels are made to say : “O Mary, verily God has chosen thee and has purified thee, and has chosen thee above the women of the world. O Mary, be devout unto thy Lord, and adore and bow down with those who bow.” And again, *v.* 40 : “When the angel said, ‘O Mary, verily God gives thee the glad tidings of a Word from Him ; his name shall be the Messiah Jesus, the son of Mary, regarded in this world and the next, and of those whose place is nigh to God.” In chapter iv., “The Chapter of Women,” *v.* 155, the Jews are denounced “for their misbelief, and for their saying about Mary a mighty calumny.”

These passages from the Koran honour one whom the greater portion of Christians revere above all women, and it is remarkable that the most sacred spot in nearly every mosque should be marked by an inscription from the Koranic account of her life. Certainly it is not consonant with the principles of a religion which is supposed to degrade women to the level of the beasts. We have seen how the Friday collect intercedes for all believing women, living and dead, and with it are coupled certain eminent women, the

Prophet's wives and daughter. After uttering the name of Ayesha, a Moslem will say, "May she find acceptance with God." The Hadiths, the traditional "sayings" of Mohammed, which are used in the exegesis of the Koran, mention that his widow Ayesha, who lived for forty-eight years after his death, was consulted by the learned on points of doctrine which she had learned from his lips. Other women in after ages attained a sanctity similar to that accorded by the Christian Church. English people are more familiar with Egypt than with Turkey, and among the thousands who flock to Cairo every winter there must be many who know the mosque of Saida Zeineb, a female Moslem saint, whose cult is a feature of the religious life of that city. From what precedes, it is clear that the religion of Islam accords honour to pious women in this life and promises them a life beyond. But the tenets of a faith are not always at one with the practice and beliefs of its followers. It has been asserted that Mohammedan opinion attenuates the idea of immortality for women, and that their paradise is not that of men. If this were the case it would not be thought

worth while to teach them their religious duties. Yet girls are taught to pray at the age of seven in precisely the same manner as boys. The *namaz*, with its preliminary ablutions, fasting, pilgrimage, and almsgiving are binding on women as on men. Women attend the mosques, and some, like the beautiful old Shah Zadé mosque at Stamboul, are specially frequented by them. The inscriptions on women's tombstones in every cemetery ask the charitable to say the *Fatihah* for the woman who rests beneath. Fazil, a poet of the early nineteenth century, wrote an epitaph on a Sultana, which an accomplished Turkish scholar has translated as follows :—

Ah! thou'st laid her low, yet flushed with life, Cup-
bearer of the Sphere!

Scarce the cup of joy was tasted when the bowl of
Fate brimmed o'er.

Cradle her, O earth, full gently; smile on her, O Trusted
One;

For a wide world's King this Fair Pearl, as his heart's
own darling, wore.

The "Trusted One" is the Archangel Gabriel, the highest of the angels, God's messenger, by whom the Koran was revealed. His aid would hardly be invoked

THE TURK AND HIS FAITH 157

for one believed to enjoy only an inferior sort of immortality. One who has learned the Koran by heart is accorded the title of Hafiz. Eveliyah Effendi, a Turkish writer of the sixteenth century, mentions two thousand boys and girls at Angora who merited the title. This shows that girls equally with boys received religious instruction, and that importance was attached to it.

Only the other day a Pasha, an able and enlightened man, in reply to an inquiry, said that there was no difference between the souls of men and women, nor any in the conditions of their future existence. It may be objected that this is a personal opinion, expressed by one whose culture has imbued the beliefs of his ancestors and the mass of his contemporaries with modern ideas. But Sir Thomas Baines, who died at Constantinople in 1680, put a similar question to Vanni Effendi, whose reply was, "Women who have lived virtuously shall go to Paradise." There are people in Turkey, as elsewhere, who deny a future existence to themselves, and necessarily they would deny it to women. But it may be asserted with confidence that the faithful Moslems who

compose the vast majority of the nation accept implicitly the plain words of the Koran, "But he who doeth good works—be it male or female—and believes, they shall enter into Paradise, and they shall not be wronged a jot."

It ought not to be necessary, at the present day, to combat a fallacy so obvious as the one under consideration. But, as we have seen, it still prevails to a certain extent. How the fiction arose the writer knows not. It had its origin, probably, in the days when Mussulmans were classed as "paynim." It belonged to the category of ideas which represented remote peoples as "dog-headed men," and to the spirit, not yet extinct, which would class the professors of Buddhism, that most spiritual of creeds, as heathen.

With respect to the preference shown for male children, a preference shared by Christian nations in the East, it is worthy of remark that the Prophet made much of girl babies, probably as an example, for the Arabs objected to them. "When one of them has tidings of a female child, his face is overclouded and black" (Koran, chap. xvi.). Infanticide was rife. "And slay not your

children . . . beware ! for to slay them is a great sin " (Koran, chap. xvii.). The Bedawy still looks upon the birth of a girl as a calamity. In Turkey, and perhaps in England also, people would rather not have a family all girls. But they lament if there is no girl at all, and sometimes adopt one if they have none of their own. Girl babies appear to be more popular than boys. At least, they come in for a greater share of fondling. The Turks have a habit too of dressing a little boy as a girl as long as they can. A boy of four or five with long hair plaited into pig-tails and tied up with ribbon is a frequent spectacle.

It is incumbent on all Mohammedans over fourteen to keep the Fast of Ramazan—the sacred month. As the Mohammedan year consists of 12 lunar months of alternately 29 and 30 days, the year having 354 days, the months make the round of the seasons every 33 years. When Ramazan falls in summer, and the days are long, the privation is greatest, for not even a drop of water must pass the lips between dawn—the moment when a black thread can be distinguished from a white one—to sunset.

160 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

Tobacco and food of any sort are also forbidden. This falls hardest on the poor, who must work all day, whilst the rich can sleep, and do indeed turn day into night very often. About an hour before dawn the "awakeners" go round, a *hoja* with a drum and a boy to carry a lantern. They stop at intervals, and the *hoja* gives four taps on the drum, not with an ordinary drumstick, but with an elastic apparatus, and the sound produced is very weird in the silence of the night. Then he cries, "He prospereth who says, There is no god but God. Mohammed, the Guide, is the Prophet of God." Then four more taps of the drum, and he passes on. This is the signal for the *sahor*, the last meal. Sunrise is announced by the firing of a gun. On the Bosphorus the booming is repeated from point to point, by the batteries, until all the inhabitants have been warned from the city to the shores of the Black Sea. And so it is down the coast of Propontis and throughout the length and breadth of the land. In places where there are no guns, though a small brass cannon used for this purpose is found in most, the Faithful depend on the awakener and the *muezzin's* call from the

minaret. The pious Moslem rinses his mouth with water, and it is "sealed" until sunset. I have often watched the peasant with his plough and oxen, and the fisher in his caïque, waiting for the roar of the gun or with eyes fixed on the red disc of the sun slowly sinking beneath the horizon. Water is his first need. The gourd or earthen pitcher is pressed to his lips, and then the thin, blue, fragrant smoke rises from *chibouk* or cigarette. It is customary, and is deemed meritorious, to break the fast with black olives, which are eaten sparingly after ejaculating *Bism'illah*—in the name of God. This and similar light food is all that is taken until the *iftar*, the evening repast which comes after the last *namaz*, at nightfall, from one to two hours after sunset. It is a festive meal, sometimes prolonged far into the night. It is the custom for the rich to invite their friends to it. We read in the newspapers during Ramazan that the Sultan has commanded X or Z Pasha to partake of *iftar*. Among lax Mussulmans Ramazan means principally nights of feasting, and these are probably not strict observers of the daylight fast. But the devout, after *iftar*, perform the

162 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

special service of *Teravîh* of twenty *rikats*, either in the mosque or at home. The mosques are always open at night during Ramazan, and, as Lent with us, it is the season of sermons. The minarets are illuminated with lamps round their exterior galleries, and these fillets of light aloft in the darkness have a very pleasing effect. The nights of Ramazan are as gay as the days are dull. The cafés are brilliantly lighted, and the streets are full of people, whereas in Moslem towns at ordinary times few are abroad after nightfall. There is a disposition during Ramazan to resort to old Turkish fashions and to eschew Frankish novelties. The bread served at meals consists invariably of long, limp, unleavened loaves sprinkled with sesame seed. Various dainties, special to the season, are also eaten, and these are often sent to friends and neighbours, Christian as well as Moslem. It has been the author's lot to receive at times an embarrassing quantity of these toothsome cates. The poor always come in for their share, and the indigent and beggars lack nothing in Ramazan. The *muezzin* adds to the usual formula of the call to prayer the following : "Give food,

all ye Faithful, to the orphan, the needy, the wayfarer, the bondsman, for His sake, saying, We feed you for Allah's sake, not for thanks or reward."

The concluding days of Ramazan are kept more rigidly than the rest. The mosques are crowded with worshippers, and the more devout devote some portion of the day to complete retirement. Near the end of Ramazan comes the *Lailat-el-Quadr*, the Night of Power. The Turks usually celebrate it on the 27th, but its precise date is unknown. It lies somewhere between the 21st and 29th. In the short ninety-seventh chapter of the Koran, entitled "The Chapter of Power," it is written: "Verily, we sent it down on the Night of Power. And what shall make thee know what the Night of Power is? The Night of Power is better than a thousand months. The angels and the Spirit descend therein, by the permission of their Lord, with every bidding. Peace it is until rising of the dawn." This is held to mean the delivery of the Koran to Gabriel, who revealed it to the Prophet by instalments. Moslems spend much of these nights in prayer, for it is believed that during one

164 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

of them there is a time when all they ask is granted. Among the popular beliefs concerning it, one is that the waters of the sea become fresh at a certain moment, and another that at the same time animals and trees bow down in adoration to the Creator.

The sick, the infirm, travellers, and soldiers on campaign are exempt from fasting. The Koran puts it thus : " He amongst you who beholds this month then let him fast it ; but he who is sick or on a journey, then another number of days." Ramazan has been criticized on account of the facility it affords for turning night into day. This, however, is only done by the few. In the parched and torrid clime where the fast was instituted the abstention from water during the whole day is an ordeal far more severe than the abstaining from animal food for a few weeks. Had Islam spread far north, as it once bade fair to do, the fast would have endured sometimes only for the few minutes during which the sun is above the horizon, whilst at others it would have been almost perpetual, broken only by brief intervals of night throughout the thirty days. It is difficult to suppose that Moslem legists, conservative though

they are, would have adhered to the letter of the Koran under those circumstances.

Ramazan is followed by the three days' festival of Bairam. This is sometimes called Shekher Bairam, Sugar Bairam, or Kutchuk Bairam, Little Bairam. At Constantinople it is announced by the thunder of guns from the ships and forts, and it is customary for the Sultan to hold a reception at sunrise. It is a time of gifts to friends, to children, to slaves, and the poor. The streets are lined with stalls of sweetmeats. Jugglers, musicians, and showmen reap a harvest. The boys invest their piastres in squibs and crackers, and the girls rejoice in toys. It is an occasion for donning new clothes, a circumstance which lends gaiety to the crowd. I have witnessed many Bairams, but one I happened to spend in Cyprus surpassed all the rest in brilliancy, owing to the dress of the children. Nowhere in the East are so many hues, some of them very lovely, to be seen as those worn by the Turks of that island. It was a scene never to be forgotten. Koorban Bairam, the Feast of Sacrifice, sometimes called Great Bairam, because it lasts four days, occurs about two months

later. It is kept in the same way, but its distinguishing feature is the sacrifice of a lamb by every family, which takes place in the morning after coming from the mosque. A third part of the animal is given to the poor, a third to relations, widows if possible, and a third is eaten by the family. For a few days before the feast the towns are invaded by flocks of lambs in charge of wild-looking shepherds. They are bought in the streets and led home. The children deck their budding horns with tinfoil, and sometimes their fleece is dyed pink or blue. The little ones make a pet of the sacrificial lamb, and mothers often have recourse to pious mendacity to account for its disappearance.

These are the two principal festivals. Others lasting but one day, which is counted from sunset to sunset, are the Mevlud, the Prophet's birthday, which is kept on the 12th of the month Rebi-ul Evel; the Leilu'l Berat, or Night of Decrees, when the guardian angel of each individual receives from Allah a tablet on which is written the destiny of his ward for the coming year, kept on the 15th Shaban; and the Leilu'l Miraj, the Night of the Flight, which commemorates the

Prophet's ascent to Paradise from the Holy Rock at Jerusalem, kept on the 27th Rejeb. A feast peculiar to Constantinople is the Hirka-i-Sheref, kept on the 15th Ramazan. The Sultan goes to the Old Palace, in the mosque attached to which is preserved a piece of the Prophet's mantle. He unwraps the forty silk coverings in which it is enveloped, venerates the relic, and shows it to those who accompany him.

A pilgrimage to the holy cities is the central act in the religious life of a true Mussulman. It is a direct command of the Prophet, who says in the chapter of the Koran entitled "The Heifer," "fulfil the pilgrimage," and in the chapter called "The Pilgrimage," "proclaim amongst men the Pilgrimage; let them come to you on foot and on every slim camel, from every deep pass." The pilgrimage to Mecca is an institution far older than Mohammed, who adapted to the uses of Islam the immemorial custom of his countrymen. The rites there performed are proper to the place and the occasion. They are purely Arab. It is not within our province to describe or discuss them. They are treated of fully by Burton and others.

Medinah, as well as Mecca, must be visited in order that the pilgrim may acquire the title of *hajj*. The *hajj* formerly tended to the coherence of the scattered tribes of Arabia. It is now a focus for the various nations of Islam spread over so large an area of the globe.

A pilgrimage to Jerusalem, though not binding, is a meritorious act, and those who perform it reap spiritual advantages. We are apt to overlook the importance of Jerusalem to the Moslem. It is second only to Mecca in sanctity. Indeed, Mohammed first told his followers to turn to Jerusalem in prayer, until in the second year of the Hijra the direction was changed to Mecca, the pre-Islamic shrine of Arabia. It was from Mecca to Jerusalem that he was miraculously transported in a single night, and at Jerusalem he was vouchsafed the vision of Paradise. It has been interpreted to mean an actual journey in the body, and beneath the noble dome, miscalled the Mosque of Omar—it is not a mosque, and Omar did not build it—we are shown on the naked rock which forms its floor the imprint of the fingers of Gabriel who held back the Rock which wished to

follow the Prophet in his flight. Jerusalem is generally allowed to be "the near place" from which the crier will announce the final judgment, as written in the Koran in the Chapter of Q, and the Prophet attached special holiness to the El Aksa—the Remote Mosque, "the precincts of which we have blessed" (Koran, chap. xvii.). I have met at Jerusalem pilgrims from the banks of the Indus and the banks of the Oxus, from Zanzibar and the Comoro Islands, and from Mogador on the far-off Atlantic shore. The Turks, I believe, content themselves, as a rule, with Mecca and Medinah, but their cousins, the Turkomans of Central Asia, almost invariably include Jerusalem in their pilgrimage. Broad-featured men from Bokhara and Samarcand and Tashkend are familiar figures in her steep and narrow streets.

Previous to making his pilgrimage, a man must pay all his debts and make adequate provision for his family during his absence. Women on pilgrimage—and its performance is equally a duty to them as to men—must be accompanied by a husband, a father, a brother, or other near relative. They must

170 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

be attired so that only the palms of their hands can be seen. Men when they arrive within a certain distance of the holy cities must change their ordinary clothing for the *ihram*, which consists of two pieces of white woollen material. One is thrown over the shoulders, leaving the arms bare, the other is wound round the waist, falling to their ankles. They must not shave nor pare their nails until they have accomplished the prescribed rites. They must be constant in their prayers and in fasting, they must speak no evil, and they must give largely to the needy. Many pilgrims cannot afford to buy a lamb for sacrifice, but these are always purchased for them by their more fortunate fellow *hajis*. The poorer pilgrims are often reduced to indigence before the end of the journey and depend entirely on charity. For the path of the pilgrim is not made easy by the natives. They regard him as their lawful prey. If he is not made to pay blackmail by the tribesmen outside, he is fleeced by the inhabitants of the towns. Pilgrimage is an expensive affair for the well-to-do, but it is often a calamity for those whose resources are scanty. The virtues of the

dwellers on the sacred soil are by no means conspicuous. On this point the reader may be referred to Sir Richard Burton's experiences, as related in his *Pilgrimage to Mecca and Medinah*. But this is not peculiar to those cities ; it applies to places of pilgrimage generally. Once, in the Lebanon, a Maronite priest told the author, "It is a saying amongst us, if you want to cease to be a Christian, go to Jerusalem." It is perhaps an illustration of the old proverb, familiarity breeds contempt, but it is certain that the piety of the inhabitants of holy places is not so fervent as that of those who repair to them. With regard to Jerusalem, pilgrims are protected and taken in hand by their Church authorities. Of Mecca I can only speak from hearsay, but from all accounts the poor *hajis* are abandoned entirely to the tender mercies of the natives, who derive from them their income. It is a good income too, for all are well off, and not a few wealthy. This mercenary and sordid character exists in all places whose inhabitants live on passing strangers and not on commerce with their fellow-townsmen. The unscrupulous feel less restraint in dealing with people

172 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

whom they will never see again. It is the case, more or less, with all places to which people resort for pleasure, but in pilgrim towns, where the motive is religious, it leads to hypocrisy and consequently a greater deterioration of character. The simple God-fearing Turkish peasant who has been taught to look afar off with awe at the Holy Spot to which the Qiblah points, and who probably conceives the people whose privilege it is to dwell there to be superior beings, or at least models of what good Mussulmans should be, must experience a deception when he finds himself among a population, apparently indifferent to the things he holds sacred, and certainly careless of the precepts of religion. But it does not unsettle his faith by a hairbreadth. If questioned, he would probably reply, "Their sin is the greater."

Pilgrimage can be performed by deputy, if proof is given that the money paid for it is honestly come by. Among the upper classes pilgrimages of this sort are frequent, and there can be no doubt their number is increasing. The *hajj* has been shorn of much of its fatigues and dangers by improved means of communication. There is still

risk of Bedawin attacks, however, on the land journey between Medinah and Mecca. Nor is the Hedjaz Railway, which now runs into Medinah, exempt from danger on this account, as recent events have shown. Much still exists, nevertheless, to render the pilgrimage undesirable. It must be attended with much discomfort, to say the least, and the inevitable contact of the gently nurtured with many of their fellow-pilgrims cannot be otherwise than unpleasant. The scorching climate is perilous to one unused to it, and there is still greater peril in the agglomeration, under insanitary conditions, of a vast swarm of people, many of them stricken with disease, and many coming from regions where cholera and plague are endemic. These reasons deter all but the fervent from facing the ordeal, and the modern Turks of the richer classes can hardly be called fervent, in the majority of instances. In any case they prefer to make the pilgrimage vicariously, and few among them have beheld the Kaaba, or kissed the sacred Black Stone, or drunk of the water of Zemzem.

CHAPTER VI

MOSQUES AND TEKKEHS

THE Koran calls itself "a guide to the pious," but it is not a complete code of laws, morals, and ceremonies. The religious practice of Islam is based upon it, together with the Hadîth, the traditional "sayings" or precepts of the Prophet. The laws included in these constitute the Sunna. They contain much on which the Koran is silent. Five things are necessary to the true Mussulman. He must profess his belief in the unity of God as revealed to Mohammed. He must pray in the prescribed manner. He must fast as ordained. He must give alms according to his means. He must perform the pilgrimage.

The confession of faith is as follows : "There is no god but God, and Mohammed is the Apostle of God." The word "Apostle" conveys the meaning of *rasûl* more exactly than "prophet," which, though often applied

to Mohammed—*naby*—is not used in this collocation. This does not include the whole of the creed. There are certain other things which the Mussulman is called upon to believe. One of them is the predestination of good and evil. Every act of every living being has been written from eternity in "the preserved tablet." This gives rise to the oft-quoted word "kismet," which is derived from a verb meaning "to mete out." Another is the resurrection of the body after death. There are other articles, but these are the most important in their bearing upon the life of the Mussulman. The former may lead to apathy, but it also lends fortitude. No man meets death more calmly than the Mohammedan. The wars in the Soudan furnished countless instances of this. In a time of epidemic the calm of the Moslem contrasts with the terror of those not of his faith. This is within the experience of many. The literal belief in the resurrection of the body has often been a stumbling-block to surgeons. In the Russo-Turkish War men preferred to die rather than undergo an operation, and at the price of a few more years' earthly existence, enter Paradise maimed.

176 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

Almsgiving is not a matter of personal disposition or caprice. It is strictly enjoined and as binding on a Mussulman as going to confession is on a good Catholic. One-fortieth of such property as shall have been held for one year is the prescribed proportion. This may not always be carried out to the letter, but almsgiving is general in Turkey. There are no workhouses, and there is no Charity Organization Society, but nobody starves. There are many poor, but there is no destitution.

Pilgrimage was treated of in the last chapter. There remains to be considered the practice of prayer. This must be performed five times a day : before sunrise ; after the sun has passed the meridian ; midway between this and sunset ; at sunset ; at nightfall, or about two hours after sunset. The time of prayer is called from the mosque, usually, but not necessarily, from the minaret. The one who calls is the *muezzin* or crier. He says: "God is great ! I bear witness that there is no god but God ! I bear witness that Mohammed is the Apostle of God ! Come to prayers ! Come to salvation ! God is great ! There is no other god but God !

At the hour between dawn and sunrise," he adds, "prayer is better than sleep!" This is called the *azan*. The first *muezzin* was Bilal, an Abyssinian convert of Moham-med, who, it is said, prescribed the form of words still used.

The prayer itself is called the *namaz*. It must be preceded by the washing of the hands, forearms, face, and feet in running water. There is a fountain for this purpose at every mosque. The *namaz* is performed thus. The worshipper stands with his face towards Mecca, with his thumbs touching the lobes of his ears and his fingers outspread, and says, "God is most great." Then, with hands folded and eyes cast down, he recites the *Fatihah*.¹ Then he inclines, placing his hands on his knees, saying, "God is most great ! I praise God." Rising to an erect position, he says, "God hears those who praise Him. O Lord, Thou art praised." Then he falls on his knees, saying, "God is most great !" Then he prostrates himself, touching the ground with his forehead three times, saying each time, "I praise Thee, O God." Then he rises and,

¹ See preceding chapter.

178 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

sitting on his heels, says, "God is most great!" Then prostrating himself again, he says, "God is most great! I praise Thee, O God."

This constitutes a *rikat*, from an Arabic word meaning bowing. The above is an outline. There are several repetitions, and it may be interspersed with recitations from the Koran. But it will serve to show its nature. A certain number of *rikats* make a *namaz*. On Friday—the Turkish Sunday—public prayers are held in the mosques. They usually consist of twelve *rikats*. On Fridays also there is the *khutbeh* or homily, and in Ramazan there is preaching in the evening. At public prayers the Imam leads the prayers, facing the *mihrab*, or niche, which points to Mecca. The congregation are in rows behind him and follow his movements exactly. It will have been remarked that this is not prayer in the strict sense of the word. It is a dignified form of worship, one might almost call it courtly. The Almighty is praised. His attributes are solemnly asserted. The words are accompanied by certain gestures indicating submission and adoration. But there is no supplication, no

appeal, no searching of the heart. In a mosque one sees no figures prostrate on the steps of an altar. The worshippers are too circumspect for that. The function is impressive ; but it is devoid of all emotion. There is a note of grandeur in the *namaz* performed by large numbers in a great mosque, but the drill-ground occurs to the mind. It is usual to perform the *namaz* in a mosque, because the floor is clean and there is nothing to distract the attention.

The Arabic *masjid* means a place of worship. Hence our word mosque. *Jâmi'h* means "assembly." It is applied to the more important mosques, but the Turks use it indifferently to denote all. St. Sophia and the little square edifice with stumpy minaret in a remote village are both called *jami*. The use of a mosque is to indicate the direction of Mecca. If that is known the *namaz* may be said equally well elsewhere. All who have sojourned in Moslem lands have seen this act of worship performed in garden, field, or on shipboard. The prayer-carpet is used to hinder the worshipper from touching any impurity on the ground. Shoes are removed before entering a mosque, so

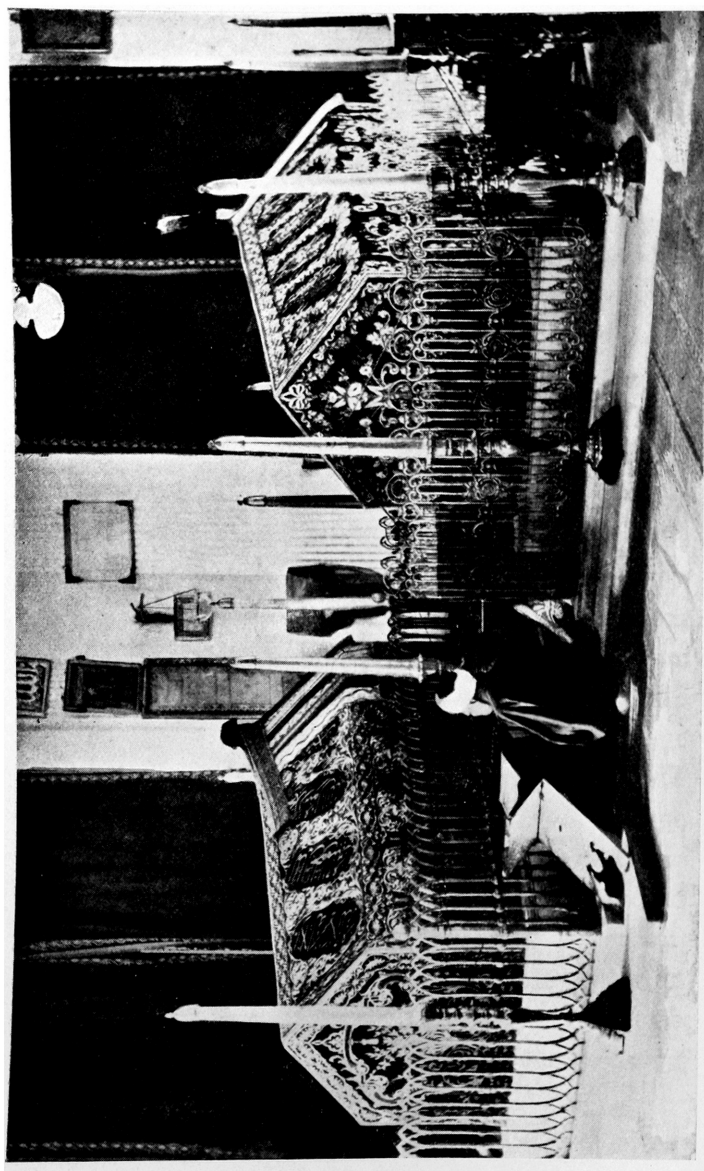
180 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

that no impurity shall be carried into it. This is ceremonial only in so far as it ensures cleanliness. It is equally a duty to take off one's shoes before entering a house when making a call. There is a sanctity attached to a church other than that attaching to a mosque. In the former God is present in a special and peculiar manner under the veil of the Sacrament. In the latter He is present also, but as He is present everywhere. Every church is the house of God, and is constantly alluded to as such. In Islam there is only one house of God—*Bait Allah*—the kaaba at Mecca. The Mohammedan regards the mosque as sacred because it is a place devoted to the worship of God. But there is no miracle, no mystery about it. Between his reverence for a mosque and that of a Christian for a church there is no difference in degree, but there is an essential difference in kind. The word *jami* could be correctly translated “meeting-house.” As stated above, the Mohammedan needs the mosque only to ascertain the direction of Mecca. Here we have one of the anomalies of his faith. His Koran says, “God is the east and the west, and wherever

ye turn, there is God's face" (chap. II. 109). His religion tells him that "God is eternal and everlasting, one and indivisible, not endued with form nor circumscribed by limit or measure." Yet it commands him, when he worships, to turn to one particular spot, where the Arabs of old adored idols and stones, one of which is still a chief object of veneration. True, it teaches that Adam built the sacred house, that Abraham restored it, and that the Black Stone came down white from Paradise; but there is no getting over the fact that Mohammed first knew it as the shrine of his idolatrous countrymen. He cleared it of the idols, but, whether from atavism or policy, he retained it as the focus of adoration for all Islam. In this respect he circumscribed a religion which he intended for all the world, to the limits of a local cult, and when his followers turn to Mecca to pray, their religion is Arab. When, as pilgrims, they make the circuit of the kaaba, they perpetuate a pagan practice.

The primitive mosque was an open platform with a wall at the end. The worshipper, in facing the wall, faced Mecca. Such still

exist in remote places. They have no adornment, but the floor, whether of stone or beaten earth, is swept clean. Would that we could say as much for the floors of many a church in Southern Europe. In time, the platform was enclosed by walls, forming an open court. The wall facing Mecca became more ornate. Then came a domed porch or recess, called the *leewan*, open to the court. This is the Arab type of mosque, a familiar example of which exists in the noble *jami* of Sultan Hassan at Cairo. The more rigorous climate of countries farther north necessitated a building closed in and roofed. But the conquest of Constantinople and the transformation of Byzantine churches into mosques brought in a new type, suggested by St. Sophia. The plan of the edifice is more or less a square, and its main feature is the great central cupola. But the idea of the open court was retained in the forecourt, termed the *haram* or sanctuary—a name which denotes that it is essentially a part of the mosque. Behind the latter is the *rûzeh* or garden, so that the ground-plan of the whole enclosure is oblong. Inside, and abutting on the enclosing wall. are



INTERIOR OF A TURBEH.

various dependencies—the *mekteb*, or school, the *medresseh* (college), the *khan* (guest-house), the *kitab-khanè* (library), the *imaret*, or kitchen for distributing free meals to the indigent, and, in some cases, the *hammam* (baths), and the *hasta-khané* (infirmary). A feature never absent is the *sebil* (fountain). It is usually in the centre of the forecourt and is often a very ornate structure. Such is the disposition of the great mosques of Constantinople. Those founded by Sultans usually contain the tomb of the founder and his children, and sometimes that of a prominent statesman of his epoch. These are not in the building, but in the garden. They are really mortuary chapels and rank as mosques, the *fatihah* being read in them daily. They are endowed for this purpose, as were our chantry chapels in the past. These *turbehs*, as they are called, are often enriched by precious materials, and it is in them we must look for rare Persian tiles.

The mosque builders were not slavish imitators of the Byzantines. They introduced Saracenic ornament, and although it never approaches the exquisite finish of the

best period of the style, it is sometimes very fine. But it is less in detail than in grandeur of outline and perfection of proportions that the Turkish mosques excel. No other school of architecture has used the cupola to such good purpose. It reaches its climax in the middle of the sixteenth century with the Mosque of Sultan Suleiman. The majesty of the grouping, the great dome, buttressed by semi-domes and brooding over a nest of domelets, the soaring minarets, and the faultless subordination of every part to the whole design, rank this among the great buildings of the world.

The open space within the enclosure in some ways resembles a cathedral close, except that there are no private houses within the precincts. These are occupied by the various dependencies mentioned above, and in this respect they may be likened rather to the great monastic establishments of the Middle Ages. There is a similarity in some of their features, in the lines of miniature cupolas of the *medresseh* and on three sides of the cloistered *haram*, for example. But they are far from being exact counterparts. Each has its individuality. In Constanti-

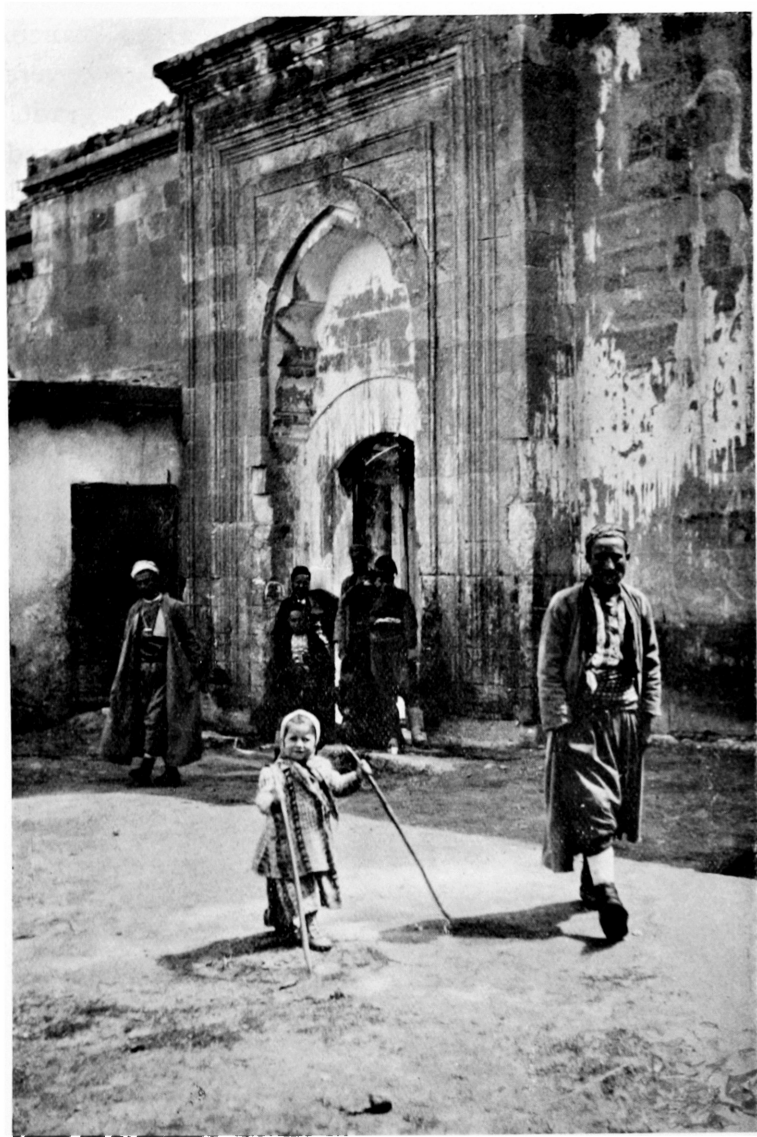
nople the precinct of Shah-Zadè is a garden of repose, overshadowed by spreading boughs. That of Sultan Suleiman is more austere. It has a note of grave seclusion, which is intensified by contrast with the magnificent outlook over the city. But the greatest charm, perhaps, attaches to that of Eyoub. There is a homely quaintness, one might almost say, of cheerfulness, in its irregularity, but it borrows dignity from its venerable trees and solemnity from its tombs. Among memories of many mosques, two stand out clearly through the beauty of their surroundings. One is at Acre, the last stronghold of Christendom in Palestine, a vision of dark cypress alleys and gleaming marble. The other is at Broussa, where Murad II rests in the midst of a rose garden across which stretch the limbs of a colossal plane whose years must reach back to a period not far short of that of the Sultan himself. The *turbeh* is devoid of ornament. In the crown of the dome is left a space open to the sky, like that of the Pantheon at Rome. Beneath is a simple turfed grave. Here, four hundred and sixty years ago, was laid Murad, warrior and recluse, and still

in accord with his dying wish, the rain of Heaven falls upon him.

In the environs of all the larger mosques one never fails to meet men and youths in white turbans. These are the *softas*, the students of the *Medressehs*. There are said to be about six thousand of them in Constantinople alone, divided amongst a hundred or more *medressehs*. These are attached to all the great mosques as part of the foundation, but some of them do not belong to any mosque. There are many at Konia, and one or more in all the larger towns. They all owe their origin to private munificence, and the principal ones have been endowed by former Sultans. The students are drawn from the poorer class of Turks. They have free quarters in the *medresseh*. Formerly they had free commons and oil for their lamps. These, however, they only get now on special days. The revenues of religious foundations have diminished owing to the Government having taken over some of the endowments without rendering an equivalent income. This is a question which has to do with the complicated law of *vacouf* property and does not come

within our province. It is said, however, to be the cause of the ruinous condition of some of the *medressehs*. The scheme has an obvious resemblance to our own collegiate system as it existed in the past. The *medressehs* all have "quads," and some of them are very picturesque. The poor students share a room, two or three together, in which they eat and sleep. Those who are quite without resources of their own go to the country during Ramazan, where they assist in the services of the mosques and return with what they have earned as fees to continue their course at college. Their studies comprise a knowledge of the Koran, the body of Sunni tradition, the Commentaries, Mohammedan law, and of course Arabic. To this they add Turkish grammar and rhetoric, philosophy and morals founded on the Koran, elementary history and geography, and the Persian tongue. But the curriculum is mainly theological and legal. Their education has improved of late years, after having reached its *nadir* with the reforms of Mahmoud II and the establishment of a secular code of law in the nineteenth century. This took away from the

medressehs much of their importance. Formerly the administrators of the law were drawn solely from the ranks of their graduates. Now their legal capacity is restricted to what may be termed the Ecclesiastical Courts. It is the function of these to interpret the *Sheria* or religious law, and they have jurisdiction in all cases concerning real property. The *Sheria* is based on the body of Traditions and is studied in certain digests of these. The *medressehs* in their palmy days did not confine themselves to law and theology, but their studies embraced all the learning of their time. They were then the sole avenues to knowledge, and from them came all the famous names in Turkish literature. The introduction of modern education has caused them to lose their prestige, and a sure proof of it is that they fail to attract the wealthier and more intelligent class. It is as though Oxford and Cambridge gave a mediæval education to the poor, whilst the social strata from which the bulk of their undergraduates are now drawn sent their sons to professional and technical schools of various categories. The *medressehs* are an interesting survival, and both colleges and students



F. W. Hasluck

PORTAL OF MEDRESSEH AT KARA HISSAR.

are a prominent and picturesque feature. The latter are said to be fanatical and reactionary. But, as a body, they were warm supporters of Midhat Pasha's constitution in 1876, and they are adherents of a democratic interpretation of Islam. Personally, the author has found them courteous and ready to talk about their manner of life and study, and the absence of any pretensions to Frankish ways and manners makes their society none the less pleasant.

After passing through the *medresseh*, the *softa*, if he gives proof of sufficient knowledge—it often takes many years—is accepted as one of the *ulema*. *Ulema* is the plural of the Arabic *álim*, which may be taken to mean learned. The *ulema* combine theological and legal functions. As interpreters of the Sheria, or Sacred Law, they are lawyers. The Sheikh ul Islam is the head of them, and he forms the chief Court of Appeal in matters appertaining to the *Sheri*. Without his *fetva* or decision no Sultan can be deposed. Judicial functions are exercised by *muftis*, *cadis*, and *naïbs*. The *mufti* is a doctor of law and judge of a superior court, the *cadi* presides over a lower court, and the

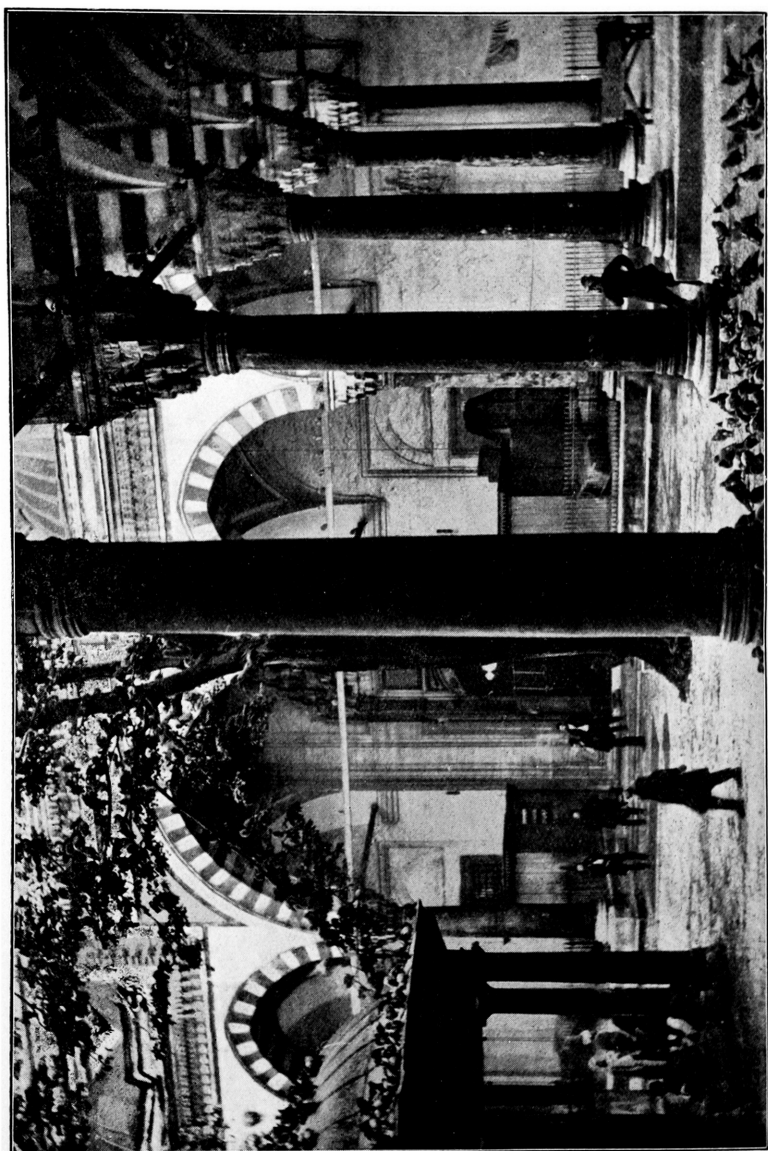
190 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

naib is a sort of deputy-judge. A *mollah* is also a doctor and exponent of law, but his functions are rather religious than legal. He preaches on special occasions, and there is always a *mollah* attached to the more important mosques. The functions of the *imam* come nearest to those of our parochial clergy. He leads public prayers in the mosque, conducts funerals, and in his legal capacity draws up marriage contracts. He must pass an examination, and is appointed by the Sheikh-ul-Islam. He is required to marry, and he has a house rent free, either attached to or near his mosque. His small stipend is supplemented by fees for officiating at weddings, funerals, and circumcisions. Sometimes he also acts as *hoja* and teaches in the *mekteb*. This increases his income. He possesses little or no social influence, but he has a legal status in his parish, and no police officer may enter a Moslem dwelling unless accompanied by the *imam*. The *khatib* reads the Friday homily in the mosque, and both he and the *hoja* assist in the services. But the proper function of the *hoja* is to teach in the *mekteb*, or elementary school, attached to the parish

mosque, which is attended by children of both sexes. The fees are nominal. Some *mektebs* are better endowed than others. These allow the pupils two suits of clothes a year. Others supply free meals and some even pocket-money in addition. They are not so generous in the matter of food for the mind. The Koran is the principal subject. It is learnt by heart, with what understanding may be imagined, seeing that it is in a foreign language and written in an archaic style that is admittedly difficult even for those of whom it is the mother-tongue. The children learn to recite the *fatihah*, and they learn the elements of reading and writing—the stepping-stones to knowledge. But such as it is, elementary instruction for the poor was organized in Turkey very long before it even dawned on the Western mind as a possibility. And those who clamour at home for meals provided out of the rates must take off their hats to the Turks when they think of these free meals and pocket-money. The *muessin* chants the *asan* from the minaret. The *kaims* are the sweepers and cleaners of the mosque. They, of course, do not belong to the *ulema*, but they are

192 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

often *softas* to whom the small wage is welcome. In small mosques and in the villages all these offices are combined in one person. The *imam* calls the *azan*, lights the lamps, and, as *hoja*, he may be seen cross-legged on a daïs facing a row of children squatted on the matted floor, their bodies swaying to the rhythm of the periods of the Koran, which they chant, or rather shout. When not at his duties, you may perchance find him at the café smoking a meditative *nargileh*, or leading his little daughter by the hand in a measured walk. He is a man of few words. Turks are not loquacious as a rule, but the *imam* is perhaps more given to taciturnity than the majority. Whether his gravity of demeanour comes from his profession, or whether those who adopt it are naturally so disposed, I do not know. But I have never met an *imam* jovial and hearty, like many a Greek priest. Of these the heartiest I ever met was at Jericho, a monk from one of those crow's-nest monasteries plastered on the side of a precipice in the Wady Kelt. In all things else the *imam* has nothing to distinguish him from other Turks of his class. He is slenderly endowed with this world's



HAREM OF BAYAZIDIEH MOSQUE, STAMBOUL.

goods and he looks the part. The only sleek-looking *imams* I have seen are some of those attached to the great mosques at Constantinople, handsome types of Turks, with well-trimmed grey beards. There are several at each mosque, and the chief one, I am told, enjoys a good income. There is one thing more to be said about the *imam*. He can bequeath the office to his son. If the latter has not qualified by passing through a *medresseh*, he may appoint a deputy, to whom he pays a sum agreed upon and draws the emoluments, or from whom he receives annual payment in consideration of the emoluments. We have heard of pluralism at home, but the pluralist must always be a priest. This hereditary cure of souls is, however, a thing unknown to us. And it brings us to an important feature in Moham-medanism. There is no clerical body as understood in the Churches of the East and West, no real division between clergy and laity. An *imam* who is in years and scant of breath frequently deposes the duty of the *muezzin* to a boy. Only an hour before writing this the author saw an urchin calling the *asan* from the minaret of a small mosque

194 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

in Stamboul. The root of the matter is that the *imam* is not a *sacerdos*. There is no ordination conferring on him gifts and powers peculiar to his office. Mohammedan ministers of religion perform no act that could not be as well performed by any man in the congregation. A layman can, and often does, conduct prayers. The use and purpose of the ministers is to maintain order in public worship. In order to do this they must be rightly instructed in the tenets and practice of their faith. This instruction they have received at the *medresseh*. But they have no power to loose and bind. The font, the confessional, the altar have no place in the mosque. In lieu of them there is the pulpit, a platform from which the Koran is read, and a niche to show the direction of Mecca. Islam recognizes no mediator between man and his Maker, and, therefore, no priesthood.

There flashes across the memory, as I write, a tree on the northern shore of the Sea of Galilee, not far from the point where the Jordan, after tumbling in cataract after cataract from the reedy Waters of Merom, pours a turbid flood into the clear lake. The tree is covered with bits of rag tied to branch

and twig. They are shreds of the clothing of sick persons. For it grows by the grave of a sheikh, a saintly personage whose aid is thus invoked. Such shrines are scattered all over the land. Some have only a local reputation. Others, like that of Emir Sultan at Broussa, are known far and wide. Sometimes naught but the name of the holy man remains. The memory of his deeds has perished. Sometimes even the name has gone, but a mysterious virtue attaches to the spot. The veneration of these places is not confined to the poor. Ladies have their favourite shrine, to which they make pilgrimages. These are called *ziarets*. They are not obligatory, like the pilgrimage to Mecca. They partake rather of the character of religious luxuries. They are frequented chiefly on the *mevlud* or birthday of the saint, but in times of trouble or in times of gladness the devotees of a particular shrine visit it to seek help or render thanks. Islam knows no mediator between God and man. But the followers of Islam are human, and humanity demands something nearer, something more like itself, than the abstraction of an irresistible will. We have seen

196 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

that the worship of Allah consists in adoration. He is too high, too far off for prayer. But humanity needs to pray. And so the Mussulman, like the Christian, has his shrines, links or stepping-stones, between him and Deity, where haply his supplications may be heard. To ignore this popular side of his religion would be to present a partial and imperfect notion of Moham-medanism.

In speaking of popular religion, we think inevitably of the dervish. Most of us have made his acquaintance in the *Arabian Nights*. An adequate account of the dervishes would fill volumes. And yet they cannot be left out of account, so great has been, and still is, the place they hold in Islam. It is, perhaps, better to begin by saying what they are not. Our wars in the Soudan have given rise to a misconception. The followers of the Mahdi were called dervishes. I do not know how the term came into use, but it is now applied generally to the following of Arab sectaries, chiefly in Africa. The object of these seems to be to found a Moslem state on primitive lines and to compel all men to submit to it with the

old alternative—the Koran or the sword. Their conception of religion is altogether Arab; their outlook is of the narrowest. They rank the Turks as infidels. Now, in the first place, the dervish disassociates religion entirely from the idea of a state. In the second place, he is not reactionary and narrow. His conception of religion is a subjective one, embracing all external forms. And in the third place his ideas are derived from the Sufi philosophy of Persia—the word dervish is Persian—and, as such, directly opposed to Arab ideas, crystallized into dogma and formula. The real dervish is the antithesis of the “dervish” of the Soudan.

It is not easy to define clearly the relation of the dervishes to the rest of Islam. They may be compared in some ways to the monastic orders of the West, inasmuch as they undergo a novitiate and live in *tekkehs*, which correspond in some respects to convents; but they are not compelled to be celibates. They are regarded with disfavour by the *ulema*, whom we may term the “official” Mohammedan clergy, but not for the same reasons that led to the many feuds between

198 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

the secular and regular clergy of the Church of the West. The *mollahs* and *imams* brought up in the rigid orthodoxy of the *medressehs*, dislike the dervish ceremonial use of incense and lighted tapers. The dervishes also employ instrumental music in their services, and the old Scottish prejudice against the "kist o' whistles" is strong in the Moslem mind. An *imam* will tell you that he holds by plain Scripture, and neither in it nor in the traditional practice of the prophet is there any warrant for these things. He calls them "mummery," and to him they savour of paganism. His attitude is similar to that of the militant Protestant towards the ritual of the Church of Rome and of a section of the Church of England, except that the Protestant does not, as a rule, protest against instrumental music. But there is another and a graver reason for his looking askance at the dervish. He suspects him of heretical tendencies. And it must be admitted that the suspicion is not without foundation. The Koran is not to the dervish what it is to the *mollah* and the *imam*. He has his own fashion of interpreting it. The most important of the dervish orders, the

Mevlevi, treat as an authority and base much of their teaching on the *Mesnevi*, a poem written by their founder, which, under the guise of legend, is an exposition of pantheistic Sufi doctrines. The work is in the Persian tongue, and part of it has been translated into English by Sir J. Redhouse. The truth is that the dervishes of Turkey are steeped in Persian traditions. The founders of the three great Orders were Said Ahmed Rufai, of Bagdad, who died in 1182, Jellal-ud-Din er Rûmi, of Balkh, who instituted the Mevlevi at Konia in 1245, and Haji Bektash, of Bokhara, who founded the Bektashi in 1327. Though not native to Persia, they all came from its neighbourhood, and two from beyond its eastern frontier, where they would be likely to imbibe ideas borrowed from India. Therefore, it is without surprise that we find their Persian mysticism tinged with Buddhist philosophy. Perhaps nobody outside the Orders knows exactly the esoteric teaching of the Mevlevi and Bektashi, and inside them it is probably only fully imparted to those of the highest grade. After a severe novitiate of 1001 days the postulant becomes an initiate. He is enjoined to "speak no

falsehood, quarrel with none, be kind to inferiors, overlook the faults of others." What are the secret vows of the Order—the *Ikranameh*—which the sheikh whispers into his right ear none may know. But he has to follow the "path" *tariq*. The object of this is to lessen his ties to earth, and it is almost certain that its final goal is absorption in the Deity, and the Deity and the universe are one. The formulas of Islam, or any other creed, are little or nothing to him. He describes himself as a seeker, whereas the orthodox Mohammedan does not need to seek ; he knows and believes. It is not necessary to say that between him and the dervish, though both are outwardly of the same faith, there is a gulf—the gulf that exists between Semitic and Aryan ideals. The division is accentuated by the fact that the dervish with his Persian leanings is not hostile to, but rather in sympathy with the Shiah. One of the greatest points of difference between Sunni and Shiah is the position of Ali, whom the latter hold to be the successor of the Prophet and almost divine. Ali is prominent in the mysticism of the dervishes. They conform to all the observances of orthodox

Islam, but they add to them. The *zikr* differs from the *namaz* not only in form, but in spirit and intention. It may take the form of motion, as in the *sema* of the Mevlevi. The "dancing dervishes" of Pera is one of the stock sights of the tourist, and it need not be described. If the tourists were to see it at Konia, where it is not, however, a public show, they would probably receive a different impression. The *zikr* consist in the repetition of certain words as with the Rufai—the ninety-nine names of Allah repeated ninety-nine times, a sort of Mussulman rosary told off by the ninety-nine beads of the chaplet, or simply the words "Ya Hû O! He." In both cases the object is the same—the attainment of a condition of ecstasy or trance and detachment from the world. There are, of course, dervishes and dervishes, and the majority do not rise to transcendental heights. The Rufai are recruited from a different class of men to the others. There are a good many negroes among them, for the corybantic nature of the services appeals to the African. In Moslem Africa some of them perform semi-miraculous feats, such as applying red-hot iron to their bodies, eating glass, and cutting themselves

202 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

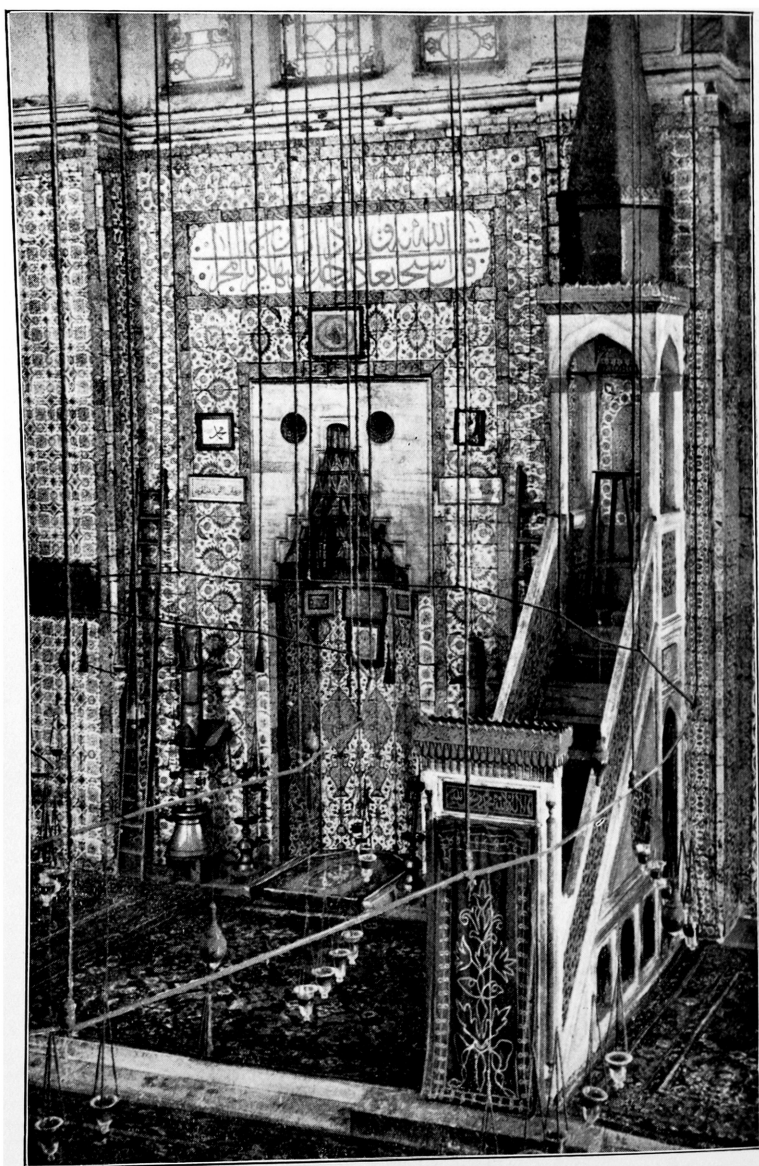
with sharp instruments. These are of the lowest category; others are credited with healing powers, and sick children are taken to the *tekkeh* at Constantinople to be breathed upon by the sheikh. On the other hand, there are men of learning among the Mevlevi and Bektashi. Some of them are freemasons, like the late sheikh of the Mevlevi at Pera, who numbered many friends among Europeans and was greatly respected. Both these Orders admit affiliated members like the "tertiaries" of Christian monastic orders. There is nothing to distinguish them in their dress from other people, and they do not, of course, live in *tekkehs*, nor practise the rites. They are attracted to the dervishes by their tolerant opinions, and some of the most enlightened men in Turkey are affiliated. I recollect one, a man of high rank, who was also a prominent freemason. The most learned and large-minded Mussulman it has been my privilege to know, the late Sheikh Jamal-ed-Din el Afghani, was, if I am not mistaken, an affiliated member of the Bektashi. Whilst appealing to the intellectual minority, the dervishes have a hold on a wider circle. The guardians of the local shrines mentioned

above are generally dervishes, and are naturally well looked upon by those who frequent them. Dervishes, like the monks of the Middle Ages, have been held up to ridicule, and many a droll story has been told at their expense. No doubt they have sometimes laid themselves open to the charge of hypocrisy. Among so large a body it would be a miracle if there were no black sheep. But, none the less, as a class they are esteemed. Their liberal views have earned the respect of the enlightened, and they are revered by the ignorant owing to a strange belief that in their ranks are to be found immortal spirits in the guise of men.

There is a class of dervishes outside the three Orders, the wandering fakirs (poor men). They are not organized, yet form a sort of brotherhood living under a rule which requires them to wander continually, to live on alms, and to lead the ascetic life. They are always solitary, and are to be met with throughout the whole realm of Islam, from the borders of China to the Atlantic sea-board. One always sees them at Jerusalem, where they haunt the precincts of the Noble Sanctuary—wild

204 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

figures with matted locks straggling over their sunburnt faces, a spear in one hand, their begging-bowl in the other, and a leopard skin thrown over their shoulders. With no other equipment, they traverse steppe and desert and mountain pass, often in regions haunted by fierce beasts and savage men. They are called *kalendareri*—our old friends the “calenders” of the *Arabian Nights*. The fakir is the only dervish who can be called fanatical. He has been known to foment a *jihad*, or war, against the Infidel. Sometimes he has killed a potentate whom he deemed sinful. But, in general, he is a harmless visionary. He is probably the original type of dervish, but he is now the least considered. The others have been powerful enough to incur the enmity of Sultans. Mahmoud II persecuted the Bektashi, destroyed their *tekkehs*, and executed three of their sheikhs. That was after he had exterminated the Janissaries in 1826. Haji Bektash had given a name to them when they were established in the fourteenth century, and they were a sort of military branch of the Order. But the Bektashi have survived the persecution.



MOSQUE OF RUSTEM PASHA, SHOWING MINBAR AND MIHRAB.

They are perhaps the most numerous of the dervishes. Their principal *tekkeh* is near Cæsarea, in Cappadocia, but their influence is probably strongest in Albania, at the other end of the Empire. The Mevlevi, however, enjoy the greatest consideration generally. Though they live frugally in obedience to their rule, some of their *tekkehs* are richly endowed. Some of the Sultans have been affiliated to the Mevlevi, and it is the general of the Order who girds each new Sultan with the sword of Osman. It is his right and privilege, and he comes to Constantinople for the purpose. For he resides at Konia, which has been the head-quarters of the Order since its foundation by Jellal-ud-Din, who is usually styled Mevlana (Our Lord), whence the term Mevlevi. There comes a memory of grave courteous old gentlemen tending their flowers in the "quad" of the *tekkeh*. There is no shaven lawn, but a flagged pavement with a fountain in the middle, and before every set of chambers a little plot enclosed by a low palisade. Some are masses of roses, others are carpet-beds. Each evinces the indi-

viduality of its owner. The *tekkeh* is an example of Mussulman art at its best. Neither Cairo nor Damascus can rival its delicate canopy work. Stamboul has nothing to show equal to its rich and intricate arabesques. But its crowning feature is that which gives the place its popular name of the Blue Mosque, the incomparable blue of the tiles that roof the cupola which rises above the tomb of the founder. That flash of glorious colour compels the gaze and dwells in the memory. It dominates Konia, not by its size, for it is modest in that respect, but by its unique beauty. It is the first thing we see when we approach the city, and it is the last we look upon when we leave it. The interior of the mosque tomb is unique in my experience of Mohammedan fanes. The French term *baroque* could not be justly applied to it, but it cannot be assigned to any definite style. There are marble fragments, vestiges of the time when Konia was Iconium. There are reminiscences of Persia and of India. There is a barbaric profusion of costly ornament, silver doors, jewelled lamps, rare faience, and precious

fabrics. But what impressed me most, amidst the sheen of gold and glow of colour, was the feeling, the atmosphere of a church. One looked in the dim mysterious splendour for the high altar, and found a strong likeness to it in the draped tomb flanked by huge candles. And here was the secret of the power of the dervishes. The elements of emotion, of poetry, of pathos which orthodox Islam denies, they supply.

CHAPTER VII

FAMILY EVENTS

EARLY marriage is the rule among the Turks. The patriarchal customs render a new home for the young couple unnecessary. There is a tendency, however, to increase the age. Formerly eighteen for the bridegroom and fifteen for the bride was usual. Marriage is held in high honour. Every Turkish girl has a husband in view. Naturally, if she is pretty, the chances are greater and her choice larger, but it may be said that "old maids" are unknown. A man who does not marry is looked at askance. The Prophet set the example by marrying ten widows and one maid. It is related of him that he said to a man who was unmarried that he was a brother of the devil.

The *koolavooz* is an important factor in matrimonial arrangements. It is her business to know all about the marriage-

able girls in a certain circle. If a mother has a son whom she thinks ought to marry, she inquires among her friends, but if without satisfactory result she has recourse to the *koolavooz*. Then she and her near relatives visit the harems where there is a possible bride. There is a special name for them when on this quest. They are called *geuridjis* ("viewers"). The work is dear to the hearts of the ladies who undertake it, and the announcement of a visit from *geuridjis* naturally puts the harem in a flutter. The *koolavooz* accompanies them, and they are received with all honours. The two mothers are ceremoniously polite, and the time is passed in exchanging compliments until the damsel appears. It is always the eldest daughter, if there are more than one, for the Turks, in common with the Greeks, are sticklers for marriage in order of seniority. Needless to say the young lady has made a careful *toilette*, and has left nothing undone in order to look her best. She kisses the hands of the visitors, offers them coffee, and waits until it has been consumed, being careful to preserve a modest and pleasing demeanour under the scrutiny of the *geuridjis*. Then

she vanishes, and the *geuridjis*, whatever may be their private opinion, congratulate her mother on the possession of such a treasure, and are equally laudatory in setting forth the good qualities of the suitor. These formal eulogiums are taken for what they are worth. It would be a breach of good manners to omit them. But if the young man's mother decides in her own mind that the match would be a suitable one, she mentions incidentally the amount of the *nekyah*, asks the girl's age, and the amount of her fortune, if she has any. This is an indication that the visit may have a result, and further particulars are discussed. But in any case custom demands that on departure mutual wishes should be expressed, that, if it is the will of Allah, the young people may come together. Then the *geuridjis* hie themselves perhaps to another harem. When all the visits have been paid the *geuridjis* compare notes and balance opinions. The mother, who is, of course, the principal *geuridji*, forms her judgment thereupon, and when she reaches home unfolds her tale to her husband and her son. If a final selection is made, preliminaries are arranged, not

by the families concerned, but by intermediaries. The young lady is afforded an opportunity of seeing her suitor, out of doors of course, perhaps in the course of a drive. He cannot see her unveiled, but care is usually taken that he shall have a notion of what she is like. This does not seem to be always the case, however. I have heard of a bridegroom, the son of a high official at Constantinople, who was considerably mortified to discover at his wedding that his bride was a brunette, his taste inclining to blonde.

The fiction that neither party is aware of the other's neighbourhood is scrupulously kept up at this private view, and neither must betray the slightest sign of consciousness of observing or being observed. If both are pleased with the result, the gifts of betrothal follow. The bride receives from her suitor some toilet article, a jewel casket perhaps, and she sends him a jewel, a cigarette-case, or other object of personal use or adornment. Then his mother visits the future bride, taking with her a piece of silk and a box of sweets. The silk, which must be red, is spread on the floor. The

212 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

girl stands upon it, bows, and kisses the hand of her future mother-in-law, who is seated on the divan. The latter then hands her a sweetmeat, usually a sugared almond, which she bites in two. One half she keeps, the other is taken to her future husband. This is an earnest of their plighted troth. Then the bridegroom's family send a sum of money to the bride's parents. This is called the *aghirlik*, and is understood to be a contribution towards the expenses of the wedding. A week later comes the legal marriage. The suitor and his father proceed to the bride's home, accompanied by an *imam*. The *nekyah*, which has been previously agreed upon, is stated and attested in documentary form. This is done in the *selamlık*, and the bridegroom stands up and proclaims his desire to marry the daughter of —, mentioning the name of the bride's father. This he does three times. Then the *imam*, accompanied by the bride's father, goes to the door communicating with the *haremlık*, behind which the bride is waiting. He asks three times if she is willing to marry —, pronouncing the bridegroom's name, stating the amount of the

nekyah. If the answer from behind the door is "Yes" each time to his thrice-repeated question, the *imam* returns to the selamlık, where the marriage contract is duly signed, sealed, and witnessed—there must be at least two witnesses—and the couple are man and wife. This is the legal bond, but it may still be some time before the two are allowed to see each other. That only comes after the transfer of the bride from her father's roof to that of her husband. This is made the occasion of great ceremony, in which both families with their friends, and, to a certain extent, the public, take part. It is the wedding, the social function, apart from the legal marriage, in which the bride and bridegroom, and the bride's father, or nearest male relative if she has no father, alone participate, together with the *imam*.

The *dughun* or wedding festival is attended with more or less splendour, according to the means of the parties, but it is the peculiar pride of both the mothers, and the preparations take long, so that a considerable interval may elapse between the marriage and the wedding. A week before the date fixed, the wedding dress, with various

214 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

accessories of the bridal array, are sent by the bridegroom to the bride's house. This is made the occasion of a ceremony. The rest of the trousseau is provided by the bride's parents, also the bedding and household linen, kitchen utensils, and the furniture for two rooms at least.

The *dughun* begins on a Monday. Relatives and friends assemble at the bride's house to escort the trousseau and plenishing to the new home. It is customary for the porters who carry it to receive, in addition to their fee, a *chevreh* or napkin. The *koolavooz* again appears on the scene. She is responsible for the safety of everything, and superintends the porters. It is a great day for her. The ladies follow—a wedding is their hearts' delight—and after the inevitable coffee and sweets they display the trousseau in the bridal chamber, which is adorned with gowns and every article of apparel. The wedding presents are arranged under glass shades, and over all is hung a canopy. So passes the first day of the *dughun*.

On the Tuesday takes place the ceremonial bathing of the bride, who has hitherto taken

no part in the festival. She is accompanied to the bath by her friends. In the *calidarium*, clad in her bath-robe, she is led three times round the central platform on which the ladies are seated, and kisses the hand of each. From this time until she dons her bridal attire the clothes she wears should be borrowed. I do not know if this is taken to be a sign of humility, or if it is supposed to act as a spell against envious Fate, but it is considered essential by those who hold to traditions.

On the Wednesday the lady relatives of the bridegroom visit the bride's parents. They are announced by the *koolavooz*, who is again to the fore. The bride's mother and her friends await them in the entrance hall, ranged on either side. The first opposite couple—one is the bride's mother herself and the other the next important person in the company—advance, each placing a hand under an arm of the bridegroom's mother, so she is assisted upstairs. The next couple advance and do the like to the next guest, and so on. The thing is done with the precision of drill, but the Turks are past masters in these ceremonial acts of politeness. As

a mark of respect the act is general, as, for example, in assisting any one into a carriage or a caïque. It is merely a gesture, and is an embarrassment rather than an aid, but it must not be omitted.

The guests are ushered into a separate apartment, for the two families must not mingle on this day. The bride only receives the guests. She comes into the room supported by two matrons, who must only have been once married, and kisses the hands of all the party, beginning with her mother-in-law. Meanwhile coffee and cigarettes have been served, and then come the inevitable sweets. The damsel, now a bride indeed, no longer stands before her mother-in-law, but takes place beside her on the divan. Then comes a curious little ceremony. The latter lady transfers from her own mouth to that of her daughter-in-law a morsel of sugar-stick. This is a token that none but sweet words shall pass between them. Music and dancing follow. For those who are not conversant with Oriental manners it may be well to state that the dancing is not done by the guests, but by hired dancing-girls. When the company

leave, the bride conducts them to the door. She alone is hostess on this occasion, in the home which will be hers no longer. As they depart the guests throw over her a shower of small coins. These are scrambled for by beggars and street urchins, who are quick to scent a wedding. But the day is not finished. The guests are bidden to return in the evening to the *khenā*. The children are a conspicuous feature at this. Holding each a taper, they are led through the garden by the bride, winding through the paths, a serpentine procession of twinkling lights, moving to the sound of the castanets and the wild rhythm of the song of the gipsy girls who are hired for the occasion. Returning to the house, the bride sits on a stool on a pile of cushions in the middle of the reception-room, holding her left arm across her brow whilst her mother-in-law covers the fingers of her right hand with henna paste, finishing by sticking on it a gold coin, an example which is followed by her friends. The hand is wrapped in silk and held across her face, while the left hand is treated in similar fashion by her mother and her friends. Then comes the turn of the toes,

218 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

after which the bride is allowed to rest until the henna has stained her fingers and toes to the approved tint of red-orange.

On the Thursday the bride quits the home of her childhood for one as yet untried. No guests come to the house. The last moments are with her family. Father, mother, sisters, and brothers, if there are any, gather round her. There are red eyes and wet cheeks when her father girds her with the maiden zone. It is a touching ceremony. She falls at his feet and kisses his hands. He raises and embraces her, and gives her his blessing. Outside there is noisy joy. The wedding procession is preceded by music. The ladies are in carriages and the men on horseback, and the whole of the street population of the quarter bring up the rear.

The bridegroom meets her at the door of the haremlik in her new home, leads her through the crowd of assembled ladies, and places her in the seat of honour in the nuptial chamber. He does not see her face the while. Only when he has rejoined the male guests in the *Selamlık* is her veil raised, and she is on view to the invited throng, and to a good many more who are not

invited, for at weddings there is more or less an open house for all the neighbours, and few are the women who can resist the temptation to look upon a new bride. The latter can only be sustained through the ordeal by the consciousness of her own importance. She has to sit like an image tricked out in the stiff finery of an idol. Her eyebrows are "enriched" by black pigment which joins them in twin arches. Her eyelids are adumbrated with *surmé*, to give softness and languor to the eyes. Her cheeks are adorned with specks of tinsel, but at a wedding of the class described the tinsel is replaced by diamonds stuck on with gum. In the case of the well-to-do, these are gifts of relatives. But among those who cannot afford to purchase them, diamonds are obtained on loan, and a certain class of jewellers derive an income by hiring out brilliants for this purpose.

The parish *imam*, who is always one of the men guests in the *selamlık*, at some preconcerted time in the evening, invokes a blessing on the newly married pair. This is a signal for the bridegroom to seek his bride. He hurries to the door of the *harem*-

lik. There is a reason for his haste, for it is a time-honoured custom for his friends not only to pelt him with old shoes, but to drub him soundly, and their whacks are not always light. He is met by the *koolavooz*, who leads him to the nuptial chamber, from which the lady guests have departed. The bride rises and kisses his hand. Then comes the most beautiful fragment of ceremony in the whole of the long wedding festivities. Her veil of crimson silk is spread on the floor. Her husband kneels upon it and offers a prayer, whilst she stands on its edge. It is worthy of remark that this and the invoking of the blessing by the *imam* in the *selamlık* are the only rites of a religious character which are introduced into the protracted formalities of a Turkish marriage. At the signing of the contract the *imam* acts only in his legal capacity. As stated in a previous chapter, the idea of a sacrament does not enter into the matrimonial relation. Bride and bridegroom then sit side by side on the divan, and it is the office of the *koolavooz* to show them their faces, side by side, in a mirror. She then brings them coffee and proceeds to prepare their

supper. This cannot be served until the bride has spoken to her husband. Hitherto she has not uttered a word, but once a word vouchsafed—and this has sometimes to be extracted by stratagem, for the bride is advised to be coy—the repast is called for.

The next day they receive presents from the bridegroom's family, and guests both in *haremlık* and *selamlık* are offered a banquet which is called *patcha*, from the name of the dish specially served to the newly married pair. *Patcha* is none other than the homely fare known to Londoners as sheep's trotters, a very popular viand in Turkey. This is not the end, for the *haremlık* is given up to festivity during the two following days, when the bride, arrayed and sitting in state, receives all the women friends, matrons and maids, of both families.

Thus, a Turkish wedding is a formidable affair and an expensive one. If the bride is a widow or a divorced woman, the festivities are of a much more restricted character, and in some cases are dispensed with. At the marriage of a slave, even though she is freed by the act, there is nothing but the legal formalities. As we have seen, many

222 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

men formerly preferred to marry slaves for this reason among others.

A word must be said as to modern practices with regard to weddings. The street procession is a thing of the past among the upper classes of Constantinople. It is still the custom among the poor and in the provinces among the well-to-do. The other customs are in the main adhered to. I am assured on very good Turkish authority that at the present day the bridegroom often does not see the face of his bride before marriage, and never before the betrothal. For all that there are love matches. Young people get glimpses of each other, and fall in love, when both with the help of lady relatives—for match-making appeals to the *hanum* of every nation—bring off an engagement and a marriage. But it is still the general rule for elders to arrange the future of the juniors, and it will be long before the latter take matters entirely into their own hands.

The *ebi-kadin*, or wise woman, is as great a personage at a birth as the *koolavooz* at a marriage—greater, in a way, because she takes command of the harem. When the “little stranger” arrives it is immediately

deprived of the use of its limbs. Cotton bandages are swathed tightly round them. Then comes a quilted gown, and then wrap over wrap, until the baby finishes by looking, in shape and size, something like a prize vegetable-marrow. Its head is covered by a cap of red silk with a tassel of seed pearls. There are amulets too—a turquoise, a sprig of red coral, or at least a blue bead, for the Peris¹ are active, and there is no telling what visitor may unconsciously cast an evil eye. Then the new-comer is laid on a quilt in the cradle—this had best be of walnut wood—and a crimson gauze veil is spread over all. Meanwhile the mother occupies a bed of state. If she is well-to-do, the sheets will be of the finest with embroidered edges, the pillows of silk, and piles of them, and the quilt of satin richly worked. She is coifed with a red silk kerchief, to which is attached a bunch of charms, and over her also is thrown a veil of crimson gauze. This helps to thwart the designs of the Peris. A broom, upright by the bed, with a head of garlic tied to it, is said to be efficacious, and is often resorted to by those who cannot

¹ Peris = fairies, the “good people” of our ancestors.

afford more expensive safeguards, like watchers. For neither mother nor child should be left alone until after the ceremonial bath, which is usually taken on the eighth day. The naming of the child is a simple matter. It takes place soon after the baby's first toilet is made. The father comes and congratulates the mother. He then takes the infant in his arms and carries it outside the room—only just outside the door, but this is essential. Then he whispers the name three times in its ear. That is all. The naming has no religious significance. It is the custom for the mother to drink spiced sherbet, or perhaps an infusion of the flowers of the lime-tree or maiden-hair fern; but she must not drink pure water. The room is turned into a sort of café meanwhile. For hour after hour her friends and neighbours troop in, offer their congratulations, drink coffee, eat jam, and gossip, regardless of the poor lady's nerves. But on the third day comes the *jemiet* or grand reception. This is a formal affair. Invitations are sent out by the *musdaji*, an important functionary on these occasions. The guests who are specially bidden in this way are

entertained at a set luncheon. But in the free-and-easy manner of Turkish hospitality, any one who strolls in is served with light refreshments, and comparatively unknown neighbours take advantage of this. A band is stationed at the entrance of the house and important guests are heralded by music. The visitors bring with them baskets of sweets and gifts of a more substantial kind. With the kindly feeling that distinguishes these social events, if the family is a poor one, the guests contribute coffee, cakes, and sweets, in order to lessen the burden of expense for the entertainers. This is taken as it is meant. There is no display of false delicacy, visitors are shown into the state bed-room which is adorned for the occasion. They congratulate the lady and wish long life and happiness to the child. A stranger unused to Turkish manners would note with astonishment that the cause of the visit remained unnoticed. It would be wrong, nevertheless, to put this down to lack of respect or want of proper feeling. On the contrary, it is an indication of concern for the welfare of the little one. A good-natured soul, intent on doing her best, may feign to spit at it, remarking at the same

time "Nasty little wretch," or something equally uncomplimentary. The fond mother will be properly grateful for these careful attentions, for she knows full well the peril of the evil-eye and the nemesis likely to follow upon open admiration of her offspring. But when the last guest has gone, the *ebi-kadin*, who knows her business and has a reputation to lose, will take a handful of cloves and throw them singly on the embers of the brazier, uttering with each the name of a guest. For she is aware that, in spite of good intentions and due precautions, the spell may have been cast unwittingly. If one of the cloves bursts with a crack, she has proof of it. What must she do? The first measure is to cut a snip of hair both of the mother and child, to burn it and fumigate them with the smoke. This is accompanied by mysterious blowings, spittings, and muttered charms. If the patient yawns during the operation it is a good omen. But it would not do to trust to this alone. In order to make sure, it is necessary to obtain a shred of some article of clothing belonging to the person who has cast the spell. It must be purloined, for, if the person knew, the charm would not work. Hence stratagem is

brought into play. The plan thought out, some one, usually an old woman, is sent to the dwelling of the unconsciously guilty party, and if she succeeds in her mission, the precious object is burnt and mother and child fumigated anew. Not until then is the mind of the *ebi-kadin* at ease.

The ceremonial bath, which should take place eight days after the birth, brings the formalities to a close. It is also made the occasion of hospitality. If there is a private bath attached to the house, the guests are asked to luncheon. If public baths are used, they are asked to accompany the lady to them. There is a procession from the house to the bath, headed by the *ebi-kadin*, proudly carrying the baby who is swathed in silk. The *hanums* follow, and the tail of the procession is composed of servants carrying bundles of towels. The mother enters, with ceremony, supported by the head bath-woman and a relative. The baths have been exclusively engaged beforehand for the party, and creature comforts of various kinds have been prepared, for the function takes up the greater part of the day. The baby is bathed first, and then the mother. But, pre-

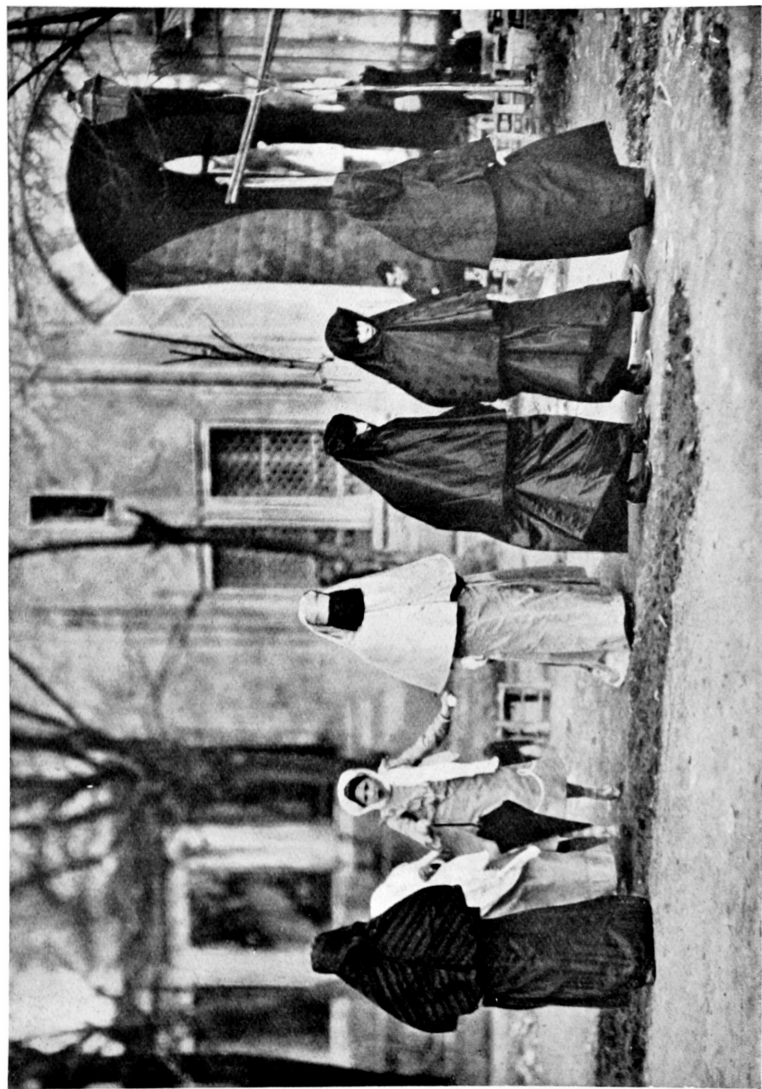
viously, the *ebi-kadin* takes care to throw in a bunch of keys and blow upon the water, lest there be a lurking Peri. The bath completed, the mother, enveloped in her silken bath robes, holds a reception in the cooling-room, kisses the hands of all the ladies present, and the time is passed in chatting, drinking coffee, and eating sweets.

The Koran, unlike the Bible, makes no mention of circumcision. Yet it is a religious rite to which Mohammedans attach the greatest importance. But there can be little doubt that it was enjoined by the Prophet and it has the authority of the Traditions. It is made the occasion of a festival which lasts several days. The poor usually defer the rite until some wealthy man in the district is about to have the rite administered to his son, when they ask that their own sons may participate in it. He grants the favour to as many as his means will allow of; for he must supply each boy with a complete outfit and make him a present also. In the case of the Sultan's sons there is no limit to the number, and an old English traveller speaks of a circumcision festival in which some three thousand

boys took part. It is a costly business for a man of rank. In modern practice the festival is limited to one day among the middle classes and the expense is reduced to a few pounds. Processions are rarer than they used to be, and one is more likely to see them in country towns than in the capital, but the *dughun* or feast is still kept up indoors by everybody. The rite takes place under ordinary circumstances when the boy has reached the age of nine or ten. It is always on a Friday. On the previous Monday the boys are taken to the baths, which they leave, escorted by female relatives, and make a round of calls inviting friends to the feast in the afternoon. At the bath the boys have their heads shaved for the first time. Among those who cling to old traditions, a tuft of hair is left on the crown of the head, plaited with gold or silver thread. The sons of the wealthy are richly clad, and even the poorest are arrayed in finery, usually borrowed for the occasion. Goodwill on all sides is a characteristic of the festival. On Monday and Tuesday there are entertainments in the *selamlık*, and on Wednesday and Thursday the *haremlık*

280 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

is given up to festivity. It is pre-eminently a children's feast, and the amusements provided are such as appeal to them—hired jugglers and the like. This description applies, of course, to a rich household. All the poor boys who are to participate in the rite are invited to these galas, and for once share in the plenty of their wealthier brethren. On the Thursday morning the boys make a state progress through the neighbourhood on horses caparisoned and led by grooms, and arrayed in their best. When they return to the house each is received by his father, and before he lifts the lad from his horse, the *hoja* intervenes and asks what gift he has for his son. It is named. It may be a house and land from the Pasha, or a trifle from the poor parent or next of kin. But it is the entertainer who provides the gift in most cases. The next morning the sacred rite is performed in the *selamlık*. And, now, the *musdaji* is a prominent figure. It is her function to go and announce to the mother of each boy its completion. The *musdaji* is usually a woman of mature age. Her duties are those of a special messenger. Like the *koolavooz* and the *ebi-kadin*, she is



GOING FOR A WALK. CONSTANTINOPLE.

a recognized official in the domestic system, though her status is lower, since she does not need to possess either the skill of the one or the tact of the other. All three have an important place in Turkish comedy. Meanwhile the boys, reposing on couches, are the objects of sympathetic attention from the ladies of the household and the numerous visitors, who load them with gifts, toys and sweets, striving to distract and enliven them by all the arts known to mothers. On the Saturday morning the little guests are removed to their own homes, generally with presents made with an eye to relieving their parents of expense for their wardrobe for some time to come. But in the great house the festival is prolonged for two more days, rounding up the week. Poor neighbours are more especially looked after in these final entertainments, for the duty of succouring the needy, ever present to the good Moslem, is more particularly enjoined on this occasion.

When a Turk is about to quit the world, it is important, if he is conscious, that forgiveness should be asked and granted for any injury he has done or received. This, if possible, is done on both sides. It is

232 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

called *helal*. Relatives gather round, reciting prayers, and it is the custom for the dying person to make his last bequests. After death comes the wailing and beating of breasts inseparable from all Oriental mourning. But there are no myrologies, as among the Greeks. The final ablution, ensuring ritual purity, is incumbent on Moslems as on Jews. The body is placed on the *rahat latak*—couch of repose—covered with a sheet and borne to the courtyard for this purpose, which is carried out by the parish *imam* and his subordinates, if it is that of a man. If it is that of a woman, the rite is performed in private by women “washers.” But it is always attended by great reverence. The body is very carefully handled and kept covered as much as possible. For it is believed that the soul still has some connection with the body for some time after death, and that it is conscious of pain. It is not loosed from the bonds of the flesh at least until after burial, nor even always then. The ablutions completed, the body is clad in a sleeveless gown, in the folds of which spices are placed, whilst over it is sprinkled rose-water. Then the shroud is

wound about it, and it is lifted into the temporary coffin and carried to the house. The burial takes place on the day of death, or, at latest, the day after. At the hour agreed upon, the *imam* enters the death-chamber. "O congregation, what has this man's (or woman's) life been?" "Good," is the reply. "Therefore, give *helal* to him (or her)." The coffin is draped with shawls. It has an upright peg or knob at the end, on which is placed a fez or turban, or, if it is a woman, her coif or kerchief. It is then borne to the mosque, where the first part of the burial service is read, and from there to the cemetery. The bearers are relieved by others at short intervals, for as many share the burden as possible. It is considered a meritorious act, and spiritual benefit is derived from it. At the graveside the body is removed from the coffin and laid in the grave. Earth to earth burial is the invariable rule. Prayers are recited and passages from the Koran read by the *imam*, and the mourners and followers depart. But the white turbaned *imam* remains alone by the grave to pray. For the questioners are now with the dead—the angels Munkir and

284 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

Nakir. To their questions he will reply, if his life has been good, and they will grant him repose. If the reverse, he will be unable to answer, and will be punished. Such are the simple funeral rites of the Turks. There is no hearse, there are no wailing chants, no flowers and plumes, no black garb, for the Turks wear no external signs of mourning, and no hirelings. That worst of mockeries they are spared, for all is done by relatives and friends. The chief characteristic of a Turkish funeral is its reverent silence. In this it differs from those of other Moslems. The Arabs, as they carry the dead to the cemetery at a rapid pace, chant the Confession of Faith, and there is the keening of their women. Turkish women do not, as a rule, accompany the funeral procession, but on the other hand they are sedulous in their visits to the graves of their near ones, usually choosing a Friday. For though they wear no mourning, nor have any period of seclusion after a death, and though their attitude is generally one of calm resignation, the Turks are not forgetful of their dead. The life beyond the grave is very real to them. It is for this reason chiefly

that they deprecate excessive grief for lost children, for they hold that these latter are conscious of it, and that it hinders and is hurtful to them in the other life, drawing them down to this. Prayers and almsgiving are esteemed to be good for the departed. This receives formal expression in the distribution of *lookoom* (dough-nuts) to the poor three days after a funeral. This is repeated on the seventh and the fortieth day and is accompanied on the last by a dole of loaves. It is also the custom on the death of a rich man or woman to distribute alms and gifts from among their personal effects. Prayers for the dead are a religious duty. It is an act of filial piety, and therefore obligatory, to pray constantly for deceased parents, and it is customary to conclude a *namaz* with a prayer for the forgiveness of the sins of the worshipper and for those of his "two parents." Allusion has been made in a previous chapter to the Friday collect recited in the mosques, asking for divine mercy on the souls of all believing women, living and dead. In it are especially mentioned the names of Fatimah, the daughter of the Prophet, and of Kadija and Ay'esha

his wives. We have already seen how the passer-by is asked to say a *fatihah* for the soul of the dead by the inscription on tombstones. This is the form of prayer usually taken by those who pray by the graves of their relatives. The tombstones are all upright ; some are cylindrical, most are flat, and all taper towards the base. Men's tombs are surmounted by a turban, the more recent ones by a fez, women's by a floral design. They lean at all angles from the perpendicular, but the graves are orientated towards Mecca. The cemeteries are in reality thick woods of cypress trees which make a twilight even at noon. They are too neglected for English taste, the very reverse of our trim gardens of the dead with their parterres, clipped hedges, and shaven lawns. Magnify the churchyard of Painswick in the Cotswolds and quintuple the height of its ninety-nine yews, and you may get a notion of a Turkish cemetery, though not of its forlorn melancholy. But that, after all, is in keeping with the place. The gloom, broken only when the sun is low, by a shaft of glowing light athwart the spectral boles, the pervading sombreness relieved here and there by

the white veil of a woman praying by a grave, have a charm which is inexpressible, and one can understand that Byron said of Turkish cemeteries, they were the loveliest spots on earth.

CHAPTER VIII

THE SERAI

IN speaking of the harem, allusion has been made to the serai. The word is more familiar to us under its Italianized form, *seraglio*, owing to our having derived it from the colonies of Italian merchants, who were the first Europeans to settle in Turkey. In the same way our forefathers habitually spoke of the Sultan as the Grand Seignior. Serai may be taken to mean a palace, or a dwelling of considerable dimensions capable of accommodating large numbers. It is best known to Europeans in the compound word *caravan-serai*.

The Ottoman sovereign, whom we designate by the title of Sultan, is not known to his subjects by that name. To them he is invariably the *Padishah*, a Persian term meaning the Father of Monarchs. His primary title, however, that which is always attached to his cognomen, is *Khan*. The present Sultan is Mohammed Reshad Khan.

This is ancestral. It belongs to the Tartar-Turki race from which the Osmanlis come. It was used by leaders of the hordes, like Jenghiz and Hoolagoo, and the founders of dynasties like Khublai Khan. The Sultan has another title derived from those times, and significant of their character. It is that of Hunkiar (Man-slayer). But in addition to these Turkish and Persian titles, which denote temporal authority, he bears a third, Khalif, or, to give the Arabic in full, Khalifatu-'r-rasûli-'llah, which may be rendered Representative of the Apostle of God. By this he claims to be the successor of the Prophet Mohammed and the spiritual head of Islam. Hence his honorific epithets, such as Alem Penah, Refuge of the World, Imâm el Muslímín, Pontiff of the Mussulmans, and Zil-u-'llah, Shadow of God.¹

The Sultan alone among Mussulmans has the right to see women unveiled, and every woman must unveil in his presence. His daughters have also the right to speak to any

¹ The validity of the Sultan's claim to the Khalifate is a question outside our province. It is disputed by the Persians, but it is generally accepted throughout Sunni Islam, with the exception, perhaps, of Morocco. The claim dates from 1517, when the titular Abbaside Khalif, Muttawakkil Ibn-Amri 'l-Hakim, who resided at Cairo, ceded the office and its rights to Selim I, the conqueror of Egypt.

man they may admit to their presence. This will serve to show how fundamentally the serai differs from the social usages of the nation.

The succession to the throne falls to the eldest male of the Imperial Family, and not to the eldest son of the sovereign. It is not lineal, but collateral. Thus the heir of the present Sultan is Yussuf Izeddin Effendi, his cousin.¹ This law is referred to here because it has an important bearing on one of the historical aspects of the serai, and a very dark one. In order to eliminate rivalry and diminish the chances of conspiracies, it became a practice to put to death all male members of the Imperial Family except the sons of the reigning Sultan. In this respect the annals of the Ottoman dynasty are "all gules from head to foot." From the fourteenth to the nineteenth century they are stained by fratricide. It was abolished by

¹ Yussuf Izeddin Effendi is the eldest son of the late Sultan Abdul Aziz, who, it is said, consented to the alteration of the law of succession in Egypt in order to create a precedent for his own son whom he wished to succeed him on the Ottoman throne. That he failed in this is a matter of history, but Yussuf Izeddin Effendi, whose chances were then remote, has been placed by the turn of events next in succession. The rightful heir to the Khedivate, according to Mohammedan law, was Prince Halim, the youngest son of Mehemet Ali. But for this arbitrary act Prince Halim would have been Khedive after Ismail, and under his rule the recent history of Egypt would probably have been other than it is.

Sultan Mahmoud II to the enduring honour of that great sovereign. The crime was deeply rooted in the traditions of the House of Osman. It had acquired the sanction of custom, nay, it had even been invested with the authority of law. Mohammed II, who reigned from 1451 to 1481, issued a decree as follows: "The majority of my jurists have pronounced that those of my illustrious descendants who ascend the throne may put their brothers to death, in order to secure the repose of the world. It will be their duty to act accordingly." This utterance is the greatest blot on the singularly contradictory character of one of the ablest monarchs who ever sat on the Ottoman throne. The practice did not obtain among the earliest Sultans, but we hear of it so far back as 1389, at the battle of Kossova, when Sultan Bayazid put to death his brother Yacoub, who had by his gallant behaviour contributed to the victory of which his murderer reaped the fruits, a fact that makes the deed, if possible, the blacker. Selim I, in 1512, had five of his nephews strangled at Broussa. Their tombs in the garden of the mosque of Murad II recall the atrocious circumstances of the

tragedy. The younger victims—Mehemet was only seven—fell on their knees and entreated the executioners to spare them. Not so Osman the eldest, aged twenty. He fought hard for his life, killed one of the assassins, and broke the arm of another, when Selim, who was in an adjoining room, ordered his attendants to help until the crime was accomplished. The first act of Murad III, who came to the throne in 1574, was to order the execution of his five brothers. Mohammed III in 1595—he was only twenty-three—had nineteen of his brothers executed, and seven ladies of his father's harem, about to become mothers, were sewn up in sacks and thrown into the sea. It would serve no purpose, and it would be a repugnant task, to go through the whole catalogue of fratricide. It is a ghastly page in history, and, as we have seen, it was closed by Mahmoud II, who himself narrowly escaped the fate of so many princes of his house. Mustafa IV occupied the throne. His predecessor, Selim III, had been deposed through a revolt of the Janissaries, but there was a popular movement in favour of his restoration. Mustafa IV ordered him to be strangled together

with his own brother, Mahmoud. Selim was slain, but Mahmoud was hidden in the furnace of the bath by a devoted slave. The mutes were approaching his hiding-place when the Albanians rushed into the palace and dragged the Sultan away to his doom. This happened on the 28th July, 1808, and on that day Mahmoud became Sultan Mahmoud II. The slave who saved him from the soaped cord merits the gratitude of posterity, for Mahmoud, amid difficulties innumerable, enemies abroad, and hostility at home, never swerved from his heroic purpose of bringing his country into line with civilized nations. His reign marks a turning point in Ottoman history. But it should not be forgotten that he was inspired by Selim III, who fell a victim to his zeal for reforms. That kind-hearted Prince befriended and instructed Mahmoud—for not all Sultans have been miscreants—and the boy, when he grew to be a man, carried out the ideas that his cousin had conceived. That same July day in 1808 marks the date of the last murder of a relative by an Ottoman Sultan. It brought death to Selim the reformer, but with the disappearance of Mus-

244 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

tafa IV the old type of Sultan passed away. Abdul Hamid II, with all his absolutism, never compassed the death of a possible successor. He took care, however, that they should not have access to the outside world. This brings us to another peculiarity in the system of the serai—the seclusion of the princes. Until the accession of Mohammed III in 1595, they had enjoyed liberty and were employed in the service of the State. Henceforth they were confined to a part of the palace called the *kafess* or cage, so that every future Sultan was a prisoner during the life of his predecessor, and always in imminent peril of death. When the recluse left his retirement it was either for the throne or for execution. Suleiman II, whose reign began in 1687, had suffered forty-five years of durance, and Abdul Hamid I forty-three, previous to his accession in 1773. The custom was relaxed by Mahmoud II, whose sons were allowed comparative freedom, as were those of his successor, Abdul Mejid. Abdul Hamid II, whose mania for keeping everything under his thumb led him to take under his personal supervision every department of State, maintained his relatives

in watchful custody, and the obscurity and silence which environed the lives of the members of the Imperial Family, including that of the present Sultan, is a matter of common knowledge. But notwithstanding the abolition of strict confinement by Mahmoud II, princes were not allowed to take any share in the government, nor to hold active commands in the services. It was understood that they should lead more or less retired lives, and the only title they hold still is that of Effendi, which at present has as little meaning as that of Esquire, and is used by every petty employee. The children of a Sultan's daughter are also debarred from high office, and imperial descent in the female line confers no status or privilege, and is soon lost sight of. The Throne admits of no rival. The creation of a powerful hereditary aristocracy would mean a possibility of rivalry. The policy of the serai, in this respect, really voices the national sentiment, which is strongly opposed to privilege as a birthright. It shows great deference to authority in the form of office, but office is open to all, and is frequently held by men of lowly origin, who in this respect possess an

246 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

advantage denied to members of the Sultan's family. The Turkish conception of the social edifice is the Sultan and the people. It admits of nothing between. A Minister of State has no status when he ceases to hold office. He slips back into the rank and file.

Whatever may be said for or against the policy outlined above, there can be no difference of opinion as to the unwisdom of condemning the future ruler of a state to ignorance of the world he will be one day called to govern. The empire's decline did not exactly coincide with the institution of the custom in 1595, but from that date it was rapidly accelerated, and it would have been surprising had it been otherwise.

The principal personages in the serai are four. Pre-eminent among them is the Kizlar-Aghasi, a title which literally means the Commander of the Girls. He is the chief of the black eunuchs. This sable personage is addressed as Your Highness; he has the rank of Mushir, equivalent to that of Field Marshal; his status is equal to that of the Grand Vizier, and he has the control of the harem. Formerly the Kapou Aghasi, the first officer of the Imperial chamber, had

precedence of the Kizlar Aghasi, but he now ranks after him. He is chief of the white eunuchs, and his office is a survival of the *præpositus sacri cubiculi* of the Greek emperors of Constantinople. I cannot ascertain if it exists under the new regime. I well remember the white eunuchs, pensioners in the Old Palace at Seraglio Point. They were familiar figures in the streets of Constantinople during the reign of Sultan Abdul Aziz. Whether they exist as an appanage of the court I cannot say; but certainly I saw one on a Bosphorus steamer a few weeks ago. Another functionary of the first importance is the Kazineh-humayoon-vekeeli—the Keeper of the Sultan's Privy Purse. He is also a black eunuch. Next in order comes the Hekim-Bashi, the chief physician. He has under him twelve physicians in ordinary, some of whom are Europeans practising in Pera. Two are always in attendance. They are relieved every twenty-four hours. The chief physician is always a man eminent in his profession, and he is recognized as its *doyen* throughout the empire. Although he ranks after the chief eunuchs in the official hier-

archy of the serai, he is in reality of greater importance in the present day, owing to his political influence, a consequence of his access to the palace and his relations with those outside, especially with Europeans, through his European professional brethren. The *personnel* of the serai under Abdul Aziz amounted to about three thousand, and hecatombs were sacrificed daily in the kitchens to feed this multitude. The personal household of Abdul Hamid II was restricted, but the establishment at Yildiz, if the numerous guards, spies, and soldiery are included, far exceeded that of Abdul Aziz.

It has been previously stated that Sultans do not contract legal marriages. Their wives are slaves, and one of the forms in which the sovereign used to be addressed was "son of a slave." The inmates of the harem come by purchase, free-will, or gift. It has been the custom until recently—I am told it is now in abeyance—to present the Sultan, or rather the serai, with a female slave every year on the festival of Kandil-Gejessi. The majority of the slaves are *odaliks*, which means literally chamber-maids. The word in common use in England is odalisque, a

French corruption of *odalik*. They are the servants of the higher inmates of the harem, and their duty is to look after the *odas* or rooms. A slave who has attracted the notice of the Sultan assumes the rank of a *geuzdi*—"one seen." She may or may not become an *ikbal* or favourite. If she does she is granted a *daira*, that is, a separate suite of apartments, slaves, and eunuchs, and an allowance for the maintenance of her establishment. If she bears a child she is advanced to the rank of Hanum Effendi. The Kadin Effendis are four in number, though the number has sometimes been exceeded. The Bash-Kadin is the mother of the eldest son of the Sultan, who, of course, stands a chance of being one day Sultan himself. A Kadin who bears a male child is advanced to the position of a princess, but the children of all, slaves or free, are legitimate and equal. The object of the slave origin of the Sultan's wives is to guard against family influence. We have seen how the early Sultans married Christian princesses. Later legislation restricted them to slaves, assuming that this would render feminine ascendancy nugatory. Of course, it did nothing of the kind.

250 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

History furnishes several notable instances of the political influence of the wives of Sultans. Safiyeh, the wife of Murad III, practically ruled the country for twenty years. A Venetian lady of the noble house of Baffo, she had been taken captive when a child by a Turkish corsair. She dissuaded the Sultan from attacking Venice notwithstanding the reiterated provocation offered by the republic, and it was her hand that had the greatest share in the manipulation of the Turkish forces. Vasilikè, an Athenian, the favourite wife of Ahmed I, used her influence over the Sultan to ameliorate the condition of her native city.¹ These are examples of power used for good. That of Roxelana was for evil. Roxelana is a corruption of La Rossa, the term used by Venetian ambassadors in their dispatches. Her name was Khurrem and she was of Russian origin. From a slave she rose to be the favourite wife of Suleiman the Magnificent, and maintained a bad ascendancy over that powerful ruler. Suleiman's son by a former wife, Mustafa, was accomplished in arms and arts alike—a Crichton of the golden age of

¹ See the author's *Home Life in Hellas*, p. 309.

Turkey. Khurrem, by poisoning the Sultan's mind against him, wrought his death. His father was made to believe that Mustafa was plotting against him. He went to the army commanded by his son, then at Eregli, north of the Taurus, in Asia Minor. Mustafa was summoned to his father's tent, and went, nothing doubting, to be seized by the mute stranglers. Khurrem gained her object, and the great Suleiman was succeeded by her son, a man degraded and crime-stained, known to posterity as Selim the Sot. This was not the only death brought about by Khurrem. She kept the bad eminence she had attained until her death, and the dragoman shows the tourist the tomb of "Roxelana" to-day in the garden of the Mosque of Suleiman.

The Imperial harem is a female court with rigid laws of etiquette and strict rules of precedence. It has the position of a State institution, and has an organized constitution in which each individual has an assigned place. The *odaliks* occupy the lowest; above them are the *geusdis*, and above them again come the *ikbals*. Then, in ascending rank, are the unmarried daughters of the Sultan. Then the Kadins in their order, fourth, third,

252 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

second, culminating in the Bash-Kadin. Then comes the supreme personage, the greatest lady in the land. This is the Valideh Sultan, the mother of the reigning sovereign. All members of the household, from the Kadins to the lowest menials, must take an oath of obedience to her. An audience must be solicited and granted before appearing in her presence. She is addressed with bent head as "Our Lady," all must stand whilst she speaks and all must be in full dress. Not even the Bash-Kadin is exempt from the rule. She, like the rest, must stand with downcast eyes and folded hands. Nobody in the serai, no matter what their rank, can quit their apartments without obtaining the leave of the Valideh Sultan. All petitions to the Sultan must be made through her. She communicates with the world outside by means of the Kizlar Aghasi. If the Grand Vizier has a letter from her, he comes to the door of his room to receive it, raises it reverently to his forehead and kisses it, before he breaks the seal. The officials of the Valideh's court are twelve, the chief of whom is the Khasnadar Usta, the Lady of the Treasury. Then



YENI VALIDEH MOSQUE, BUILT 1665.

come the Lady Secretary and the Keeper of the Seals. The Valideh is much courted on account of her influence. Not seldom she has moulded the will of the sovereign and wielded his power. The traveller who arrives in the Golden Horn is attracted by the delicate beauty of the fretted triple galleries of two minarets at the Stamboul end of the bridge. They belong to the Yeni Jami, the New Mosque, finished by Tarkhan Valideh in 1665. To her the great Grand Vizier Keupruli owed his long maintenance in power. It was she who saved the two brothers of Mohammed IV whom that Sultan wished to murder. It was another Valideh Sultan, Mahkeiper, who saved Ibrahim, the brother whose death Murad IV had commanded on his death-bed. She did it by a ruse, and had she failed there would have been an end to the direct line of the House of Osman. Ibrahim was the only surviving male member of the family. Mahkeiper was the mother of Murad IV, who was twelve years old when he came to the throne; she ruled with wisdom during his minority, in a time of great difficulty and danger. Safiyeh, the Venetian, was as powerful as a Valideh Sultan as she

had been as a wife. Her word was heard in court and council, but when she opposed the Sultan's leading of the troops on the Danube, the Grand Vizier and the Sheikh ul Islam combined proved too strong for her, and in her anger she demanded a massacre of all the Christians in Constantinople, and she did actually obtain the banishment of all the unmarried Greeks. Should the Valideh die before her son, the Khasnadar Usta succeeds to her position during the sovereign's life. The Khasnadar Usta has also authority in matters with which the Valideh does not choose to meddle personally. She is usually a lady of mature years, and has attained her position by ability and faithful service. The inmates of the harem usually enter it as children. They are placed under the care of *kalfas* and are themselves *alaiks*. The *kalfa* is a head slave who obtains her rank by seniority. They have neither attracted the notice of the Sultan nor been given in marriage to a subject, and their whole interest lies in the serai. These are the guardians and upholders of its traditions. They are devoted to their respective mistresses, the *ustas* of the harem.

They train the *alaiks* to various household duties, and the latter regard them as mothers. If an *alaik* marries in the world, her husband may reckon on the palace influence of his wife's old *kalfa*. But an *alaik* of good appearance and intelligent is probably turned over to the *ustas*, who teach her dancing, singing, and music, and the elaborate manners of the serai. Some are taught to read and write with elegance, and are ready to fill the post of Lady Secretary or Lady Chaplain, Hoja Usta, whose duty it is to teach religion to the young *alaiks*. But whatever her functions, this class of *alaik* may aspire to be one day a Kadin. The serai is full of cliques. Each male child born in the serai, owing to the law of succession, may be a possible Sultan, and his mother may thus attain the supreme position of Valideh ; and all aspire to it. She and all her *daira* form a sect whose hopes are fixed upon the potential heir apparent.

Though the Sultan is not legally married to his wives, the union is regarded as indissoluble. His widows cannot marry again.

A word must be said about the position of his daughters. They rank immediately

after the Kadins or wives. Their title is that of Sultan. It is only in this case and in that of the Valideh Sultan that the word is used by the Turks. It is always placed after the name thus—Adileh Sultan or Fatimah Sultan. The word Sultana so generally employed by Europeans does not exist in Turkey. When they reach the age of sixteen they are granted a dowry, and as a rule they do not remain long in the serai after this. They are married to some Turk of rank, and take up their abode in one of the many mansions belonging to the Imperial Family. The marriage confers no rank and no privileges on the husband. But his wife, of course, retains her rank, and takes precedence of him. How the lady uses her power depends upon her character. The lot of her husband is not always an enviable one. But whether the union is a happy one or not, the husband is always obscured by the shadow of his wife's exalted position. Their children, as we have said, take no rank and can hold no high office in the State. Their connection with the Imperial House is a shadowy one, and usually disappears with the second generation.

A peculiar relationship is that of milk-

brotherhood. An imperial prince has a wet-nurse, and her own children stand to him in the relation of *soot-kardash*, milk-brother. The tie is a close one, and is as religiously guarded as that of blood. The children associate as equals, and the relationship lasts through life. Milk-children have frequently exercised great influence at court. Nahia Hanum, the milk-sister of Sultan Abdul Mejid, was dearer to that monarch than his actual relatives. He sought her advice constantly, and placed implicit confidence in her.

These are the main features of the serai, which is a little *imperium in imperio*, a kingdom apart, with its peculiar laws, rules, and manners. Even its language is its own. It has certain mannerisms and turns of expression by which one *seraili* can always recognize another in the outside world. For the *ustas* and *kalfas* it is a career, and they are the guardians of its traditions. They never quit it, although an *alaik* may do so if she marries. If a married *alaik* dies and leaves no heirs, her property goes to her old *kalfa* in the serai, although she herself belongs to the world outside. The Sultan is the legal heir of all who die in the serai.

258 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

The outdoor life of the seraili is as that of other Turkish ladies. They may be seen shopping in Pera, always attended by black eunuchs. They make excursions, attend services at Dervish Tekkehs, and visit the shrines of holy sheikhs.

When a Sultan dies the harem leaves the serai for some old palace assigned to it, usually on the shores of the Bosphorus or in one of the outlying suburbs. If the Valideh is living, she takes a large retinue with her. If not, the Kadins may each take her own dependents to a separate establishment. The *alaiks* may marry and become merged in the world, or they may grow old, become *kalfas*, and die in the service of their mistress. And so the harem disintegrates, but there is always a new one in the serai. Its place is in the sunshine ; the old has passed into the shade.

Such is the life of the serai, which reflects in some things the spirit of the nation, as in the exalted position it accords to the mother and the prejudice against inherited privilege ; but in most things it differs essentially from the life of the people, as will be evident if it is compared with the ordinary harem. It is a blending of the court of an

Oriental potentate with that of the emperors of Constantinople, some of whose usages and ceremonial it perpetuates. It partakes in a measure of the Sultan's triple attributes as an Asiatic chieftain, the head of a theocracy, and the successor of the Cæsars. The revolution of 1908 turned the absolute rule of the Sultanate into a constitutional monarchy. As a matter of fact, the absolutism has always been theoretical. Sultans who tried to make it real did not generally keep it so for long. It was tempered by tradition, custom, and, above all, by the interpretation of the Koran. The Ulema had ever to be reckoned with. But the Constitution of 1908 has destroyed even the theory. It has not, however, interfered, so far as the author knows, with the serai. But the character of the present Sultan, who, together with his subjects, enjoys a freedom unknown to his predecessors, has modified it. His Majesty's establishment is far more modest than those of the past, and he personally leads much the same life as that of any other Turkish gentleman.

Concession to old prejudices allows the retention of the traditional offices and much of the outward state, but the serai has been

shorn of its ancient pomp and splendour. The Kizlar Aghasi wears a black frock-coat in lieu of the silks and furs of old. There are no court dwarfs. They have gone with many a picturesque adjunct, but so have the mutes and the bowstring. They disappeared a century ago under the wide sweeping broom of Mahmoud II. One great change, however, has been reserved for the present reign. It is the altered position of the members of the Imperial Family, and especially of the heir apparent. He is no longer a prisoner of State, nor does he lead an obscure life, but takes part in public functions and enjoys every opportunity of becoming familiar with his country and nation. The spectacle of an heir apparent to the Ottoman throne travelling to a foreign country to represent his sovereign at a coronation is a thing hitherto undreamt of in Turkish minds. The heir to the throne is no longer regarded as an enemy by its occupant. This is deeply significant, and whether it is due to the disposition and desire of Sultan Mohammed V, or to the framers of the Constitution, or to both, it marks a new departure in Turkish history and Turkish ideas.

CHAPTER IX

DRESS

IT was at San Stefano, before that pleasant village on the Propontis became historic through the Treaty. The niece of a Persian ambassador at the court of Queen Victoria was narrating her experiences of London. They included a garden-party at Lambeth Palace. "When I found myself among the other guests I was astounded and exclaimed, 'Why, they are nearly all Turks.'" "The first time I visited the Sublime Porte," I replied, "I was similarly puzzled. I could not rid myself of the impression that I was among English clergymen." In fact, the official Turk in outward appearance, but for the fez, is an English clergyman, and the latter, given a fez, would be the counterpart of the Turk. The clerical coat, in cut and colour, in the shape of the collar and the arrangement of the buttons, precisely resembles the *stambouline*, so named from

Stamboul, the seat of government, where officials abound. This discreet and sombre garb is worn by all, from the Pasha to the humblest clerk. It is not, perhaps, so general as formerly, when it was the dress of every town Turk pretending to gentility, but it is still rigorously the wear of the official class, and almost every Constantinopolitan Turk who is not an officer is an official. There is a tendency in these days to escape from it out of office hours, and the younger men affect lounge-suits of tweeds or some light material, invariably of English make among the wealthier class. The bowler or deer-stalker has not followed the tweeds, however. The fez is still universal among civilians, although in the army it has been replaced largely by the *kalpak*. The prejudice against the hat rests on a religious basis. If the *namaz* is rightly performed, the forehead must touch the ground. The brim of a hat or the peak of a cap would prevent this, and to remove the head-covering would be an act of extreme disrespect in a house, let alone in a mosque, where it would be blasphemous. Sultan Mahmoud II when he changed the uniform of the soldiers wished to introduce

the shako, but on this account his new army would have none of it. The fez is still universal among civilians and is worn both by officers and men of the navy. The *kalpak* of the military officers, in grey or black astrakhan, has neither peak nor brim, so no objection can be taken to it. It is not general in the army, where the inverted flower-pot called the fez is now made up in khaki to match the new uniforms. There is less excuse for this ugly and useless form of head-gear than there was before the new regime, since the Ottoman army now contains a large proportion of Christians, to whom the foregoing objection does not apply. It affords no protection against sun or bad weather, so that nothing could be more unsuited to soldiers. The military authorities appear to have realized this, for they have issued a sort of head-shawl which is twisted round the fez, its ends resembling a pair of rabbits' ears. This is an ungainly affair compared with the turban. But the turban as worn by the Turkish peasant consists of a mere handkerchief bound round the head in a fashion more or less slovenly. The intricate folds and artistic knottings of the

turbans of old, as seen in the museum of ancient costumes at Stamboul, and as carved on the old headstones in every cemetery, find a counterpart in Northern India and Central Asia. In Constantinople one meets them only on the heads of travellers from Bokhara and Samarcand. The Yuruks and Kurds wear voluminous turbans, but they have not the elegance either of India or of the Turkey of bygone times. The *ulema* and the *softas* all wear white turbans. They are merely lengths of muslin wound round the fez without any attempt at artistry, but they are a pleasant break in the monotony of the streets, which have been compared to beds of poppies. The individuals composing the throng might be likened to peripatetic claret bottles with red capsules, a less poetic figure, but closer to the reality. The dervishes are a striking feature: the *mevlevi* in their tall, sugar-loaf, brimless hats of brown felt, and long-sleeved cloaks of bright hue, olive, saffron, crimson, blue; or the *bektashi*, with ample turban round the white kalpak and loose flowing mantle. Occasionally one meets with the savage garb of the *fakir*, which has been described in a

previous chapter. The men from the cities of Central Asia, Bokhara, Samarcand, Kashgar are always to be met with in the streets of Constantinople, but are most numerous in the season of the *Hajj*, when they pass through on their way to Mecca. They are conspicuous in their *jubbehs* or long, wadded, loose coats reaching below the knees, which are always made of printed cotton stuffs in variegated colours, and their carefully adjusted turbans wound round conical caps finely embroidered. They wear wide *shalvars* and high boots, and their waist shawls are of cashmere. The vest is of striped silk or cotton, and the watch is attached to long silver chains worn round the neck. The Turkomans and the Circassians in their huge sheepskin head-dress and their long grey tunics tight at the waist with skirts falling to the knee were once familiar figures in the motley crowd which streams across the bridge between Galata and Stamboul. They are now seldom seen. When Russia absorbed the Khanates they flocked to Constantinople, but now they are settled in various parts of the interior. The Albanians are among the most picturesque of the inhabitants of the

266 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

capital, and they are numerous. They have almost a monopoly in the selling of lemonade and milk products, and their white breeches, baggy at the hips and tight at the ankles, curiously embroidered with black braid, is the most distinctive feature of their dress. They do not always wear the jacket, but invariably the white skull-cap, and those who sell lemonade have gay-hued and voluminous towels swathed around the waist. The costume of the townsfolk of Constantinople is fast degenerating. The *shalvar* or baggy breech is worn, together with a nondescript European coat, or it is abandoned for trousers, which are cut wide. The Oriental note in this costume is the absence of a collar and the presence of a sash round the waist. The cotton print shirts affected by the Turks are always pronounced in colour, however dingy the rest of the garments. But the constant presence in the capital of people from the interior preserves some of the old picturesque aspect. The *hamals*, the famous porters of Constantinople, preserve their primitive dress, the chief feature in which is the brown, homespun, hooded jacket, embroidered in red and black, in designs which have been

handed down from generation to generation. The peasants from Roumelia generally wear brown homespun, some of them a sort of "jumper," with a huge square collar falling down the back—an exaggeration of the collar of our bluejackets. Those from Anatolia are usually in blue. Here is a description of a peasant's dress which may be termed nondescript. The fez crumpled up into an irregular pointed form; a white kerchief with scant silver embroidery wrapped round it; the many-pleated *shalvar* of brown homespun, secured by a leathern strap; a cotton shirt, blue, with a trefoil pattern of darker blue; green buttons; stockings, red and yellow on a white ground; canoe-shaped shoes of undressed hide secured by thongs of the same material wound round and round the ankles. The thongs may be string sometimes, and the leathern strap may be replaced by a red woollen waist-band. There are certain distinctive marks. The Albanian wears on his sleeved vest two vertical rows of small brass buttons set in threes. The turbans among the old-fashioned and the provincial Turks are generally of the flowered muslin of Damascus, brown-gold

on a white ground, and sometimes of the gaily striped fabrics from the same looms in which red and yellow are the dominant notes. In winter the *kaftans* are fur-lined among the well-to-do and wadded with cotton amongst the poor. These wadded garments are distinctively Turkish and give the person the appearance of being enveloped in bed-quilts. It used to be a general custom, though it is now falling into desuetude, to dress the children of officers in a miniature replica of military or naval uniform. This is not only ludicrous but uncomfortable for the child. Little boys, however, go straight from infants' clothes into trousers, which together with the fez tends to give them the appearance of little old men. The knickerbockers of the West, so much nearer their own original native dress, is unknown to the Turks, with the exception of a few families in the front rank of society. The middle-classes jealously hold to the *pantalon* for their youth, leaving the *shalvar* to the working folk.

The peasant costume most general in Asia Minor is a blue jacket, a red waist-shawl, brown *shalvar*, and white stockings—a pleas-

ing and effective combination of colour. The blue is of a peculiar and very beautiful tint, and is relieved by delicate black embroidery. Travellers on the Anatolian railway between the Bosphorus and Konia or Angora will see more of this costume than any other. But it is not universal. In the valley of the Meander and the adjacent region we meet with the *zebek*. His embroidered jacket is so short that it barely reaches his elbows. His white cotton *shalvar*, except for its redundance of width, might be a pair of bathing-drawers. His legs from the middle of the thigh to his socks are bare. His waist for the space of two feet is tightly swathed in a red bandage. This gives him the likeness of an insect. The curtailed nature of his jacket and *shalvar* makes him look as though he had outgrown his clothes. But their scantiness is redeemed by his fez, which is at least eighteen inches high, and around it is wound a gaily coloured kerchief, fringed and tasselled. He would be grotesque were he not so wildly picturesque. Strapped in front of his waist-shawl is a capacious leather pocket containing his yataghan, pistols, and

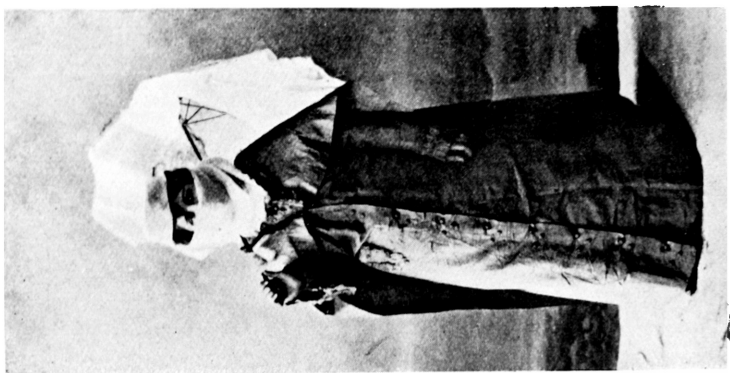
tobacco ; slung at his back is his long gun. It was the author's lot to make his acquaintance before he knew anything of other Turks, and after him the costume of the rest seemed tame. They have tried to take his dress away from him, as a means of making him lose his individuality, for, generally speaking, he is "agin the Government." But the effort has not been successful. It is to be feared he is given to brigandage, but, apart from his professional pursuits, he is an excellent fellow, and not the least happy days in the life of this writer have been passed with him amid scenes of elfin beauty on Messogis, or where Pactolus rushes down from Tmolus to Sardis and the plain.

Women's dress among the Turks changes with the fashion. One element in it is stable. No hats are worn, except by the children of a few of the wealthy. Whether the face is veiled or not, the ears are always covered. In the house, the dress of ladies of the upper classes is precisely that of Europeans of similar standing. The mode of the day in Paris is followed, though Turkish ladies are not likely to adopt the "harem skirt," which is the subject of controversy in the West at

present (1911). That has long been abandoned by all except the peasantry and the poorest class of townsfolk. The *shalvar*, to give it its Turkish name, varies with the cut and the wearer. Made of calico and gathered in at the ankles, it gives the figure the appearance of a pegtop, and this is what one sees among the peasant women. The *shalvar* of silk formerly worn by ladies was a graceful garment, more so, perhaps, than any skirt. Loose, and fastened below the knee, it fell in ample folds over the ankles. The old indoor dress consisted of this and a shirt of crinkled gauze, and over it the *yelek*, a close-fitting garment, tight at the waist, reaching to the ground, sleeveless, and open at the sides from the hip downwards. Over this a loose jacket, also open at the sides, and with tight sleeves. Over this, again, a robe of rich material embroidered in coloured silks and gold and silver thread. On the head was a round flat cap worked in gold and seed pearls, and the slippers, always heel-less, were similarly adorned.

The outdoor costume of the Turkish lady at present consists of skirt, and cape drawn up over the head, and the *charchaf*, a short veil,

black, or of a dark tint. A good deal of art is displayed in pinning the cape, and if this is well done the costume is graceful. The cape is a modification of the old *ferijee*, which quite concealed the figure. It was a loose-sleeved garment reaching to the ankles, with a wide rectangular cape from the neck almost to the hem. The *yashmak* is now only worn by the ladies of the Imperial harem. It was formerly universal. It consists of two pieces of muslin, folded and pinned in such a way that one edge covers the mouth and the lower part of the nose, and the other passes across the brow above the eyes. This was succeeded by a long veil, very diaphanous, disappearing in the folds of the mantle. The short veils at present worn conceal the features more effectually than either the *Yashmak* or the semi-transparent long veils worn during the closing years of the last century, but it can be raised at any moment, whilst both the long veil and the *yashmak* were fixtures. The lower part of the latter was removed whilst paying a visit—rather a troublesome process. The present arrangement undoubtedly saves time and trouble, but the *yashmak* was certainly



LADIES WEARING YASHIMAK.

far more becoming. A filmy cloud, it really enhanced the charms it pretended to conceal.

When the Turkish lady goes for a walk, with no intention of making calls, she wears the *yeldirmee*, a long ulster-like mantle, which is not closely adjusted to the figure, but has not the looseness of a cloak. In colour it is usually light, pale mauve, or fawn or silver-grey. The sleeves are wide and edged with narrow gold braid. The sides are open and laced with gold cord. With this she wears the *bash-oordoo*, which envelopes the head much as in some of the Tanagra figurines. It is not easy to give a name to the *bash-oordoo*. It is not a mantilla, still less is it a shawl, and it is too long to be a kerchief. It is always of some soft clinging fabric, often of fine-spun cob-web silk, shimmering and silvery. When disposed with art it is very effective, and more than any mode of Western vesture, it allows the wearer to display her individuality. She exposes her face or conceals as much of it as she chooses, and her taste is evinced in the draping of its folds. This is what one sees in the villa gardens, and in the meadows and groves in the vicinity of Constantinople.

It approaches more nearly to the simplicity and grace of classic Greece and Rome than any other modern garb. The delicate hues and flowing lines "compose" well from the artist's point of view, and a group of ladies thus clad always makes a picture.

The tendency to tone down colour is perhaps the most noticeable feature in the dress of Turkish ladies of the present day. In the seventies of the last century, the *feridjees* were apple-green, cherry-red, bright blue, full yellow, intense violet, or even pure scarlet. Crude individually, the effect was splendid in the mass. The greensward of the Sweet Waters on a Friday was dotted with groups which vied in hues with beds of tulips, and when Murad V drove through the streets to his first selamlık, balconies, stands, and pavement resembled gorgeous parterres. This infantile delight in primary colours was succeeded by the taste for shades of heliotrope and *eau de nil*, peacock-blue, old gold, coppery bronze, ruby and garnet, and with these came greater richness in material. The *broché* silks of the close of the last and beginning of the present century have never been surpassed, and at that period, too, the

veils were of varied tints, and delicate floral patterns were woven into their fabric.

Now, the short veil is black or a dark brown, and the dress is of the same colour or a very dark blue. Sometimes—but this is exceptional—it is of discreet grey, and this, for the moment, seems to be the only excursion the ladies allow themselves out of the sombre tones in which fashion decrees that they shall appear. They look upon the rainbow hues of the last century much as their English sisters would regard the crinoline. This applies only to their outdoor costume. Indoors, they avail themselves of all the latitude of the West. Here is a glimpse of a fourteen-year-old girl at a wedding in a great house on the Bosphorus—dress of pale pink satin, veiled with exquisite lace, and in her hair combs jewelled with pearls and diamonds; necklet of sapphires. Her mother is clad in pale green, with collar of emeralds. With her is another lady in white robe lined with ermine. In a land where fortunes are still largely invested in precious stones, jewels naturally form a conspicuous part of dress.

In footwear, Turkish ladies do not differ from Europeans, though the heelless slipper

is universal indoors. The men pay great attention to their shoes. As it would be impossible to enter a house in boots which had been worn out of doors, ingenuity has devised the double shoe, a thing peculiar to Turkey. The inner shoe is lightly made, often of kid. Over it is worn a golosh or rather a clog, usually of patent leather. It fits closely, and is secured by a spring in some cases. It is slipped on and off without using the hands. A small metal projection on the heel is pressed by the toe of the other foot, and the overshoe comes off. The whole arrangement is exceedingly neat. It has none of the clumsiness of the golosh and is very light. Its wearer, when he has shuffled off the outer shoe, pays a visit with easy mind, free of all apprehensions for his host's carpets. It is one of the things which Westerns might well copy, and, in fact, former residents who miss the comfort and cleanliness of the device after returning to England sometimes have shoes of this description made for them in Constantinople and sent home. The humble classes simply slip off their *babooshes* and enter a house in stockinged feet.

The dress described above is, of course, that of the well-to-do. A poor woman, or one in a provincial town or village, probably wears the *mahrema*, which is a double petticoat of cotton, almost invariably of a small blue and white check pattern. The upper petticoat is drawn over the head and held under the chin. If the face is to be hidden, a kerchief is tucked under the part of the *mahrema* which goes over the head. Before going out, the wearer of the *mahrema* will gather her skirts about her waist, tuck them up as high as possible, put on a pair of yellow *babooshes* or slippers, and, if it is wet, large overshoes over them. Then perhaps she will throw a *feridjee* of black material over all. Thus arrayed she looks something like a balloon. Her legs are exposed, but that does not matter in the least so long as the face is hidden. Her bundled-up garments and loose overshoes cause that peculiar gait between a waddle and shuffle which is the orthodox mode of locomotion among the women of her class. This was formerly the outdoor costume of rich and poor. The garments of the former were of silk, that was all. Now, you meet it only among the

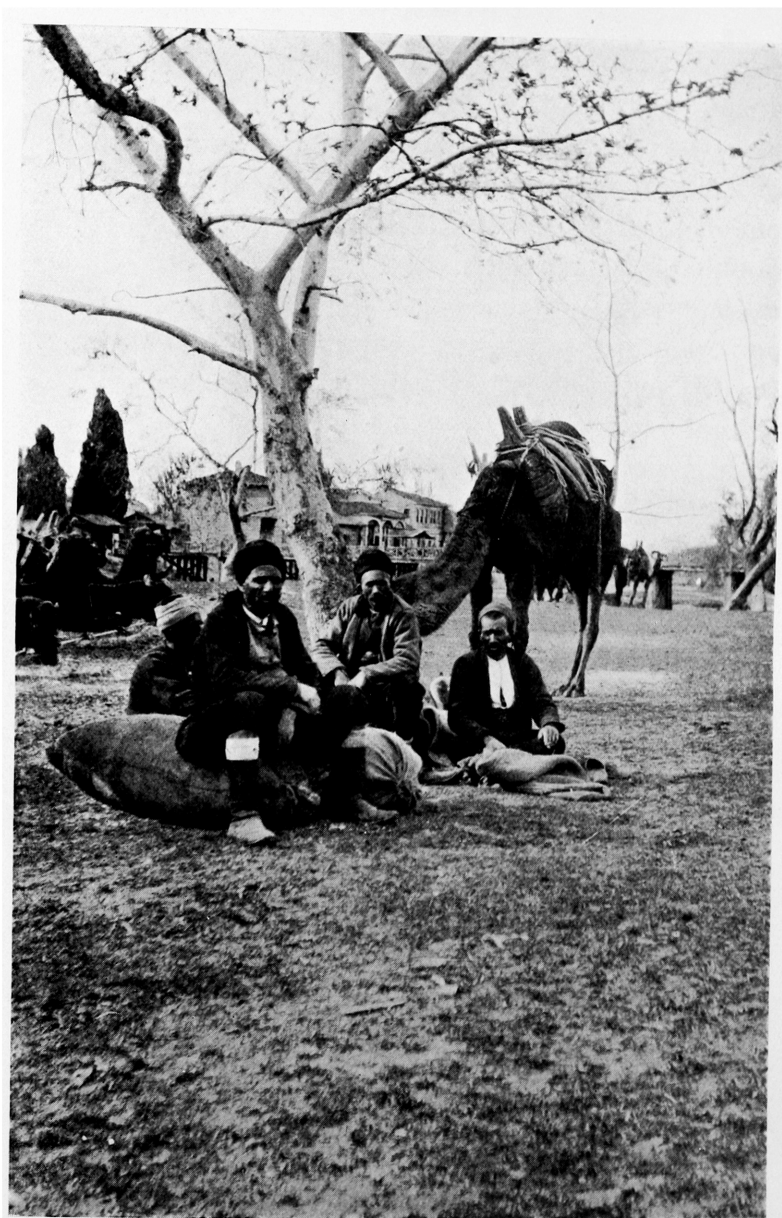
old-fashioned in Stamboul, but if you go to Amasia or Magnesia, or other provincial towns, you will find it still the rule. It is not prepossessing, but then, it is not intended to be. Probably the Turkish woman uses fewer pins than her sister of the West. But, on the other hand, she is opulent in kerchiefs—those squares of cotton which she turns to so many purposes, the principal one being apparently that of rigging up her garments. The term is used advisedly, for in the matter of tying knots she has the expertness of a sailor. She can put more things into a bundle, too, than most people, and her bundles never come undone. She is never without at least one on the shortest journey, and she despises portmanteaus.

The foregoing description, of course, conveys no adequate idea of what the people look like. It is difficult to do that in the provinces, where the dress is more or less uniform. In Constantinople it is impossible. The author was at Scutari this afternoon, and from there he went to Eyoub on the Golden Horn. A few illustrations from the concrete may serve to demonstrate the varied character of the dress, but they cannot picture it.

That is the work of the pencil, not the pen. We will confine ourselves to the Turks, ignoring the other nationalities and also the uniforms. Here, on the pier at Scutari, is a little girl in the usual print frock or, rather, smock. Her chestnut hair is plaited and coiled ; one little plait tied up with ribbon is left free. The frock is a fine red and white stripe. Across the shoulders and at the hem there is a border of Turkish embroidery in colour. The white muslin *bash-oordoo* which is thrown loosely over her head is worked with pale lilac leaves. Two ladies are making their way to the pier. One is in black, the other in a deep blue *broché* silk, showing a fine pattern design, only faintly relieved from the ground colour. She carries a white sunshade with a floral border of the same hue as her dress. The diamond pins and the air of the ladies proclaim them of the well-to-do. The little girl with them has her hair loose, escaping from a daisied hat. She is the counterpart of a European child, wagging skirt, black net stockings, and needs no further description. ! On the steamer come two other ladies, not so elegant as the others, and with them also a little girl. She wears

no *bash-oordoo* ; her frock is yellow, covered with a bold design of black and red flowers. She is proudly nursing the baby. His lower half is as that of a mummy ; above, he is clad in a garment of the hue of sulphur. There is a patch of scarlet on his cap, and a blue bead to avert the evil eye.

The growing use of European clothes is lamentable. Not only are they uglier in themselves, but, except by the few, they are badly worn. The few have never known any other form of vesture. They have nearly all of them sojourned in Western Europe and acquired its manners, and their means permit them to be well tailored. But the rest, and they form a steadily increasing majority, don cheap ready-made habiliments to which they are unused. For the most part they do not recognize the need of a collar, and, to Western eyes, there is a lack of finish in the appearance of a morning-coat and a collarless shirt. A grey overcoat, a vest of red and yellow cotton, and plum-coloured *shalvar* is an incongruous combination, to say the least. Flannel of tartan pattern is all very well as a dressing-gown, but made up as an ulster it has an air of irresponsibility inconsistent with the serious



THE WAYSIDE. ANATOLIA.

F. W. Hasluck

purpose of the garment. Amid these nondescripts are two men from Anatolia in blue jackets and *shalvars*, voluminous waist-shawls of subdued reds, browns, and blues worked out in a quiet design. Their shirts display double peonies, white, on a claret ground; the kerchief round the fez has a pattern of blue and white foliation on a ground of the same hue. The jackets are sparsely but exquisitely embroidered with fine black braid on the sleeves and back. The dress suits the men and they look at home in it.

Here we are at the bridge. We cross it to the steamer which runs up the Golden Horn. The motley crowd which we encounter on the way includes examples of dress from London, Paris, and Vienna, as well as from Tabreez, Damascus, Mecca, and Fezzan. But with these we have nothing to do, nor with the Greeks who disembark at the Phanar. Eyoub is purely Turkish. There in a street bordered by tombs we meet a laughing little maiden pink and white as to face and frock, laden with lilac bloom—and lilac in tint are the sprays embroidered on her kerchief. That of her companion is splashed with bright red spots,

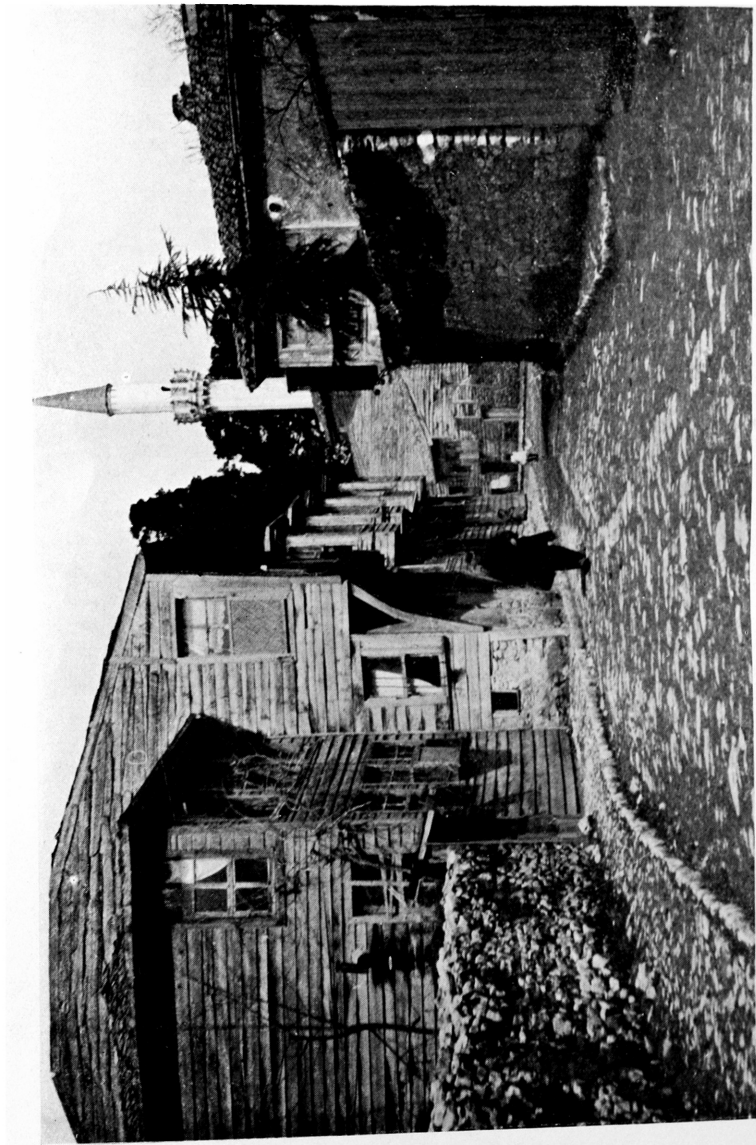
and her white frock looks as though the red suits of a pack of cards had been littered over it, but they are neither hearts nor diamonds, only a repetition of the red spots. The frocks are mostly in two shades of the same tint, red on red, blue on blue, saffron on sulphur. But here in the great mosque yard coming from the school are two grave men of some five or six summers, in frock coats and trousers. Yonder under the great plane is a boy in the garb of the *ulema*, robe of sober brown and roguish brown eyes under his white turban. He is the son of one of the *imams* of the mosque, and he is feeding the mosque pigeons, who make a dove-coloured carpet at his feet and an iridescent halo round his head. A few paces away is a white-bearded *haji*—his green turban tells us that he has been to Mecca. He stands with outstretched hands, the palms upturned in supplication. His face is turned towards the tomb of Eyoub, the standard-bearer of the Prophet. But he does not see it. His fine countenance is wrapt, the eyelids droop. Absorbed, immobile, he is the personification of prayer. These are the things that make one sigh for the gift of the painter. What

would Gentile Bellini have made of the boy with the pigeons and the aged *haji*? Yet he was here about the time this mosque was built, one of the men of genius whom Mohammed the Conqueror gathered round his court.

Only since the new regime has the Christian foot been allowed to traverse these cool marble spaces. When last here, four years ago, I could only look at them through the grated openings in the wall. Now I can pass across the outer court to the sacred enclosure itself, with its precious tiles of Persia and inscriptions cunningly interwoven in the graceful *sulus* character, where the shadows of the trembling leaves chequer the floor.

Outside, where the elders of the village take their *keyf* seated on the *iskemlés*, or four-legged rush-bottomed stools, one notes the varied shades of brown, the rich chocolate of the *shalvar* of the *imam* contrasting with his blue robe, the bronze gold hue of the mantle of a Dervish, and the quiet drab of a *mollah*. A boy in a smart blue uniform belonging to one of the schools wears putties of the orthodox khaki, which is now the fashion. It has spread from the army to

civil life. It is considered "smart," and the putties are well adjusted. The boy might look down on the puttieless, but he shows no signs of conscious superiority as he passes the marble mason's, where another boy in ample white *shalvar* chips away at the stone which will be another tomb in the great cemetery. His face is whitened with marble dust, and his eyes blink from the long habit of closing against the flying fragments. So he will continue to chip like his father before him until the time comes when another will chip a stone for him, to gleam among the cypresses. If you should chance to go to Eyoub, you will find him, sturdy and patient at his task, on the left-hand side, a few yards from the pier, where we await the steamer amid a bevy of ladies in their black veils, unbecoming, but allowing them to look freely at their neighbours, an advantage denied to the wearers of the more graceful *yashmak*, which left the eyes exposed, and consequently did not permit them to look without the object of their regard being aware of their gaze.



E. H. Husein

IN THE HEART OF STAMBOUL.

CHAPTER X

TURKISH HOMES

I WISHED to say something about the home life of the Turks, and sought the advice of one who has resided for more than thirty years at Constantinople, whose works dealing with its history have taken rank as classics, and who certainly knows more about Turkey than any other living Englishman. "Home life?" exclaimed the amused historian. "It will be like writing about snakes in Ireland. There is no home life."

I went to a Turk, a gentleman of culture and a travelled man, who might easily pass for an Englishman, so thorough is his mastery of the language. "You see," said the Bey, "we have no home in your sense of the word." I referred to his own. "Ah! you must not take me as a type," he replied. "As a nation, we are still nomads at heart. The term we use for a mansion (*konak*) means literally a stage or halting-place on a

journey." We were sitting in what might have been an English drawing-room of the most refined type, with a good bronze here and there, and a few good water-colours. The note of colour in the adjoining study was a quiet Turkey red, harmonizing with the mahogany furniture. "There are no pictures in the average Turkish house," continued my host. A vision of bygone years came to me, a vision of a princely dwelling on the Bosphorus and the glowing canvases on its walls. But I knew that neither that nor the house I was in represented the average Turkish home. And it is just the average home that the stranger is least likely to see. More than this, a man is at a disadvantage, for he cannot see the person who makes the home—its mistress. In those very rare instances where he can, the home is an exception to the average. His information as to the harem and its inhabitants is necessarily vicarious. It must be gleaned from ladies of his acquaintance who have access to harems. It need not be said, therefore, that what follows does not pretend to be either complete or authoritative. It is derived partly

from the author's personal recollections extending over many years and divers regions, and partly from what others have told him.

“In my father's time,” said the Bey, “when a young couple got married, they had bedding enough for fifty people. That was because they were expected to put up whole families of their relatives, who would arrive without notice, as a matter of course, and sometimes bring a few friends with them. Hence the size of those vast rambling *konaks* you see in Stamboul and elsewhere. The *konak* was the residence, not of a single family, but of a family community. That is a thing of the past, except in some remote districts. The old Derè-beys still keep up a sort of feudal state in Albania and Kurdistan. No ; I cannot say that I liked the old system. For one thing, there was no privacy. Our homes were never our own ; we only shared them with others. Besides, it meant keeping up a small army of servants and slaves involving needless expense and much waste.” So it is that the picturesque old *konaks* are gradually disappearing, replaced by mansions less spacious and of modern design. Most of the new houses in Constantinople are only dis-

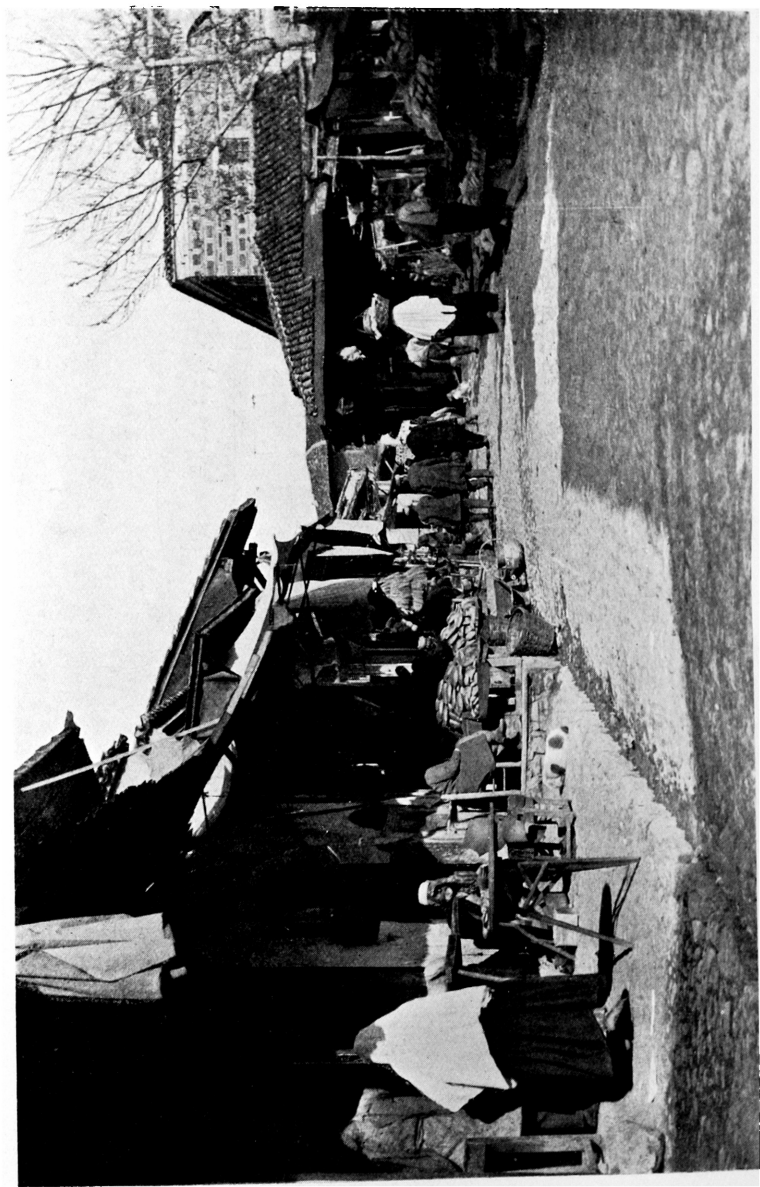
tinguished from those of Europeans by the latticed windows of the haremlik. The towns are becoming less picturesque, but what they lose in that respect they gain in comfort. The dictates both of that and of economy have caused the Turks to gravitate towards the single family as the unit of the home, and the Bey's views on the matter are undoubtedly right.

But the Turkish quarters of Constantinople and of other towns are still chiefly built of wood. They are slight structures, for the Turk does not build for posterity, and many of them have an unfinished appearance, for he only builds enough for the moment, adding more as required. The nomadic instinct shows itself in this, as in the interior of his dwelling, which is bare of furniture. In the more pretentious houses there may be a few chairs set against the wall, but they are not used. There are no tables, and curtains take the place of doors. There are no bedsteads. The bedding is stowed away in capacious cupboards in the walls. When it is wanted it will be brought out, unrolled, and spread on the floor. The cooking is probably being done on a brazier

in the garden if it is summer. The whole arrangements give one the idea of camping out, and the illusion is intensified by a remarkable peculiarity in the construction of the rooms. Wherever it is possible, two sides of them consist of windows, with a space of only a few inches between each. This comes of the Turk's liking for light and air. If he is lucky enough to have a room projecting from the building, three sides will be windows. The result is a kind of bird-cage where there is far too much air in winter, for the windows are ill-fitting as a rule; whilst in summer the bird-cage becomes a forcing-house. The author can speak from experience of both. The Turk enjoys it, however. It is a compromise between a tent and a substantial habitation, and it reconciles him to the latter. But let us leave the town-dweller for a moment to glance at Turkish homes and Turkish life under more elementary conditions. These are to be found in Anatolia, not in the cities, but in the valleys, on the mountain side, and on the high plateaus where the people have been less subject to extraneous influences than elsewhere.

290 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

Among the Turks of Asia Minor, the nomadic, semi-nomadic, and settled life are all three in existence. The nomads are represented by the Turkomans and the Yuruks, and the semi-nomads are those Turks who in summer betake themselves to the *yaila* or upland pastures, deserting their villages. Their huts are rude, of wood or stone, according to local circumstances. In construction they are much inferior to those of the Turkomans, domed erections of wattle, mud, and reeds. These semi-nomads are the shepherds one meets resting at noontide, moving at night, spectral figures in their stiff white *capotes* of thick felt, distended to an abnormal breadth at the shoulders by an inserted stick. Their legs and feet are wrapped in sheepskin fastened by thongs of the same material. Slung across their shoulder is a sheepskin forage-bag and a gourd for water. These, with their arms—a long gun and a yataghan—form their equipment. But there is one thing more, a little flute, used to call the sheep. With this and certain cries, well understood by their charges, they have their flocks under perfect control. The dogs, fierce creatures with



P. Hasbuck

A STREET IN MAGNESIA.

shaggy coats of creamy white, only protect. They do not "shepherd," like our collies and sheep-dogs. When the flock is moving they march in flank and rear. When it is at rest they lie down. Thus, the shepherding is done without bark or scuffle. The shepherd is always in front. He can call out any units he wishes from his ovine battalion. In watering, for example, he only allows a few to come at a time. There is no hitch in the manœuvre. One batch drinks and the others follow in orderly succession. This is the most primitive life of the Turks, though that of the settled peasantry is almost as simple. The hovel is of mud and wattle, its roof of reed thatch or branches of trees and brushwood, plastered with a layer of earth, on which the grass grows high. I have seen villages in the valley of the Hermus, between Magnesia and Menemen, looking like a rather hillocky field of mowing grass. The furniture consists of *yorgans* or wadded coverlets, a stool or two perhaps, cooking-pots and a pan, and a handmill, the simple upper and nether-stones for grinding corn. There is no table. The thin round discs of bread baked on the stone hearth are dining-tables

292 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

when the repast consists of anything but bread. On very rare and festive occasions it may be *pish-mish*, a savoury compound of rice, onions, sour milk, and fat. Spoons of wood or horn complete the inventory. Knives and forks are as unknown as bedsteads or artificial light. To bed at dusk and up at dawn is the rule. In summer the roof is the bedroom. Nobody undresses; as they get up so they lie down. Being Mohammedans, they wash their hands before and after eating, and they bathe occasionally, but the morning tub does not come into the day's life. The household washing is done at the well or a neighbouring stream. The peasant's only luxuries are coffee, which he takes at dawn and eve, and his *chibouk* or pipe, a bowl of red clay, and a stem a foot or so long of cherry wood or jasmine. It has no mouthpiece, and probably he has fashioned it himself if the materials are found in the neighbourhood. He works hard, for his sons are probably doing their military service. His wife ploughs, sows, and reaps, and his daughters help, if he has any, but as a rule they do not take such an active share in field-work as Eastern Christian

women. Both sexes share like labours. The husband, as well as the wife, spins, knits, or cooks and bakes on occasion. The Turkish peasant has only one wife. The nomad Yuruk, on the other hand, is a polygamist. He has several helpmates who work hard, whilst he does comparatively nothing but superintend. Polygamy is general only among the Yuruks. They represent an earlier condition of society like the Bedawin arabs. Inured to hardships, their women may be seen at work with the babe that was born yesterday slung at their back. Their mode of life leads to the survival only of the strong.

The more prosperous among the settled peasants have two-storey houses, built of sun-dried bricks. In this case the ground floor is the stable and the upper floor the dwelling. The richer country folk occupy a *chiflik* or farmstead. A *chiflik* is sometimes a large wooden house, sometimes a tower with windows only in the upper storey, but it is almost invariably surrounded by a high-walled yard containing stables and sheds. The garden is large, and in it flowers and vegetables grow promiscuously. There are

no neat parterres, but there is a wilderness of exuberant climbers and abundance of fruit. There is always a verandah with swallows nesting in the eaves. On the apex of the roof is a stork's nest. Haji Baba, as the Turks call him, is almost one of the family. Solemn, with measured step, clattering his long bill, he moves fearlessly among the human inmates of the household. He is older than any of them, and probably knew their great-grandfathers. His person is held sacred like that of the swallow. No Turkish village would be complete without one stork family; there are usually several. And few are the village mosques whose tiled roofs are not surmounted by the stick and twig dwelling of Haji Baba. He is a good Mussulman, and goes on pilgrimage every year. The peasants welcome him on his return, and from his demeanour and what he carries in his bill augur a prosperous or an unlucky season.

The *chiflik* is simply furnished, but there are always soft carpets and piles of cushions and wadded quilts on the divans which run round three sides of the rooms. There are long coffer for clothes, or perhaps a tall

cupboard or two. The coffee service is the most elaborate thing in the house. If the owner is rich it is choice and of considerable value. The bowls and goblets in which sweets and water are served to guests as a preliminary to coffee are also often of fine workmanship. Prominent also are the *leyen* and *ibreek*, the basin and ewer for washing hands before and after meals. The latter has a thin neck and long curved spout ; the basin has a perforated cover, and in the centre a cavity for the soap. The water, poured over the hands, trickles through the perforations. However scant of ornament the rest of the household belongings may be, there is always a certain elegance attaching to the apparatus for the service of coffee and ablutions. The first is a symbol of hospitality, and the second is a religious duty, so that both partake of a semi-sacred character, and are attended with the ceremonial befitting the observance of a function in the domestic ritual. The towels and serviettes are another important feature. There is always an abundance of them, and more care is bestowed on their adornment than in Western lands. Soft and of fine

quality, they are white or pink, or light blue in tint, heavily fringed, and the edges are often embroidered with gold and silver threads.

The Turkish village has no inn. If it is on a frequented road it may boast of a *kaveh*, a humble sort of hostelry, built of mud or sun-dried bricks, and always provided with a rude though spacious verandah, with a roof of brushwood supported on the boughs of trees. Here travellers can procure fodder for their animals, coffee and sugar for themselves, and sometimes bread. The place of the English village inn is occupied by the *musafir oda*, the guest-chamber. Here the wayfarer is lodged, and here the village elders congregate to smoke and talk. Their conversation is limited to local topics, except on such occasions as the arrival of a guest, or the return of a native from military service. The Turk is not an eager questioner like the Greek, but he is a ready listener, and he expects as a matter of common civility that the stranger will afford him information about what is going on outside his own little world. The *musafir oda* supplies nothing, not even coffee or tobacco, not even bedding,

for that the traveller always carries with him. The village life of the Turks offers even fewer distractions than that of their Christian neighbours, who have at least their local feasts and dances. Human activity ends with daylight, and the village sinks into the silence of repose. With regard to the women, customs vary. In some places they are closely veiled, in others they only make a pretence of veiling, and in others, again, they do not veil at all. There are districts in which the women stare at the stranger unabashed, and others where they turn their backs when they meet him. But, generally speaking, the village women converse more freely with strangers than those of the towns, where a man can hold no communication with them whatever. In the streets they are shrouded impersonalities, and none can know anything of their life within their latticed houses. In the villages sometimes the women will talk, even with a man, in such matters as the purchase of eggs or chickens, and there is less mystery in their simple lives. Among themselves they gossip, as elsewhere, and at the well or the washing-place discuss their neighbours and the local happenings. What

strikes the Western about their lives is not so much their hardness—one never meets with the destitution of Europe—as their dullness. But they have known no other, and certainly they do not look unhappy. Of their domestic relations a man has no opportunity of judging, and Western women, though many of them know something of the harems of the upper classes in Constantinople, are totally ignorant of the life of the provinces. There is one notable exception, however. Lady Ramsay for many years accompanied her distinguished husband in his researches in Asia Minor, in districts unvisited by other Europeans. There in the real heart of undiluted Turkish life she had unique opportunities of becoming acquainted with the condition of the women. Speaking of their marital relations, she says : “Cases of brutality on the part of a man towards his wife are a hundred times commoner among the lower classes of this country” (Great Britain) “than they are in Turkey.” That is the testimony of an entirely impartial observer. The slighter knowledge of the author, so far as it goes, confirms it.

Cleanliness is a distinctive characteristic

of the Turks. The abode may be humble, it may not even boast a carpet, but the grass matting will be swept, the tiles scrubbed, and pots and pans scoured with a thoroughness that recalls a Dutch household. You may eat, without apprehension, in a Turkish establishment of the simplest. It may be only a brazier and a few stools under a tree, but your two pennyworth of *kebabs* will be served on a spotless platter with a snowy napkin. The waterside eating-houses kept by Christians on either side of the Golden Horn, though far more pretentious, are malodorous and repellent. It is not because he is a Mohammedan that the Turk is cleanly. The Arabs are also Mohammedans, but their dwellings are not clean, their villages are noisome, and who would have the courage to enter the cheap Arab restaurants of Cairo, Alexandria, or Beyrout? Turkish cleanliness is a national attribute.

The wooden houses, usually square, with gently sloping tiled roofs and broad eaves, are detached in the villages, and even in the cities, to a great extent. Where they are not, they are usually placed in echelon, like the profile of a saw, each house correspond-

300 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

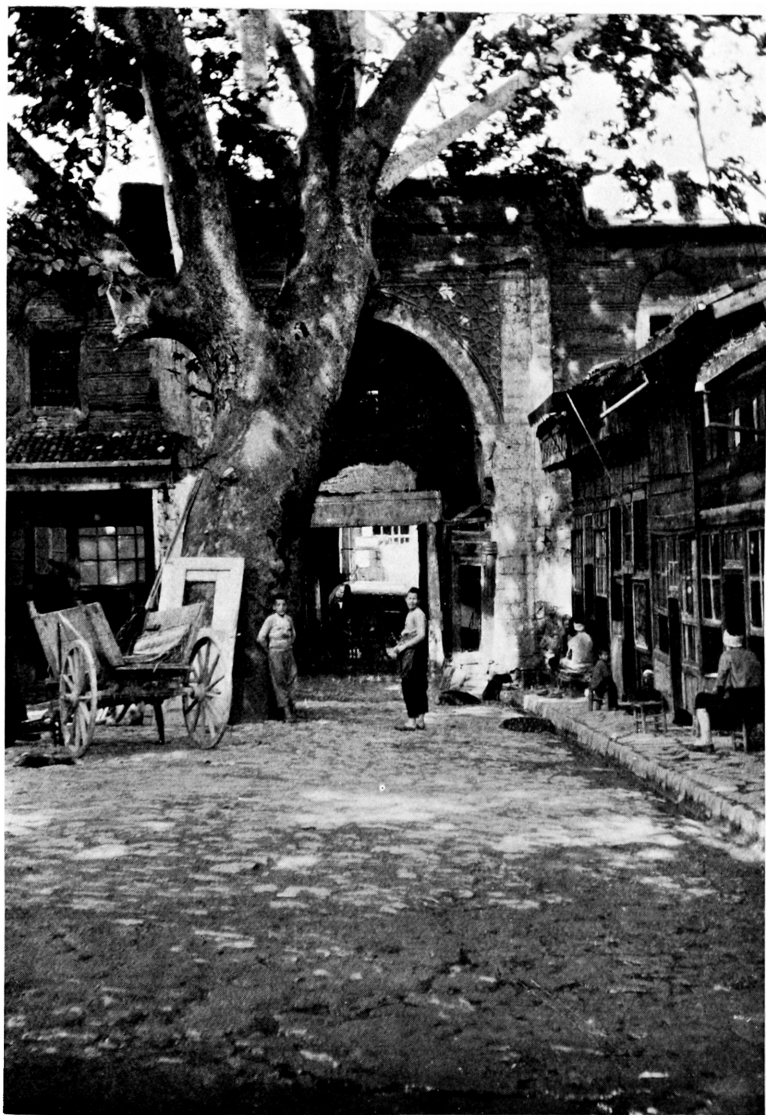
ing to one of the teeth. Thus the sides of a street do not present a plane surface, but are broken into a series of projections. This not only relieves the monotony of a straight line, but has the advantage of affording the inhabitants a view along the street as well as across it. The better class of houses in towns are surrounded on three sides by gardens, the fourth giving on to the street, which is thus composed of isolated buildings like our detached villas. Even the poorest houses have a courtyard, to which access is gained by an outside stairway ending in a broad landing under a pent-house roof. Another prominent feature is the upper storey, which overhangs the basement and is supported by curved joists springing from the latter. This is copied from the old Genoese houses, some of which still exist in Constantinople. In their case the supports are stone corbels, and there are a few instances in which the wooden joists of the Turks are carved imitations of these. The unpainted wood soon assumes a brown hue; or it is painted a dark red, and more rarely pink or pale blue. In spring and summer all is in an emerald setting, for not a house



TYPICAL HOUSES.

but has its trees and flowers. This holds good even in Constantinople, except in the Frank quarters of Pera and Galata. All the rest is a garden city. The vine wanders everywhere, often across the street on a trellis to the opposite houses, forming a green translucent roof. Or we may walk under a canopy of wistaria with pendent racemes of delicate mauve. Probably nowhere else is this plant found in the same profusion or of such dimensions. It drapes the walls, festoons verandahs, its rope-like stems twist up the open stairways. In spring the Judas-tree is in its splendour, the red blossoms oozing like drops of blood from trunk and limbs. They are thicker on the upper branches, and the terminal sprays to the tip of every twig are covered with bloom, close as a coat of fur. When this falls in red dust on the ground, the heart-shaped leaves appear, and the tree puts on its summer garb of bright green. The Judas-tree has not ceased flowering when the acacias begin, and then the magnolias open their petals, making ivory moonlight against the deep tones of their foliage. One of the sights of Constantinople, not mentioned in

the guide-books, is the Bosphorus in June, with the great magnolias, not trained against walls, but standing free as forest trees. The gardens, rising tier above tier, are brilliant, with gorgeous cannas, which grow there to perfection, but their stateliness is a little formal and the catalpas and tulip-trees are exotic. There is a more intimate charm in the native growths, the smother of jasmine and banksia roses, of clematis and passion-flower, which turn the humble dwelling into a jewelled casket, and give to the narrow street the semblance of a Devonshire lane. In early spring the clustering blooms of the lilac nod over every wall—the lilac beloved of the Turkish people, from whom we have borrowed its name. Leaf and blossom redeem the meanest quarter from ugliness, and among the habitations of the Turkish poor there is nothing to offend the senses. Nowhere in Turkey can you find the sordid squalor of an Italian village, except in the poorer districts of Pera, where the population is European. Turkish soldiers soon transform a sentry-box into a leafy bower by means of a quick-growing gourd. I have before me as I write a *koolook* or guard-



A QUIET CORNER, BROUSSA,

F. W. Hasluck

house, bare and ugly in itself, but its doorway is wreathed with convolvulus, and there are parterres in front, now ablaze with marigolds. These will give place to other plants, and in autumn there will be chrysanthemums. The open-air cafés of Turkey might be made the subject of delightful sketches. There are no marble-topped round tables and clipped trees in green tubs. The trees are not brought to the café. The café goes to the tree. I have one in mind now. It is a long way off, at the other end of Asia Minor, on the road to Ivreez, famed for its "Hittite" rock-hewn figure and inscription. The café consisted of two poplar trees and an old vine. The only artificial part of it was an awning of grass mat. I remember another at Broussa. The boughs of a walnut tree formed the roof. The seats were artificial banks of turf bordered by flowers. There were others similar to it in the neighbourhood—one was roofed with honeysuckle trained on reeds. I know another at Haidar Pasha, no great distance from the Constantinople end of the Bagdad Railway, where the tree itself is the café. It is a venerable plane, which may have been young when the Crusaders camped there.

304 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

A platform has been made in the vast fork, no great distance from the ground, approached by steps leaning against the trunk. One more glimpse of a Turkish *rus in urbe*, here from my window in the populous town of Scutari, over against Constantinople. An alley of acacias, loaded now with drooping flowers, leads to a mosque, the minarets showing between ragged cypresses wrestling with clinging ivy, and getting the worst of it. On the hill to the left stands a rambling wooden mansion, tapestried with jasmine. Its roof is overshadowed by the dark fans of a spreading pine, and behind rises the emerald dome of a tall horse-chestnut studded with spiry bloom.

If one might enter such a *konak*, the wide entrance would lead us into a court, on one side of which are the stables, and various offices on the other. The kitchen is usually a separate building in the garden, and is known by its row of chimneys. But the *café-ojak*, the coffee-hearth, is near the wide staircase that leads to the upper storey. Here the *caféji* has his braziers with the live charcoal buried in white ashes, always ready to be fanned into a glow by the goose-wing

affixed to a short handle, hanging on the wall. The *café-ojak* does not exist in a house of more modest dimensions. The coffee is made in the kitchen, which is on the ground floor, together with the apartment serving as the *selamlik*, whilst the upper storey is the harem, the portion of the dwelling that is lived in. In a *konak* the *selamlik* and harem occupy separate wings.

The *yali* is peculiar to the Bosphorus. The word may be translated by our term marine villa, though it has little resemblance to the residence we know under that name. It is more marine, indeed. It overhangs the sea, and the sea comes under it in the *caïque-hané*, a kind of little dock in the basement, where the boats are kept, for the *caïque* takes the place of the carriage. Nowhere, save in Venice, does the sea so come home to a place as at Constantinople. But it is not the stagnant sea of the lagoons and canals. The Bosphorus is a magnificent marine street whose waters rush swiftly down from the Euxine, and dance in blue wavelets when wind opposes current. Though it is land-locked, it can never be mistaken for a lake, even were there not the procession of

306 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

ocean-going ships constantly passing up and down. The straits are so deep that vessels can come close in to the shore. There are stories of the occupants of bedrooms being startled by the jib-boom of a sailing craft out of her course coming through the window, and in more than one place such an occurrence is quite possible. In many others, people can supply their table with fish by the simple expedient of throwing a line from the windows.

A feature of the *yali* is the separation of the selamlık and harem by a courtyard, and the two buildings often communicate by means of a covered bridge. Owing to the nature of the ground, which slopes steeply, nearly all the gardens are terraced, and here, or on the hill-top, is the kiosk. There may be more than one, and they may be anything from a pavilion to a mansion, but are usually of modest dimensions, and the site is chosen with a view to catching the cool northern breezes. For the kiosk—*keshk* would be a nearer approach to the Turkish pronunciation—is primarily a summer retreat. Probably man has never devised for himself a more pleasant habitation than the combi-

nation of *yali* and kiosk as it exists on the Bosphorus. It should be noted that the kiosk is not necessarily an adjunct of the *yali*. It may be situated far away from the sea, but the site is always elevated, and, if possible, one commanding a fine prospect.

To return to our old *konak*. A wide staircase leads to the upper storey, an ante-room divides the selamlık from the harem. We turn to the latter and come to the divan *khané*—the reception-room, round three sides of which runs a low wide divan. The absence of tables will probably strike the Western visitor. Perhaps there is one, a console, with candelabra, at the end where there is no divan. There may also be a few high-backed chairs, but not for use. On the other hand, there are cushions and rugs in profusion. There are also *sofras*, low, octagonal stands, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, familiar in bric-à-brac shops in the West. In niches in the wall are goblets, pomanders, and perfume-sprinklers. The absence of washstands and dressing-tables and wardrobes from sleeping-rooms will also be remarked. In the *khasna-khané*, the treasury, are coffer of walnut-wood, in which the

308 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

clothes are kept, and here, hidden away, are gems, glass, and porcelain. The washing-room contains a tap and basin, and there is a hole in the marble floor for the escape of water. In addition, every house of any pretensions has its *hamman* or bath. The public baths are for those who do not possess a private one. The quilts, coverlets, and portières are often very handsome, and there will be nothing crude or inharmonious in colour in an old-fashioned house like the one in which we are. Bad taste comes in with the introduction of European things, which usually mean crystal chandeliers, profuse gilding, and mirrors. The drawing-room mentioned at the beginning of the chapter is quite exceptional. In receiving visitors the *hanum* has her particular corner of the divan. In the harem, as in the selamlık, the strictest attention is paid to the minute rules of etiquette. Host and guests know what to do and what to say. The position on the divan, the manner of occupying it, the manner of salutation, are all laid down in accordance with the relative rank of each. A breach in the observance of this would be an affront. It is important to serve coffee simultaneously to

guests of equal rank, for instance. Hence the necessity for so many servants. In a great house a *kalfa* or head slave enters with a tray containing coffee-pot, cups, and *zarfs*. The *zarf* is a cup-holder, for the tiny Turkish cups have no handles. It is the replica of an egg-cup, and is also a familiar object of bric-à-brac. Girls accompany the *kalfa*, pour out, place the cups in the *zarfs*, and hand them to the guests in order of rank. And so with cigarettes. One girl offers cigarettes on a tray, and another follows with a little brass bowl with a handle, in which is a morsel of glowing charcoal for lighting. Turkish ladies have now almost entirely ceased to smoke the nargileh—the hookah of India. If a guest is invited to luncheon, it needs three servants to assist her in washing her hands. One holds the basin, another pours water over her hands from the ewer, and a third proffers the towel.

The stereotyped inquiry as to health is invariably repeated after the guest is seated, and is accompanied by the form of salutation known as the *temenas*, the placing of the hand on heart and lips and brow. It has been interpreted as intimating that the heart, the tongue, and the mind are at the service

310 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

of the person saluted, although Turks have told me that they have never heard of this explanation. In any case, it is very graceful. A sign of deep respect towards a person is to bring the hand almost to the ground in making the *temenas*. Persons who desire to display extreme humility will endeavour to seize the hand of the person saluted and kiss it. In this case the hand is usually withdrawn in protest. Slaves and dependents will kiss the hem of the garment. There is something repugnant about this show of servility, and it is discouraged by those who are the objects of it. On the other hand, nothing can be prettier than the salutations of Turkish children, who take the hand of their parents' guest, kiss it, and press it to their brow. The children romp like ours, but they have fewer set games. I have seen little girls, however, playing a game that looked much like tick-touchwood. I have also been told that in one harem, at least, "hunt the slipper" is very popular. The boys are now taking to football. But Turkish children generally have a greater capacity for sitting still than those of the West. It is part of the national disposition towards *keyf*, a word of which it is hard to

give the exact meaning—it is used to express health. But perhaps the best rendering would be “doing nothing.”

Song and dance hold the chief place in the recreations of the harem. There is great store of both. It is rather difficult for Westerns to enter into their spirit. The following is a specimen.

ADANALI

Adanun yolari iki
Kaidi koondooranun bir teké
Bizim evde kainana iki

Aman Adanali shirin Adanali
Ben dyanamyorum sana Adanali

Kiz geuleu, hellé hellé geuleu

Peshtimalü püshkülü
Aman karakashleu, janum,
karageuzlum

Ben dyanamyorum sana seerma
satchli

Vayee! Vayee!

Adanalum hak dukcha sana

Ush! yenai birshaylè oliyor
bana

Bir sheftali anan baban haï-
reeneh

Aman Adanali, shérin Adanali
Ben dyanamyorum sana Adanali
Kiz geuleu, etc.

Adanan yolari tashlik
Yuk dir jepimizdè besh para
harshluk
Kiz geuleu, etc.

THE DWELLER IN ADANA

There are two roads at Adana.
I let fall one of my shoes.

In our house there are two
mothers-in-law.

O Adanali, sweet Adanali,
I die for thee, O Adanali!

Girl rose covered, O heavens,
rose covered;

Ball-fringed apron.

O black-browed one,

My soul, my black-eyed one,

I die for thy golden hair.

O my Adanali, when I gaze
upon you,

Ah! again something comes
over me.

A kiss for the weal of your
mother and father.

O Adanali, sweet Adanali,
I am dying for thee, O Adanali.

The roads of Adana are stony.

I have not five paras in my
pocket to spend.

312 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

The words are childish, but the song is very dramatic. It is accompanied by dance and gesture, the chorus of "Vayee! Vayee!" being sung to the snapping of fingers. It is done with the thumb and second finger, and is an accomplishment not easy to bring to perfection. Turkish dancing is much harder to learn than our dances. In the upper classes the girls know ours and waltz well, but they prefer their own, in which every part of the body is brought into play, and the arms and hands have quite as much work as the feet. They find Western dancing stiff and expressionless, as indeed it is, compared with theirs. The Eastern dance allows room for the display of individuality and temperament. No two dancers interpret it quite in the same manner. It is to a great extent pantomimic. In the song quoted above, the slipping of a shoe is accompanied by a limping hobbling step, the dancer turning her head as though looking for the lost object. When well done it has a quaint grace impossible to describe. Young girls dance these quasi-narrative movements with a spontaneity and abandon which rids them of any idea of a performance carefully acquired.

The language of many of the songs is strongly tinged with Persian and Arabic, and the girls say they are often difficult to learn on that account. This, like other Turkish arts, is borrowed from those two sources, and it is doubtful if anything in song or letters can be traced to the ancestral tents on the Asian plateaus. The music is for the most part in the minor key, the wailing loved of the Arabs, but not always. In the song "Adanali," the chorus "Kiz geuleu," etc., is set to a lively movement quite Western in character. This is the case too with the comic songs, which are couched in colloquial Turkish with few Arabic or Persian adornments. The mother-in-law is often the target of these. Although she is greatly respected, human nature takes this harmless revenge for the power she enjoys. Here is one among many of them, which may be called, for want of a better title—

THE PLAINT OF THE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW

Aman dostlar né leyim
Derdimin kimleri suleyejeghim
Aman khojain nenessi hitch doormayor chenési
Rapta bal var kainana

(O friends, what shall I do?
To whom shall I tell my woes?)

314 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

Ah ! the chin of my husband's mother is never still.
On the shelf there is honey, mother-in-law.)

Niyèr ho bakayun sen bana
Oghlun beni chok seviyor
Chatlata patlata kainana

(Why do you look unkindly at me ?
Your son loves me right well,
Burst and split mother-in-law !)

Ojak bashur yarooldoor
Kainana bana darooldoor
Darooloorsa Darolsun
Oghlou bana saralsun

(The hearth cowl is cracked.
My mother-in-law is angry with me.
Let her be angry ;
Her son embraces me.)

Black eyes and auburn hair are esteemed beautiful, and *Karageuzlum*, my black-eyed one, and *Samoor Satchlim*, my auburn-haired one, figure in the love-songs. Plump hands (*tomboul eleri*) are also appreciated. The lover declares he delights in the pretty chatter of his beloved. He calls it *chittur-pittur*, an expressive locution, as is the *chatlata-patlata* in the daughter-in-law's song.

The Turks have a great liking for "catchy" choruses, and when their education extends to other tongues than their own, they seize upon foreign songs very readily. I have in

mind one harem on the Asiatic shore of the Sea of Marmora, where the children delight in "coon" songs and the cake-walk, and regale the Pasha with "For he's a jolly good fellow." The stranger passing beneath the latticed windows might haply be startled to hear "Wait for the Wagon" or "John Brown's Knapsack" trolled out with youthful enthusiasm.

The native musical instruments most in favour are the lute, the tambour, which is not a drum, but a banjo with a very long neck, the dulcimer, and a sort of small viol about a foot long, having three strings, and played with a short, highly arched bow. It is rude and primitive in appearance, but the sounds it yields are more like the human voice than those of any other instrument I have heard. The native flageolet or flute is also much appreciated. Visitors who have attended a *sikr* of the *mevlevi* dervishes must have been impressed by its singularly soft and mellow tones in the dreamy whispering music of that function. The tambourine, which is called *dèf*, is used for dances. Among instruments of foreign make are the mandoline, the zither, the violin, which is played on the knee, the

316 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

violoncello, and the piano. The latter, as in the West, holds the chief place, at least among the upper classes, who are not seldom proficient in its use. In the harem mentioned above, the eldest daughter, aged seventeen, interprets Beethoven and Chopin with a skill and delicacy of feeling that would be appreciated by Western ears. Her favourite songs are "The Brook" and "Come into the garden, Maud," perhaps chiefly on account of the words, for she is Tennysonian and greets the moon as "the Planet of Love on high," loves the ballads "Lady Clare," "Edward Gray," and the rest, but, above all, the songs in "The Princess," and best of all "The splendour falls on castle walls." She has never been in England. How she pictures the environment of Tennyson's poetry, depending as it does so much on minute observation of the aspects of nature in the particular spot wherein the scene is set, I know not. But it appeals to her, and if ever she goes to England, she will be well equipped for the appreciation of English landscape. Her own land sufficiently resembles it in some of its features, to enable her to form an idea. There is the green-

sward, the bramble, the woodbine, the daisied meadow. There are no "immemorial elms," but there is the venerable plane with its vast limbs, the oak, and the spreading tops of the pines.

A distinctive trait in the character of the Turkish woman is her love for the open-air and the open country. In the mass it may be limited to the liking for shade, running water, and flowers, but among the educated there is a feeling for the beautiful in nature, and, so far as the writer is aware, this is not shared by other Eastern women, certainly not in the same degree. Little Fakireh, aged eleven, with her rippling mantle of bright chestnut hair falling about her knees, trips in, her face aglow, her grey eyes wide with wonder: "Oh, Miss A——" to her English governess, "do come and look at the reflection of the pines in the lake."

A fine sunset will attract Turkish women, who gaze at it from every coign of vantage. This appreciation of the scenic side of nature is not confined to the educated. If the visitor to Constantinople cares to walk by the sea-walls any fine evening, he will encounter group after group perched among the masses

318 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

of masonry fallen from the ruined towers. They do not concern themselves with these. Antiquity does not appeal to them. They sit, for the most part silent, contemplating the sea incarnadined, the ruby glow on the Princes' Islands, and the faint amethyst of the Asian mainland culminating in the snows of the Bithynian Olympus. Their Christian sisters may appreciate this pageant too, but they do not show it. They take the air, chattering gaily, but their interest seems to be centred in the human elements of their environment, the passing trains on the railway which skirts the walls and the open-air cafés. They do not come where these are curtained off by the crumbling bastions of Theodosius, where the only sounds are the scream of sea birds and the lapping of the waters. Turkish women alone are to be found there, and they are women of the poorer class. They know nothing about æsthetics. They have never heard of "culture." They are not adopting an artificial attitude. They are simply following their inclinations in all sincerity. A Turkish lady of rank, with whom it has been my privilege to converse, told me that

country walks were among their most cherished recreations. This is patent to the most casual observer. The picnic is a delight which never palls. There is not a picturesque spot near Constantinople, in vale or on hill-top, that is not dotted with groups of Turkish women. The lady herself was an illustration of this tendency. Speaking of a recent visit to Europe, she said she could not live in Paris. In London she only liked the parks, but loved the English countryside with its hedgerows. Italy appealed to her most, partly on account of its churches, but more on account of its natural features. The Sorrentine peninsula and the intense blue of the sea at Capri had great charm, but that which held the chief place in her memory was the dreamy quietude of the Venetian lagoons. All this is opposed to the spirit and disposition of the ladies of Pera, to whom Paris is Paradise, and who would certainly be bored by the lagoons. After hearing it, I could understand a favourite occupation of the young people in the harems of the upper classes is the building of airy castles, and day-dreams. Whilst music appeals to all, the cultured have other resources. There

320 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

are water-colours from Turkish pencils that would find a welcome on the walls of exhibitions in London. They read much, and, though novels have the lion's share of attention, there are some who attack works of a more solid character. French is more generally read than any other tongue, though there is a growing taste for English, and the Turkish temperament with its love for poetry finds congenial food in a literature in which it is so rife.

Turkish parents send their girls to English schools in ever-increasing numbers. There are two establishments in Constantinople, the English Girls' High School in Pera, and the American College for girls in Scutari, both of which have a considerable contingent of Turkish pupils. As they grow up, English will be more generally diffused in Osmanli homes. As it is there are harems in which the children are familiar with *Alice in Wonderland* and *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, and with classics like *Robinson Crusoe*, as well as with such well-nigh forgotten favourites of youth as *Queechy* and *The Wide Wide World*.

Ever since the fifteenth century, when Turkish superseded Persian as a literary

medium, Turkey has produced women writers. Zeyneb was one of the earliest. They all expressed themselves in verse. Among those who are still read are Mihri, Sidqui, and Fitnet, all pen-names concealing the identity of the writer. At least one princess, Hibetulla Sultan, has a place among women of letters. In the manner of their age they imitated Persian models. This went on until the middle of the nineteenth century, when it was abandoned for a natural mode of expression.

A Turkish lady, a writer, said to the author recently: "We had almost ceased to know our own language, buried in a mass of Arabic and Persian terms. Indeed, much of the Turkish of Central Asia was unintelligible to us. Yet that is the bed-rock of the Turki tongue which is spoken nearly through the whole length of Asia. It has been our object to restore it in its simplicity, to rid it of unnecessary foreign accretions, retaining only words that convey ideas for which Turki has no equivalent expression, or which are adapted to modern needs. But we want them to be an integral part of the language, not exotic ornaments which the people cannot

322 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

understand." So it is that the inflated artificial style of the past has been relegated to the medressehs. Contemporary writers employ language that differs little from spoken Turkish, and cultivate a direct and simple style. With the change in form has come a change in mode of thought and the outlook upon life. Verse is always a favourite mode of literary expression with Turkish women writers, but that of Nigyah Hanum displays an originality far removed from the artificialities of her predecessors. The novels of Fatimah Aliyeh Hanum are as modern in tone as those of her Western contemporaries. The short stories of Halideh Hanum, were they translated, would find eager readers, and the writings of Emineh Semieh Hanum reflect the clearness and strength of a personality which has done, and is still doing, much for the moral and intellectual progress of her countrywomen.

There are few books about Turkey that do not contain an account of a Turkish dinner. But the Gargantuan feasts usually described are what the French term *dîners de circonstance*, and are not typical of the ordinary daily dietary. Moreover, they are

almost invariably of the old-fashioned sort, and fashions change. Turks of the upper and middle class do not, as a rule, nowadays, eat with their fingers, and they sit on chairs round a table. The repast is French rather than English in character, and finger-glasses replace the basin and ewer of the old school. The alternation of sweets and savouries is relegated to the same category of the past. *Pilaf*, however, is never lacking, and among the conservative, fish may make its appearance towards the end of the meal. Bread is consumed in larger quantities than with us, and it is of better quality. Among the poor it is really the staff of life. They literally "eat their tables," like the Trojan refugees, for they have no other than the flat, flexible, unleavened cakes in which they roll up the morsels which form the rest of the repast. The open air is generally preferred as a dining-room in fine weather by the humble folk, and by the well-to-do the garden is often resorted to. There is a touch of nomadism in the Turkish mode of eating, as in some other things. Breakfast as a meal is unknown. A cup of black coffee suffices, and the children supplement it with fruit in

324 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

season, or with *simit*, the wholesome ring-shaped biscuits sprinkled with sesame seed, which are cried along the streets by itinerant vendors. An account of the Turkish cuisine would fill a volume. It differs with the locality. The abundance and variety of the fish consumed by the inhabitants of the Bosphorus is of course unknown to those who dwell in the interior. But rice in the form of *pilaf* is universal. It is cooked as in India, each grain being dry and separate, and is a light and wholesome dish, quite unlike the heavy squab Italian *risotto*. It has various garnishings, chick-peas, minced liver, small birds, mussels, and in spring *yaghoort*. This form of curded milk has now been introduced to England, and needs no description. It is eaten by all nationalities in the near East, and is not only delicious, but has valuable dietetic properties. Milk preparations have a large place in the Turkish dietary. *Muhalibi* is a sweet, and so is *taouk-geuksu*, which is made of the breasts of chickens pounded in a mortar with milk, sugar, and spices, and is highly nutritious. The Turks have always been famous for their sweets and pastry, of which

the name is legion. Walnuts gathered young and prepared as a sweet conserve rival in toothsome-ness the *marrons glacés* of France. A popular sweet is made of walnuts strung on a rush and coated with a preparation of grape-juice. The dainty looks like a section of a knobby blackthorn, and is much relished by the children, who in the matter of such cates are exceedingly well of. The Turks never pickle walnuts, though they have a great variety of home-made pickles. Good housewives do wonderful things in preserves, notably with quinces and peaches, of which there is abundance. *Pekmez* or grape-treacle is a great stand-by, and goes to the making of many dishes. Its preparation is an annual duty in all households. *Dolmas* or stuffed viands are much in vogue and are rarely absent at a meal. Young vegetable-marrows stuffed with rice are popular, but the *dolma par excellence* is made of rice and minced meat rolled in young vine-leaves. *Kebab*, which means roast, is of many kinds, though none is better than the old-fashioned method of spitting the pieces of meat on the skewer. Swordfish done in this way with bay-leaves between the

326 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

morsels of fish is excellent. Stuffed mackerel is prepared in rather a clever way by removing the spine without breaking the skin of the fish. The stuffing is made of rice, currants, pine-nuts, and onions, a combination strange to our palate, but the *plat* is really nice. Favourite vegetables are the *patlijan*, the *aubergine* of the French, and *bamia*, the *hibiscus esculentus*, a kind of mallow, excellent stewed with unripe grapes. Caviare is much more general than with us. The red variety is largely consumed by the poor. There is a constant succession of *hors d'œuvre* throughout a repast. Young cucumbers are eaten in large quantities, not in salad and not sliced, but divided longitudinally into four sections. Lettuce and tomatoes are used in salad, as with us. Two articles of food are peculiar to Turkey and England—at least, I have seen them nowhere else. One is the crumpet, though it is not treated in the same way, being eaten with sweets, and the other is *ashoura*, which is none other than “frumenty,” young wheat boiled with the addition of raisins and currants. This delight of the children of English farmsteads at harvest time is relished

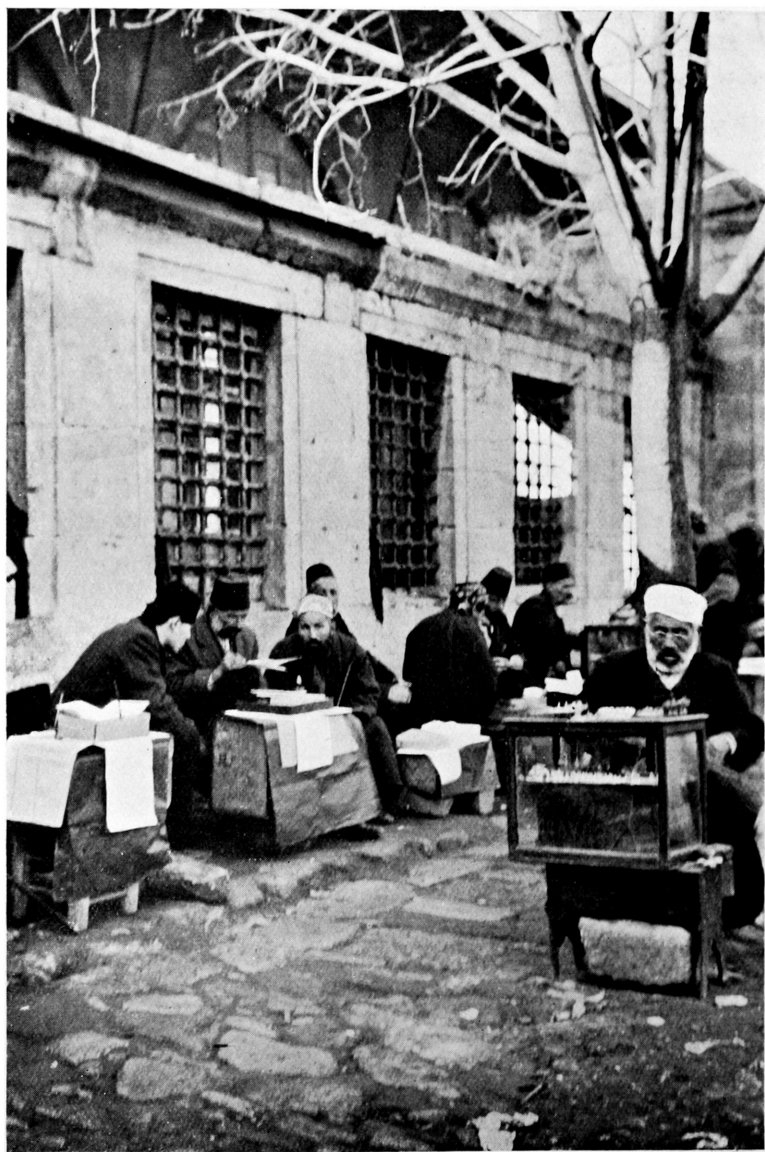
equally by Turkish youngsters. *Ashoura* adds pistachios and pine-nuts to the raisins, but it is "frumenty" none the less. Honey is eaten generally, both in its pure form and made into *halva* and other sweets. The Turkish cheesecake is a savoury, not a sweet, and is really made with cheese. This explains the forgotten pinch of pepper which had such dire results in the *Arabian Nights*.

In the provinces one may still dine where the tablecloth is placed under the table, not on it. This is to save the carpet, for as knives, forks, and plates are not used, bones go on the floor. A four-legged stool a foot high is placed on the cloth, and on the stool is the *sofra*, the round tray on which the dish is placed. The guests squat round on cushions, each eating out of the one dish. It is well to eat sparingly, for dish after dish comes on in honour of the guest, who is expected to partake of all. If he does not, his hosts send it away untasted, out of politeness. The European, however, is not likely to meet with this sort of entertainment. Knives and forks have long been habitually used among the well-to-do, and in Constantinople are becoming general.

328 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

Taking the Turks in the mass and in the provinces, they are still unknown, and the common dish is universal, with a wooden spoon for soup. I have heard Arabs defend the use of fingers, on the ground that it was more cleanly and more healthy to make use of nature's aids than to introduce a foreign substance, even though it were a precious metal, into the mouth. I have never heard this argument employed by the Turks, however, and knife and fork are being largely restored to the city where they were used when we in England ate with our fingers. Whether through merchant or crusader, the fork of the Greeks, together with other refinements of life, was introduced to the West through Venice, from Constantinople. One decided improvement in the art of the table the author owes to the Bosphorus. It was there that a worthy Turk taught him to eat oysters from the hollow shell. The oyster, by the way, is rarely absent from Constantinopolitan tables in the season. Happily they may still be bought for a shilling a hundred, though they were formerly cheaper.

The most interesting thing about the Turkish home is, of course, the Turkish woman,



PUBLIC LETTER WRITERS. CONSTANTINOPLE.

about whom disabilities of sex prevent me from giving an adequate account, as I have said before. But the Turkish woman is changing. It has been my privilege to speak with some ladies who follow keenly everything which appertains to woman's education, and English suffragists may be interested to learn that they have keen admirers behind the lattice of the harems. The "changeless East" is a glib phrase and sounds wise, but it is untrue. Literature is more assiduously cultivated by women than by men in Turkey. Fitnet Hanum in the sixteenth century has her successors in the twentieth. I have tried to show in a previous chapter that the Turkish woman is not a chattel, and she is quite aware that her present position is not commensurate either with her desires or her deserts. She is far from being stupid. One has only to look at her face to see that. Her beauty is of colour rather than of line, though she can be very handsome. But it lies more than anything else in her intelligent expression. There are as many types of face as with us, but this characteristic is rarely lacking. In it, and in the simple dignity and grace of her manners,

330 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

as well as in the charm with which she invests her melodious tongue, she has no rivals in the Near East, and few elsewhere. In the matter of physical type, she is of medium height, has small hands and feet, her hair is chestnut—she has a bad habit of dyeing it auburn—her eyes blue, grey, or hazel, and more rarely brown. Her expression is usually placid. When she has a fiercer Roman style of beauty, it is nearly certain that she is of Circassian blood and slave origin. Her eyelashes are distinctly her own. The lower lash is as well developed as the upper—a very rare thing in the West—and sweeping a damask cheek, it gives her a distinction which the underlining of the eyes with *surmé* does not enhance, though she appears to think so.

Here ends this patchwork of recollections, which does not pretend to be more than an attempt to give what the author feels to be a very imperfect notion of the Turks. And they move across a background of humanity, alien in race and creed, a minority, as they have ever been, compared with the aggregate of others who people the land they

rule—a land for which indeed they have no general name in their language. At the beginning of this volume a brief account was given of the non-Turkish elements of the population of Turkey. Nothing was said, however, about the Europeans, who form a class apart. Though many of them are born in the country, they are not natives in a political sense, owing to the capitulations which secure them certain privileges, the kernel of all these being that they live under the laws of their respective countries, and are outside Turkish jurisdiction. This is the extreme instance of the segregation that is the distinguishing feature of Turkey. Each foreign community is an *imperium in imperio*, an ex-territorial body. Among the Europeans must be reckoned the Levantines, who are not easy to define with precision. They are citizens of one or other of the European communities *de jure*, but their nationality is not, as with us, dependent on birth and race, nor even on language. With the characteristics derived from heredity and environment, and all the subtle causes that make the *ethos* of a nation, the Levantine has nothing to do. He is Protean, and as

332 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

he glides from one to another of the several tongues he usually speaks, so he may change his nationality if circumstances favour the transition. He need not speak the language of the country to which he owes allegiance. The writer, when new to Turkey, remembers his astonishment at being introduced to an Englishman who did not know English, and his failure to unravel the problem of a man having entirely forgotten his mother-tongue. He did not know, then, that it had not been forgotten, since it had never been learned, and that the Englishman had a brother, a Frenchman, who was equally ignorant of French. Greek is the language generally the most familiar to the Levantine, though he is not a Greek, and it would be difficult to assign to him a mother-tongue. His attitude may be illustrated in the concrete by a youth on the steamer which brought me to Constantinople a few months ago. Talking to some Italian passengers (he was fluent in Italian), he told them he was English, but he did not appear to take much pride in his country, since he expressed with some warmth his desire to become an Italian,

but his father insisted on his remaining English, so what could he do? I often saw the unwilling Englishman afterwards—we happened to live in the same street—and never without amused speculation as to whether he had succeeded in exchanging the nationality of Shakespeare for that of Dante. The explanation of the phenomenon is that nationality in these cases is a matter of convenience turning chiefly on commercial interests. The fatherland of the Levantine is his consulate. Foreign nationality means exemption from direct taxation and freedom from Turkish jurisdiction. Nationalities wax and wane in popularity. That of Germany is in the ascendant at present, though I am told that the acquirement of a nationality is not so easy now as it used to be. The real country of the Levantine is, of course, Turkey, or rather the particular part of Turkey to which he belongs. Not that he is a Turk by any means, for another singular feature is the scanty knowledge of the Turks possessed by other nationalities. People are born in Pera and live all their lives in it without learning Turkish. They move in their own circle, and the rest is a

334 TURKEY AND THE TURKS

blank to them. Knowledge of the Turks is a speciality, like the acquisition of shorthand. Those who profess to understand them best are almost invariably new-comers. Old residents are far less confident, and those whose experience has been widest are the most diffident in expressing an opinion. The balance, however, is decidedly in favour of the Turks. Among men who do not concern themselves with politics, but whose fortune and interests are bound up in the country, the vast majority prefer the Turk to any other denizen of the land, for his integrity and trustworthiness. The proof of it is that it is to him they confide the care of their property. There are English families who have existed in Turkey for generations, and generations of Turks have served them in positions of trust. These are invariably Turks of the old school, good Mussulmans, and simple in their thoughts and lives. A finer type of men no land can show, and, happily, they are not yet rare.

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